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SELECT POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE,

CONSISTING OF

LALLA ROOKH.—IRISH MELODIES.—THE LOVES OF
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1841.

293. D.

SELECT POETICAL WORKS

OF



LALLA ROOKH.—IRISH MELODIES.—THE LOVES OF
THE ANGELS.—THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.



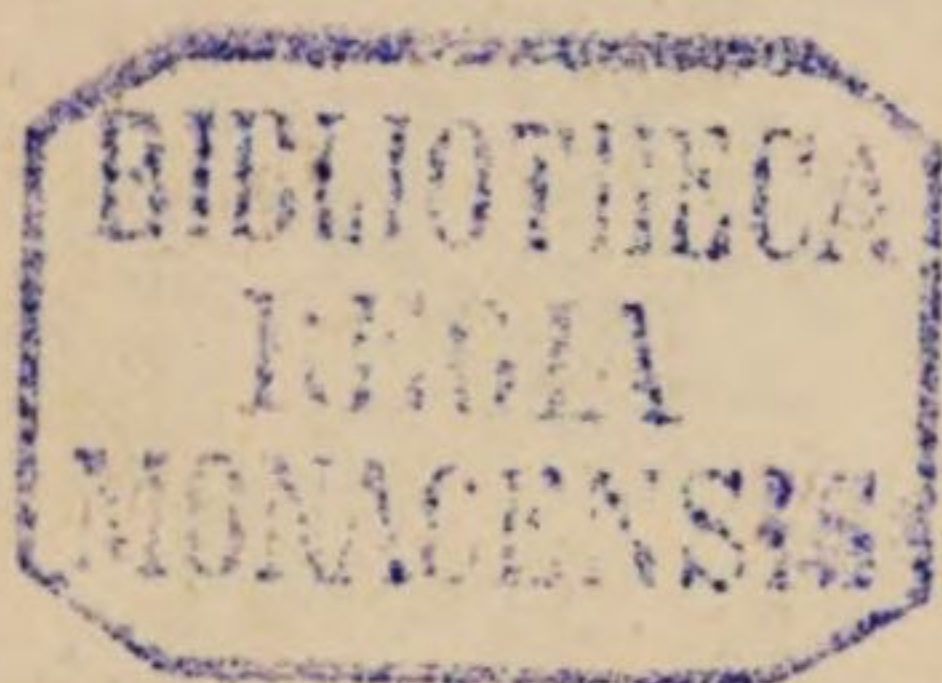
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1841

LALLA ROOKH.

TABLE BOOK



LALLA ROOKH,

AN ORIENTAL ROMANCE.

[The figures between parentheses () refer to notes placed at the end of the poem; the others refer to notes in the margin.—EDITOR.]

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

This Poem is Dedicated

BY HIS VERY GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE.

May 19, 1817.

IN the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, king of the Lesser Bucharía, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Prophet (1); and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the royal pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the emperor, Lalla Rookh;—a princess described by the poets of her time, as more beautiful than Leila (2), Shirine (3), Dewilde (4), or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young king, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharía.

The day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water, while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses;² till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran,—and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in

¹ Tulip Cheek.

² Gul Reazee.

her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajas and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the emperor's favour (3), the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles;—the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan (6), in the brightness of their silver battle-axes, and the massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apples (7) on the tops of the palankeens;—the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the ladies of Lalla Rookh lay, as it were, enshrined;—the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter (8), at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her (9) through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing;—and the lovely troop of the Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young king had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses;—all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadladeen, great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

Fadladeen was a judge of every thing,—from the penciling of a Circassian's eye-lids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem; and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi,—“Should the prince at noon-day say, ‘It is night,’ declare that you behold the moon and stars.”—And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector (10), was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol (11) of Jaghernaut.

During the first days of their journey, Lalla Rookh, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the royal gardens of Delhi (12), found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination; and when, at evening or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments,—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl (13); sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan-tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West (14), as “places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;”—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla Rookh was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her ladies and the great chamberlain,

Fadladeen (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion), sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra (15), the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver (16); not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon (17). At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman Fadladeen, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets (18) was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the valley for his manner of reciting the stories of the East, on whom his royal master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, Fadladeen elevated his critical eye-brows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium (19) which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the caste, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined however to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of Feramorz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna,¹ (20)—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness; and the ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet (21) supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to Fadladeen upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in every thing relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar;—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, who, in the year of the Hegira 463, created such alarm throughout the eastern empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began:—

¹ The Indian Apollo.

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.¹ (22)

In that delightful Province of the Sun,
 The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
 Where, all the loveliest children of his beam,
 Flow'rets and fruits blush over every stream (25),
 And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves
 Among Merou's² bright palaces and groves;—
 There on that throne, to which the blind belief
 Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet-Chief,
 The Great Mokanna. O'er his features hung
 The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung
 In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
 His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
 For, far less luminous, his votaries said,
 Were even the gleams, miraculously shed,
 O'er Moussa's³ cheek (24), when down the Mount he trod,
 All glowing from the presence of his God!

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,
 His chosen guard of bold Believers stands;
 Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their swords,
 On points of faith, more eloquent than words;
 And such their zeal, there's not a youth with brand
 Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,
 Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,
 And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death!
 In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night⁴ (25),—
 Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white;
 Their weapons various;—some equipp'd, for speed,
 With javelins of the light Kathaian reed (26);
 Or bows of buffalo horn, and shining quivers
 Fill'd with the stems⁵ that bloom on Iran's rivers (27);
 While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
 Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe;
 And, as they wave aloft in morning's beam
 The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem
 Like a chenar-tree grove (28), when Winter throws
 O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold
 The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,
 Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
 Where, through the silken net-work, glancing eyes,
 From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow

¹ Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province or Region of the Sun.—SIR W. JONES.

² One of the royal cities of Khorassan.

³ Moses.

⁴ Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the house of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards.

⁵ Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.

Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.—
 What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare
 To hint that aught but Heaven hath placed you there?
 Or that the loves of this light world could bind,
 In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?
 No—wrongful thought!—commission'd from above
 To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love
 (Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes
 They wear on earth will serve in Paradise),
 There to recline among Heaven's native maids,
 And crown the Elect with bliss that never fades!—
 Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done;
 And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
 From those who kneel at Brahma's burning founts¹
 To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er Yemen's mounts;
 From Persia's eyes of full and fawnlike ray,
 To the small, half-shut glances of Kathay;²
 And Georgia's bloom, and Azab's darker smiles,
 And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles;
 All, all are there;—each land its flower hath given,
 To form that fair young nursery for Heaven!

But why this pageant now? this arm'd array?
 What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day
 With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
 Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
 Like tulip-beds (29) of different shape and dyes,
 Bending beneath the invisible West-wind's sighs?
 What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,
 And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,—
 What dazzling mimicry of God's own power
 Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour?
 Not such the pageant now, though not less proud,—
 Yon warrior-youth, advancing from the crowd,
 With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,
 And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape (50),
 So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
 Like war's wild planet in a summer-sky;—
 That youth to-day,—a proselyte, worth hordes
 Of cooler spirits and less practised swords,—
 Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
 The creed and standard of the Heaven-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the West already knows
 Young Azim's fame;—beyond the Olympian snows,
 Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,
 O'erwhelm'd in fight and captive to the Greek,³

¹ The burning fountains of Brahma, near Chittogong, esteemed as holy.—TURNER.

² China.

³ In the war of the Caliph Mahadi against the Empress Irene, for an account of which see GIBBON, vol. x.

He linger'd there till peace dissolved his chains ;—
 Oh ! who could, even in bondage, tread the plains
 Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise
 Kindling within him ? who, with heart and eyes,
 Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
 The shining foot-prints of her Deity,
 Nor feel those God-like breathings in the air,
 Which mutely told her spirit had been there ?
 Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well
 For his soul's quiet work'd the awakening spell ;
 And, now returning to his own dear land,
 Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,
 Haunt the young heart ;—proud views of human-kind,
 Of men to gods exalted and refined ;—
 False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
 Where earth and heaven but *seem*, alas, to meet !—
 Soon as he heard an arm divine was raised
 To right the nations, and beheld, emblazed
 On the white flag Mokanna's host unfurl'd,
 Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World !"
 At once his faith, his sword, his soul, obey'd
 The inspiring summons ; every chosen blade
 That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,
 Seem'd doubly edged—for this world and the next ;
 And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind
 Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,
 In Virtue's cause ;—never was soul inspired
 With livelier trust in what it most desired,
 Than his, the enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale
 With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
 Believes the form to which he bends his knee,
 Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
 This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
 And bring its primal glories back again !

Low as young Azim knelt, that motley crowd
 Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,
 With shouts of "Alla !" echoing long and loud ;
 While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
 Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,
 Waved, like the wings of the white birds that fan
 The flying throne of star-taught Soliman (34) !
 Then thus he spoke :—"Stranger, though new the frame
 Thy soul inhabits now, I 've track'd its flame
 For many an age, ' in every chance and change
 Of that Existence, through whose varied range,—
 As through a torch-race, where, from hand to hand
 The flying youths transmit their shining brand,—

* The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines.—See D'HERBELOT.

From frame to frame the unextinguish'd soul
Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!

“Nor think 't is only the gross Spirits, warm'd
With duskier fire and for earth's medium form'd,
That run this course;—Beings the most divine
Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.
Such was the Essence that in Adam dwelt,
To which all Heaven, except the Proud One, knelt:
Such the refined Intelligence that glow'd
In Moussa's frame;—and, thence descending, flow'd
Through many a prophet's breast (52),—in Issa² shone
And in Mohammed burn'd; till, hastening on,
(As a bright river that, from fall to fall
In many a maze descending, bright through all,
Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth pass'd,
In one full lake of light it rests at last!)
That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free
From lapse or shadow, centres all in me!”

Again, throughout the assembly at these words,
Thousands of voices rung; the warriors' swords
Were pointed up to heaven; a sudden wind
In the open banners play'd, and from behind
These Persian hangings, that but ill could screen
The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen
Waving embroider'd scarfs, whose motion gave
A perfume forth;—like those the Houris wave
When beckoning to their bowers the Immortal Brave.

“But these,” pursued the Chief, “are truths sublime,
That claim a holier mood and calmer time
Than earth allows us now;—this sword must first
The darkling prison-house of mankind burst,
Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in
Her wakening day-light on a world of sin!
But then, celestial warriors, then, when all
Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall;
When the glad slave shall at these feet lay down
His broken chain, the tyrant lord his crown,
The priest his book, the conqueror his wreath,
And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
That whole dark pile of human mockeries;—
Then shall the reign of Mind commence on earth,
And starting fresh, as from a second birth,
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!

¹ “And when we said unto the angels, ‘Worship Adam,’ they all worshipped him, except Eblis (Lucifer), who refused.”—*The Koran*, ch. ii.

² Jesus.

'Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow
Shall cast the Veil, that hides its splendours now,
And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide expanse,
Bask in the glories of this countenance!

"For thee, young warrior, welcome!—thou hast yet
Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,
Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave;—
But, once my own, mine all till in the grave!"
The pomp is at an end,—the crowds are gone—
Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone
Of that deep voice, which thrill'd like Alla's own!
The young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,
The glittering throne, and Haram's half-caught glances;
The old deep pondering on the promised reign
Of peace and truth; and all the female train
Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze
A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze!

But there was one among the chosen maids
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,—
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
Has been like death;—you saw her pale dismay,
Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
Of exclamation from her lips, when first
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah, Zelica! there *was* a time, when bliss
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer!
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flower,
Or gem of thine, 't was sacred from that hour;
When thou didst study him till every tone,
And gesture, and dear look became thy own,—
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
With twice the aerial sweetness it had brought!
Yet now he comes—brighter than even he
E'er beam'd before,—but ah! not bright for thee;
No—dread, unlook'd-for, like a visitant
From the other world, he comes as if to haunt
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
Long lost to all but Memory's aching sight:—
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our Youth
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth

And innocence once ours, and leads us back,
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
Of our young life, and points out every ray
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair!—in proud Bokhara's groves,
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?
Born by that ancient flood,¹ which from its spring
In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
With relics from Bucharía's ruby mines,
And, lending to the Caspian half its strength,
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length;—
There, on the banks of that bright river born,
The flowers, that hung above the wave at morn,
Bless'd not the waters as they murmur'd by
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
And virgin glance of first affection cast
Upon their youth's smooth current as it pass'd!
But war disturb'd this vision—far away
From her fond eyes, summon'd to join the array
Of Persia's warriors on the hills of Thrace,
The youth exchanged his sylvan dwelling-place
For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash,—
His Zelica's sweet glances for the flash
Of Grecian wild-fire,—and Love's gentle chains
For bleeding bondage on Byzantium's plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
Their suns away—but ah! how cold and dim
Even summer suns, when not beheld with him!
From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came
(Like spirit-tongues, muttering the sick man's name,
Just ere he dies); at length, those sounds of dread
Fell withering on her soul, "Azim is dead!"
Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it loved to live or fear'd to die—
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
Even reason blighted sunk beneath its touch;
And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose
Above the first dead pressure of its woes,

¹ The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches, one of which falls into the Caspian Sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate chain
 Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
 Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
 The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray;—
 A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
 All stars of heaven, except the guiding one!
 Again she smiled, nay, much and brightly smiled,
 But 't was a lustre, strange, unreal, wild;
 And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
 'T was like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
 The bulbul^{*} utters, ere her soul depart,
 When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
 She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart!

Such was the mood in which that mission found
 Young Zelica,—that mission, which around
 The Eastern world, in every region bless'd
 With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,
 To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes,
 Which the Veil'd Prophet destined for the skies!—
 And such quick welcome as a spark receives
 Dropp'd on a bed of autumn's wither'd leaves,
 Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
 In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.
 All fire at once the maddening zeal she caught;—
 Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought;
 Predestined bride, in heaven's eternal dome,
 Of some brave youth—ha! durst they say “of some?”
 No—of the one, one only object traced
 In her heart's core too deep to be effaced:
 The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twined
 With every broken link of her lost mind;
 Whose image lives, though Reason's self be wreck'd,
 Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect!

Alas, poor Zelica! it needed all
 The fantasy which held thy mind in thrall,
 To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids
 A sainted colony for Eden's shades;
 Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame
 Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining came
 From Paradise, to people its pure sphere
 With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd here!
 No—had not Reason's light totally set,
 And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet
 In the loved image, graven on thy heart,
 Which would have saved thee from the tempter's art,
 And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,
 That purity, whose fading is love's death!—

* The nightingale.

But lost, inflamed,—a restless zeal took place
 Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;—
 First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first
 In zeal and charms,—too well the Impostor nursed
 Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,
 Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,
 He saw more potent sorceries to bind
 To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
 More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twined.
 No art was spared, no witchery;—all the skill
 His demons taught him was employ'd to fill
 Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns—
 That gloom, through which Frenzy but fiercer burns;
 That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness
 Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness.

'T was from a brilliant banquet, where the sound
 Of poesy and music breathed around,
 Together picturing to her mind and ear
 The glories of that heaven, her destined sphere,
 Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
 Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
 And, realizing more than youthful love
 E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove
 Through fields of fragrance by her Azim's side,
 His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride!—
 'T was from a scene, a witching trance like this,
 He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
 To the dim charnel-house; through all its steams
 Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
 Which foul Corruption lights, as with design
 To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine!—
 And, passing on through upright ranks of dead,
 Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by dread,
 Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round them cast,
 To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd—
 There, in the awful place, when each had quaff'd
 And pledged in silence such a fearful draught,
 Such—oh! the look and taste of that red bowl
 Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul
 By a dark oath, in hell's own language framed,
 Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,
 While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,
 Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
 In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—
 She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, “Never, never!”

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given
 To him and—she believed, lost maid!—to Heaven,
 Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflamed,
 How proud she stood, when in full Haram named

The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd her eyes
 With light, alas! that was not of the skies,
 When round, in trances only less than hers,
 She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers!
 Well might Mokanna think that form alone
 Had spells enough to make the world his own:—
 Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
 Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
 When from its stem the small bird wings away!
 Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smiled,
 The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild
 As are the momentary meteors sent
 Across the uncalm, but beauteous firmament.
 And then her look!—oh! where's the heart so wise,
 Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes?
 Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
 Like those of angels, just before their fall;
 Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—now cross'd
 By glimpses of the heaven her heart had lost;
 In every glance there broke, without control,
 The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
 Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
 Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young Zelica—so changed
 From her who, some years since, delighted ranged
 The almond groves that shade Bokhara's tide,
 All life and bliss, with Azim by her side!
 So alter'd was she now, this festal day,
 When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,
 The vision of that Youth, whom she had loved,
 And wept as dead, before her breathed and moved;—
 When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track
 But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back
 Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light—
 Her beauteous Azim shone before her sight.

O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
 When least we look for it, thy broken clew!
 Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain
 Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again!
 And how, like forts, in which beleaguers win
 Unhoped-for entrance through some friend within,
 One clear idea, waken'd in the breast
 By Memory's magic, lets in all the rest!
 Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!
 But, though light came, it came but partially;
 Enough to show the maze in which thy sense
 Wander'd about, but not to guide it thence;
 Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
 But not to point the harbour which might save,

Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
 With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind;
 But, oh! to think how deep her soul had gone
 In shame and falsehood since those moments shone!
 And then her oath—*there* madness lay again,
 And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain
 Of mental darkness, as if bless'd to flee
 From light, whose every glimpse was agony!
 Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years
 Brought, mingled with its pain,—tears, floods of tears,
 Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills
 Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,
 And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
 Through valleys where their flow had long been lost!

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame
 Trembled with horror, when the summons came
 (A summons proud and rare, which all but she,
 And she, till now, had heard with ecstasy),
 To meet Mokanna at his place of prayer,
 A garden oratory, cool and fair,
 By the stream's side, where still at close of day
 The Prophet of the Veil retired to pray;
 Sometimes alone—but oftener far, with one,
 One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight
 As the young Priestess; and though, since that night
 When the death-caverns echoed every tone
 Of the dire oath that made her all his own,
 The Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,
 Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise,
 And utter'd such unheavenly, monstrous things,
 As even across the desperate wanderings
 Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
 Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt;—
 Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
 The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow
 Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,
 Would soon, proud triumph! be to her reveal'd,
 To her alone; and then the hope, most dear,
 Most wild of all, that her transgression here
 Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,
 From which the spirit would at last aspire,
 Even purer than before,—as perfumes rise
 Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies—
 And that when Azim's fond, divine embrace
 Should circle her in heaven, no darkening trace
 Would on that bosom he once loved remain,
 But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again!—
 These were the wildering dreams, whose cursed deceit

Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,
 And made her think even damning falsehood sweet.
 But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view,
 That Semblance—oh how terrible, if true!—
 Which came across her frenzy's full career
 With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe.
 As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,
 An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,
 And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,
 By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep—
 So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,
 And waking up each long-lull'd image there,
 But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair!

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,
 She now went slowly to that small kiosk,
 Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,
 Mokanna waited her—too wrapt in dreams
 Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,
 To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,
 That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,
 Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now
 From the quick ardent Priestess, whose light bound
 Came like a spirit's o'er the unechoing ground,—
 From that wild Zelica, whose every glance
 Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance!

Upon his couch the Veil'd Mokanna lay,
 While lamps around—not such as lend their ray,
 Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray
 In holy Koom,¹ or Mecca's dim arcades,—
 But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids
 Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow
 Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow.
 Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,
 Which the world fondly thought he mused on there,
 Stood vases, fill'd with Kishmee's ² golden wine,
 And the red weepings of the Shiraz vine;
 Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught
 Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,
 Like Zemzem's Spring of Holiness,³ had power
 To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!
 And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could see
 The approaching maid, so deep his reverie;
 At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke
 From Eblis at the Fall of Man, he spoke:—

¹ The cities of Com (or Koom) and Cashan are full of mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the saints of Persia.—CHARDIN.

² An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.

³ The miraculous well at Mecca; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

"Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,
 Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven;
 God's images, forsooth!—such gods as he
 Whom India serves, the monkey deity;—¹ (55)
 Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,
 To whom, if Lucifer, as grandams say,
 Refused, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light,
 To bend in worship, Lucifer was right!—(34)
 Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
 Of your foul race, and, without fear or check,
 Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
 My deep-felt, long-nursed loathing of man's name!—
 Soon, at the head of myriads, blind and fierce
 As hooded falcons, through the universe
 I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,
 Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey!

"Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on
 By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
 Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
 From dead men's marrow guides them best at night?²—
 Ye shall have honours—wealth;—yes, sages, yes—
 I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness;
 Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,
 But a gilt stick, a bauble blinds it here.
 How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along,
 In lying speech, and still more lying song,
 By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng;
 Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,
 A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!

"Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
 Whose faith inshrines the monsters which it breeds;
 Who, bolder even than Nemrod, think to rise
 By nonsense heap'd on nonsense to the skies;
 Ye shall have miracles, ay, sound ones too,
 Seen, heard, attested, every thing—but true.
 Your preaching zealots, too inspired to seek
 One grace of meaning for the things they speak;
 Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood
 For truths too heavenly to be understood:
 And your state priests, sole venders of the lore
 That works salvation;—as on Ava's shore,
 Where none *but* priests are privileged to trade
 In that best marble of which Gods are made;³—(55)
 They shall have mysteries—ay, precious stuff

¹ The god Hannaman.

² A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition.

³ SYME'S *Ava*, vol. ii, p. 376.

For knaves to thrive by—mysteries enough ;
 Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,
 Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
 While craftier feign belief, till they believe.
 A Heaven too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—
 A splendid Paradise,—pure souls, ye must :
 That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,
 Who finds not Heavens to suit the tastes of all ;
 Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
 And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.
 Vain things!—as lust or vanity inspires,
 The Heaven of each is but what each desires,
 And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
 Man would be man to all eternity !
 So let him—Eblis ! grant this crowning curse,
 But keep him what he is, no Hell were worse.”—

“ Oh my lost soul ! ” exclaim'd the shuddering maid,
 Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said.—
 Mokanna started—not abash'd, afraid,—
 He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
 Beneath the tropics knows of icicles !
 But, in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,
 “ Oh my lost soul ! ” there was a sound so drear,
 So like that voice, among the sinful dead,
 In which the legend o'er Hell's Gate is read,
 That, new as 't was from her, whom nought could dim
 Or sink till now, it startled even him.

“ Ha, my fair Priestess ! ”—thus with ready wile,
 The Impostor turn'd to greet her—“ thou, whose smile
 Hath inspiration in its rosy beam
 Beyond the enthusiast's hope or Prophet's dream !
 Light of the Faith ! who twinest religion's zeal
 So close with love's, men know not which they feel,
 Nor which to sigh for in their trance of heart,
 The Heaven thou preachest or the Heaven thou art !
 What should I be without thee ? without thee
 How dull were power, how joyless victory !
 Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine
 Bless'd not my banner, 't were but half divine.
 But—why so mournful, child ? those eyes, that shone
 All life last night—what !—is their glory gone ?
 Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath made them pale,
 They want rekindling—suns themselves would fail,
 Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,
 From Light's own fount supplies of brilliancy !
 Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is here,
 But the pure waters of that upper sphere,
 Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,
 Catching the gem's bright colour, as they go.

Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns—
 Nay, drink—in every drop life's essence burns;
 'T will make that soul all fire, those eyes all light—
 Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night :
 There is a youth—why start?—thou saw'st him then;
 Look'd he not nobly? such the god-like men
 Thou 'lt have to woo thee in the bowers above;—
 Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,
 Too ruled by that cold enemy of bliss
 The world calls Virtue—we must conquer this;—
 Nay, shrink not, pretty sage; 't is not for thee
 To scan the mazes of Heaven's mystery.
 The steel must pass through fire ere it can yield
 Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.
 This very night I mean to try the art
 Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart.
 All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,
 Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,
 Shall tempt the boy;—young Mirzala's blue eyes,
 Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies;
 Arouya's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
 And lips that, like the seal of Solomon,
 Have magic in their pressure; Zeba's lute,
 And Lilla's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot
 Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep!
 All shall combine their witching powers to steep
 My convert's spirit in that softening trance,
 From which to Heaven is but the next advance;
 That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,
 On which Religion stamps her image best.
 But hear me, Priestess! though each nymph of these
 Hath some peculiar practised power to please,
 Some glance or step which, at the mirror tried,
 First charms herself, then all the world beside;
 There still wants *one*, to make the victory sure,
 One, who in every look joins every lure;
 Through whom all beauty's beams concentrated pass,
 Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning-glass;
 Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,
 Whose words, even when unmeaning, are adored,
 Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,
 Which our faith takes for granted are divine!
 Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,
 To crown the rich temptations of to-night;
 Such the refined enchantress that must be
 This hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she!"

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale,
 The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil
 From which these words, like south-winds through a fence

Of Kerzrah flowers, came fill'd with pestilence :
 So boldly utter'd too ! as if all dread
 Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,
 And the wretch felt assured that, once plunged in,
 Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin !

At first, though mute she listen'd, like a dream
 Seem'd all he said ; nor could her mind, whose beam
 As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.
 But when, at length, he utter'd " Thou art she !"
 All flash'd at once, and shrieking piteously,
 " Oh not for worlds !" she cried—" Great God ! to whom
 I once knelt innocent, is this my doom ?
 Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,
 My purity, my pride, then come to this,—
 To live, the wanton of a fiend ! to be
 The pander of his guilt—oh infamy !
 And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep
 In its hot flood, drag others down as deep !
 Others ?—ha ! yes—that youth who came to-day—
 Not him I loved—not him—oh ! do but say,
 But swear to me this moment 't is not he,
 And I will serve, dark fiend ! will worship even thee !"

" Beware, young raving thing !—in time beware,
 Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear,
 Even from *thy* lips. Go—try thy lute, thy voice ;
 The boy must feel their magic—I rejoice
 To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,
 Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes ;
 And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall warm,
Indeed resemble thy dead lover's form,
 So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,
 As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
 Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.
 Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet ! those eyes were made
 For love, not anger—I must be obey'd."

" Obey'd !—'t is well—yes, I deserve it all—
 On me, on me Heaven's vengeance cannot fall
 Too heavily ;—but Azim, brave and true
 And beautiful—must *he* be ruin'd too ?
 Must *he* too, glorious as he is, be driven
 A renegade like me from Love and Heaven ?
 Like me !—weak wretch, I wrong him—not like me ;
 No—he's all truth and strength and purity !
 Fill up your maddening hell-cup to the brim,
 Its witchery, fiends, will have no charm for him.

† "It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathes in the hot south-wind which in June or July passes over that flower, the Kerzereh, it will kill him."—THÉVENOT.

Let loose your glowing wantons from their bowers,
 He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers!
 Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign
 Pure as when first we met, without a stain!
 Though ruin'd—lost—my memory, like a charm
 Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.
 Oh! never let him know how deep the brow
 He kiss'd at parting is dishonour'd now—
 Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is she,
 Whom once he loved—once!—*still* loves dotingly!
 Thou laugh'st, tormentor,—what!—thou 'lt brand my name?
 Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my shame;—
 He thinks me true, that nought beneath God's sky
 Could tempt or change me, and—so once thought I.
 But this is past—though worse than death my lot,
 Than hell—'t is nothing, while *he* knows it not.
 Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
 Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die;
 Where none will ask the lost one whence she came,
 But I may fade and fall without a name!
 And thou—curst man or fiend, whate'er thou art,
 Who found'st this burning plague-spot in my heart,
 And spread'st it—oh, so quick!—through soul and frame,
 With more than demon's art, till I became
 A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame!—
 If, when I'm gone——”

“Hold, fearless maniac, hold,
 Nor tempt my rage—by Heaven, not half so bold
 The puny bird that dares with teasing hum
 Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come!” (56)
 And so thou 'lt fly, forsooth!—what!—give up all
 Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,
 Where, now to Love and now to Alla given,
 Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as even
 As doth Medina's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven!
 Thou 'lt fly?—as easily may reptiles run
 The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes upon;
 As easily, when caught, the prey may be
 Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me.
 No, no, 't is fix'd—let good or ill betide,
 Thou'rt mine till death, till death Mokanna's bride!
 Hast thou forgot thy oath?”—

At this dread word,
 The maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd
 Through all its depths, and roused an anger there
 That burst and lighten'd even through her despair,
 Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath
 That spoke that word, and stagger'd, pale as death.

* The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or humming-bird, entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, is firmly believed at Java.—BARROW'S *Cochin-China*.

" Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in bowers
 Their bridal-place—the charnel-vault was ours!
 Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
 Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality;—
 Gay flickering death-lights shone while we were wed,
 And, for our guests, a row of goodly dead
 (Immortal spirits in their time no doubt),
 From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd out!
 That oath thou heard'st more lips than thine repeat—
 That cup—thou shudderest, lady—was it sweet?
 That cup we pledged, the charnel's choicest wine,
 Hath bound thee—ay—body and soul all mine;
 Bound thee by chains that, whether bless'd or curst
 No matter now, not Hell itself shall burst!
 Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,
 Look wild, look—any thing but sad; yet stay—
 One moment more—from what this night hath pass'd,
 I see thou know'st me, know'st me *well* at last.
 Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,
 And that I love mankind!—I do, I do—
 As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats
 Upon the small sweet fry that round him floats;
 Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
 That rank and venomous food on which she lives!

" And, now thou see'st my *soul's* angelic hue,
 'T is time these *features* were uncurtain'd too;—
 This brow, whose light—oh, rare celestial light!
 Hath been reserved to bless thy favour'd sight;
 These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded might
 Thou'st seen immortal Man kneel down and quake—
 Would that they *were* Heaven's lightnings for his sake!
 But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,
 That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,
 Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
 Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth;
 And on that race who, though more vile they be
 Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me!
 Here—judge if Hell, with all its power to damn,
 Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!"—

He raised his veil—the maid turn'd slowly round,
 Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the ground!

ON their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all round illuminated; some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously (37) for the purpose.

* Circum easdem ripas (Nili, viz.) ales est Ibis. Ea serpentium populatur ova, gratissimamque ex his escam nidis suis refert.—SOLINUS,

On each side of the green alley, which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work (58) were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton. Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

Lalla Rookh, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of Zelica and her lover, to give a thought to any thing else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion,—greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yam-tcheou,—and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations (59).

Without a moment's delay young Feramorz was introduced, and Fad-ladeen, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when Lalla Rookh impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded :—

PREPARE thy soul, young Azim!—thou hast braved
The bands of Greece, still mighty though enslaved;
Hast faced her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;
All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow,
But a more perilous trial waits thee now,—
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
From every land where woman smiles or sighs;
Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
His black or azure banner in their blaze;
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
To the sly, stealing splendours, almost hid,
Like swords half-sheathed, beneath the downcast lid.
Such, Azim, is the lovely, luminous host
Now led against thee; and, let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms
A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving lights
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites;—
From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
Some skill'd to wreathe the turban tastefully,
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,

Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,
 Like Sheba's Queen could vanquish with that one:—¹
 While some bring leaves of Henna, to imbue
 The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,²
 So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
 Like tips of coral branches in the stream;
 And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye (40),
 To give that long, dark languish to the eye,³
 Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull
 From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful.

All is in motion; rings and plumes and pearls
 Are shining every where:—some younger girls
 Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,
 To gather fresh cool chaplets for their heads;
 Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful, 't is to see
 How each prefers a garland from that tree
 Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,
 And the dear fields and friendships far away.
 The maid of India, blest again to hold
 In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,⁴
 Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges' flood,
 Her little playmates scatter'd many a bud
 Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
 Just dripping from the consecrated stream;
 While the young Arab, haunted by the smell
 Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,—
 The sweet Elcaya,⁵ and that courteous tree
 Which bows to all who seek its canopy—⁶
 Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,
 The well, the camels, and her father's tents;
 Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
 And wishes even its sorrows back again!

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
 Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
 Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
 From many a jasper fount, is heard around,
 Young Azim roams bewilder'd,—nor can guess
 What means this maze of light and loneliness.
 Here the way leads, o'er tessellated floors

¹ "Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes."—*Sol. Song*.

² "They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with Henna, so that they resembled branches of coral."—*Story of Prince Futtun in Bahardanush*.

³ "The women blacken the inside of their eye-lids with a powder named the black Kohol."
—RUSSEL.

⁴ "The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured Campac on the black hair of the Indian women has supplied the Sanscrit poets with many elegant allusions."—See *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv.

⁵ "A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen."—NIEBUHR.

⁶ Of the genus mimosa, "which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade."—NIEBUHR.

Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,
 Where, ranged in cassolets and silver urns,
 Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;
 And spicy rods, such as illume at night
 The bowers of Tibet,¹ send forth odorous light,
 Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
 For some pure spirit to its blest abode!—
 And here, at once, the glittering saloon
 Bursts on his sight, boundless, and bright as noon;
 Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
 In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
 High as the enamell'd cupola, which towers
 All rich with arabesques of gold and flowers:
 And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
 The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
 Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,
 That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
 Of woman's love, in those fair, living things
 Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage thrown
 For their weak loveliness—is like her own!
 On one side, gleaming with a sudden grace
 Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
 In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
 Like golden ingots from a fairy mine;—
 While, on the other, latticed lightly in
 With odoriferous woods of Comorin,²
 Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;—
 Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
 The crimson blossoms of the coral tree³
 In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:
 Mecca's blue sacred pigeon,⁴ and the thrush
 Of Hindostan,⁵ whose holy warblings gush,
 At evening, from the tall pagoda's top;—
 Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop
 About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food (41)
 Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer flood;⁶
 And those that under Araby's soft sun

¹ "Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence."—TURNER'S *Tibet*.

² "C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloès, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité."—D'HERBELOT.

³ "Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral trees."—BARROW.

⁴ "In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill."—PITT'S *Account of the Mahometans*.

⁵ "The Pagoda thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of India. It sits perched on the sacred pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song."—PENNANT'S *Hindostan*.

⁶ Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg season, come in flights from the southern isles to India; and "the strength of the nutmeg," says Tavernier, "so intoxicates them, that they fall dead drunk to the earth."

Build their high nests of budding cinnamon ;—¹
 In short, all rare and beauteous things that fly
 Through the pure element, here calmly lie
 Sleeping in light, like the green birds ² that dwell
 In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel !

So on, through scenes past all imagining,—
 More like the luxuries of that impious king,³
 Whom Death's dark angel, with his lightning torch,
 Struck down and blasted even in pleasure's porch,
 Than the pure dwelling of a prophet, sent,
 Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's enfranchisement—
 Young Azim wander'd, looking sternly round,
 His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound
 But ill according with the pomp and grace
 And silent lull of that voluptuous place !

“ Is this then,” thought the youth, “ is this the way
 To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
 Of worldly sloth ?—to teach him, while he lives,
 To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
 And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
 A light, a land-mark on the cliffs of fame ?
 It was not so, land of the generous thought
 And daring deed ! thy god-like sages taught ;
 It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
 Thy Freedom nursed her sacred energies ;
 Oh ! not beneath the enfeebling, withering glow
 Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow
 With which she wreathed her sword, when she would dare
 Immortal deeds ; but in the bracing air
 Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,
 Etherial virtue, which alone can breathe
 Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath !
 Who—that surveys this span of earth we press,
 This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
 This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
 The past, the future, two eternities !—
 Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
 When he might build him a proud temple there,
 A name that long shall hallow all its space,
 And be each purer soul's high resting-place ?
 But no—it cannot be, that one whom God
 Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's red,

¹ “ That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its nest with cinnamon.”—BROWN'S *Vulgar Errors*.

² “ The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds.”—GIBBON, vol. ix, p. 421.

³ Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws
 Its rights from Heaven, should thus profane his cause
 With the world's vulgar pomps ;—no, no—I see—
 He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury
 Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
 Of my young soul ;—shine on, 't will stand the blaze !”

So thought the youth ;—but, e'en while he defied
 This witching scene, he felt its witchery glide
 Through every sense.—The perfume breathing round
 Like a pervading spirit ;—the still sound
 Of falling waters, lulling as the song
 Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
 Around the fragrant Nilica, and deep
 In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep !
 And music too—dear music ! that can touch
 Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
 Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
 Like the faint exquisite music of a dream ;—
 All was too much for him, too full of bliss :
 The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this.
 Soften'd, he sunk upon a couch, and gave
 His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
 Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid ;—
 He thought of Zelica, his own dear maid,
 And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,
 They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,
 Silent and happy—as if God had given
 Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven !

“ O my loved mistress ! whose enchantments still
 Are with me, round me, wander where I will—
 It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
 The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek
 With warm approval—in that gentle look
 To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
 And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
 I gain a smile, worth immortality !
 How shall I bear the moment, when restored
 To that young heart where I alone am lord,
 Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best
 Alone deserve to be the happiest !—
 When from those lips, unbreathed upon for years,
 I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
 And find those tears warm as when last they started,
 Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted !
 O my own life !—why should a single day,
 A moment, keep me from those arms away ?”

* “ My Pundits assure me that the plant before us (the Nilica) is their Sephalica, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms.”—SIR W. JONES.

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
Come those delicious dream-like harmonies,
Each note of which but adds new downy links
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
He turns him toward the sound, and, far away
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which Day
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us;
So long the path, its light so tremulous;—
He sees a group of female forms advance,
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
By fetters, forged in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of Flowers—(42);
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,
Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery,
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight,
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night;
While others waked, as gracefully along
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song
From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,
Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still!
And now they come, now pass before his eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie
With Fancy's pencil, and gave birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings!
Awhile they dance before him, then divide,
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—
Till silently dispersing, one by one,
Through many a path that from the chamber leads
To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,
Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,
And but one trembling nymph remains behind,—
Beckoning them back in vain, for they are gone,
And she is left in all that light alone;
No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,
In its young bashfulness more beauteous now;
But a light golden chain-work round her hair (43),
Such as the maids of Yezd (44) and Shiraz wear,
From which, on either side, gracefully hung
A golden amulet, in the Arab tongue,
Engraven o'er with some immortal line
From holy writ, or bard scarce less divine;
While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,
Which once or twice she touch'd with hurried strain,
Then took her trembling fingers off again.
But when at length a timid glance she stole
At Azim, the sweet gravity of soul
She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,

And, like a half-tamed antelope, more near,
 Though shrinking still, she came ;—then sat her down
 Upon a musnud's¹ edge, and, bolder grown,
 In the pathetic mode of Isfahan²
 Touch'd a preluding strain and thus began:—

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's³ stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
 In the time of my childhood 't was like a sweet dream,
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
 But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
 I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave ;
 But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone,
 And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year;
 Thus bright to my soul, as 't was then to my eyes,
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer!

“Poor maiden!” thought the youth, “if thou wert sent,
 With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,
 To wake unholy wishes in this heart,
 Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st the art.
 For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,
 Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
 But thou hast breathed such purity, thy lay
 Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,
 And leads thy soul—if e'er it wander'd thence—
 So gently back to its first innocence,
 That I would sooner stop the unchain'd dove,
 When swift returning to its home of love,
 And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
 Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!”

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling through
 The gently-open'd curtains of light blue
 That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,
 Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,
 Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
 That sat so still and melancholy there—
 And now the curtains fly apart, and in

¹ Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

² The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or perdas by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, etc.

³ A river which flows near the ruins of Chilminar.

From the cool air, 'mid showers of jessamine
 Which those without fling after them in play,
 Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as they
 Who live in the air on odours, and around
 The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,
 Chase one another, in a varying dance
 Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
 Too eloquently, like love's warm pursuit :
 While she, who sung so gently to the lute
 Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
 Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—
 But takes with her from Azim's heart that sigh
 We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
 In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
 Creatures of light we never see again !

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danced
 Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanced
 More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
 The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore ;¹
 While from their long dark tresses, in a fall
 Of curls descending, bells as musical
 As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
 Of Eden, shake in the Eternal Breeze,²
 Rung round their steps, at every bound more sweet,
 As 't were the ecstatic language of their feet !
 At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreathed
 Within each others' arms ; while soft there breathed
 Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs
 Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise
 From some still lake, so liquidly it rose ;
 And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,
 The ear could track, through all that maze of chords
 And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words :—

A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
 Is burning now through earth and air ;
 Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
 Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there !

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
 And his floating eyes—oh ! they resemble
 Blue water-lilies, ³ (45) when the breeze
 Is making the stream around them tremble !

¹ "To the north of us (on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku) was a mountain which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystals with which it abounds."—*Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746.

² "To which will be added the sound of the bells, hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish for music."—SALE.

³ The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power !
 Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss !
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave,
 Who blushing unite,
 Like the sun and wave,
 When they meet at night !

By the tear that shows
 When passion is nigh,
 As the rain-drop flows
 From the heat of the sky !

By the first love-beat
 Of the youthful heart,
 By the bliss to meet,
 And the pain to part !

By all that thou hast
 To mortals given,
 Which—oh ! could it last,
 This earth were heaven !

We call thee hither, entrancing Power !
 Spirit of Love ! Spirit of bliss !
 Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
 And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

Impatient of a scene, whose luxuries stole,
 Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,
 And where, midst all that the young heart loves most,
 Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,
 The youth had started up, and turn'd away
 From the light nymphs and their luxurious lay,
 To muse upon the pictures that hung round (46),—
 Bright images, that spoke without a sound,
 And views, like vistas into fairy ground.
 But here again new spells came o'er his sense ;—
 All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
 Could call up into life, of soft and fair,
 Of fond and passionate, was glowing there :
 Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art
 Which paints of pleasure but the purer part ;
 Which knows even Beauty when half-veil'd is best,
 Like her own radiant planet of the west,
 Whose orb when half retired looks loveliest (47) !
 There hung the history of the Genii-King,
 Traced through each gay voluptuous wandering
 With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright eyes

He read that to be blest is to be wise;—¹ (48)
 Here fond Zuleika² (49) woos with open arms
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,
 Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,
 Wishes that Heaven and she could *both* be won!
 And here Mohammed, born for love and guile,
 Forgets the Koran in his Mary's smile;—
 Then beckons some kind angel from above
 With a new text to consecrate their love!³

With rapid step, yet pleased and lingering eye,
 Did the youth pass these pictured stories by,
 And hasten'd to a casement, where the light
 Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright
 The fields without were seen, sleeping as still
 As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.
 Here paused he, while the music, now less near,
 Breathed with a holier language on his ear,
 As though the distance, and that heavenly ray
 Through which the sounds came floating, took away
 All that had been too earthly in the lay.
 Oh! could he listen to such sounds, unmoved,
 And by that light—nor dream of her he loved?
 Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou mayst;
 'T is the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.
 Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,
 Ere all the light, that made it dear, depart.
 Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them last,
 Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast;
 Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,
 Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep, in heaven!
 Think in her own still bower she waits thee now,
 With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
 Yet shrined in solitude—thine all, thine only,
 Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely!
 Oh, that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
 Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are flown,
 And he is left, musing of bliss, alone;—
 Alone!—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,
 That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh—
 Whose could it be?—alas! is misery found

¹ For the loves of King Solomon (who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii) with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba or Saba, see D'HERBELOT, and the *Notes on the Koran*, chap. 2.

² The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals. Her adventure with the Patriarch Joseph is the subject of many of their poems and romances.

³ The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the *Koran*, may be found in GAGNIER'S *Notes upon Abulfeda*, p. 151.

Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?
 He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,
 Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,
 Against a pillar near;—not glittering o'er
 With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,
 But in that deep blue, melancholy dress,¹
 Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness
 Of friends or kindred, dead or far away;—
 And such as Zelica had on that day
 He left her,—when, with heart too full to speak,
 He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more
 Than mere compassion ever waked before;—
 Unconsciously he opens his arms, while she
 Springs forward, as with life's last energy,
 But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,
 Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground;—
 Her veil falls off—her faint hands clasp his knees—
 'T is she herself!—'t is Zelica he sees!
 But, ah! so pale, so changed—none but a lover
 Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover
 The once adored divinity! even he
 Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly
 Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gazed
 Upon those lids, where once such lustre blazed,
 Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,
 Own darling maid, whom he so long had known
 In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both;
 Who, even when grief was heaviest—when loth
 He left her for the wars—in that worst hour
 Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flower,²
 When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
 And spreads its sighs like frankincense about!

“Look up, my Zelica—one moment show
 Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
 Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,
 But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.
 Come, look upon thy Azim—one dear glance,
 Like those of old, were heaven! whatever chance
 Hath brought thee here, oh! 't was a blessed one!
 There—my sweet lids—they move—that kiss hath run
 Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
 And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again!
 Oh the delight—now, in this very hour,
 When, had the whole rich world been in my power,
 I should have singled out thee, only thee,

¹ “Deep blue is their mourning colour.”—HANWAY.

² The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset.

From the whole world's collected treasury—
To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o'er
My own best, purest Zelica once more!"—

It was indeed the touch of those loved lips
Upon her eyes that chased their short eclipse ;
And, gradual as the snow, at heaven's breath,
Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath,
Her lids unclosed, and the bright eyes were seen
Gazing on his,—not as they late had been,
Quick, restless, wild,—but mournfully serene ;
As if to lie, even for that tranced minute,
So near his heart, had consolation in it ;
And thus to wake in his beloved caress
Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.
But when she heard him call her good and pure,
Oh't was too much—too dreadful to endure !
Shuddering she broke away from his embrace,
And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,
Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riven
A heart of very marble, "pure!—oh Heaven!"—

That tone—those looks so changed—the withering blight
That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light—
The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,
Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,
He would have seen himself, too happy boy,
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy ;
And then the place, that bright unholy place,
Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves
Its wily covering of sweet balsam-leaves : * —
All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold
As death itself ;—it needs not to be told—
No, no—he sees it all, plain as the brand
Of burning shame can mark—whate'er the hand
That could from heaven and him such brightness sever,
'T is done—to Heaven and him she's lost for ever !
It was a dreadful moment ; not the tears,
The lingering, lasting misery of years,
Could match that minute's anguish—all the worst
Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst
Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,
Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate !

"Oh! curse me not," she cried, as wild he toss'd
His desperate hand tow'ards heaven—"though I am lost,
Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,

* "Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says were frequent among the balsam-trees, I made very particular inquiry ; several were brought me alive, both to Yambo and Jidda."
—BRUCE.

No, no—'t was grief, 't was madness did it all !
 Nay, doubt me not—though all thy love hath ceased—
 I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least,
 That every spark of reason's light must be
 Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from thee !
 They told me thou wert dead ;—why, Azim, why
 Did we not, both of us, that instant die
 When we were parted ?—Oh ! couldst thou but know
 With what a deep devotedness of woe
 I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
 Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
 And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
 Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away !
 Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
 My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,
 And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,
 Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—
 Oh God ! thou wouldst not wonder that, at last,
 When every hope was all at once o'ercast,
 When I heard frightful voices round me say
Azim is dead!—this wretched brain gave way,
 And I became a wreck, at random driven,
 Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven—
 All wild—and even this quenchless love within
 Turn'd to foul fires to light me into sin !
 Thou pitiest me—I knew thou wouldst—that sky
 Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.
 The fiend, who lured me hither—hist ! come near,
 Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear—
 Told me such things—oh ! with such devilish art
 As would have ruin'd ev'n a holier heart—
 Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
 Where, blest at length, if I but served *him* here,
 I should for ever live in thy dear sight,
 And drink from those pure eyes eternal light !
 Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must be,
 To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee !
 Thou weep'st for me—do, weep—oh ! that I durst
 Kiss off that tear ! but, no—these lips are curst,
 They must not touch thee ; one divine caress,
 One blessed moment of forgetfulness
 I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,
 Shrined in my soul's deep memory till I die !
 The last of joy's last relics here below,
 The one sweet drop in all this waste of woe,
 My heart has treasured from affection's spring,
 To soothe and cool its deadly withering !
 But thou—yes, thou must go—for ever go ;
 This place is not for thee—for thee ! oh no !
 Did I but tell thee half, thy tortured brain

Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again!—
 Enough that Guilt reigns here—that hearts, once good,
 Now tainted, chill'd, and broken, are his food.—
 Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
 A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
 Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
 As hell from heaven, to all eternity!”—

“Zelica! Zelica!” the youth exclaim'd,
 In all the tortures of a mind inflamed—
 Almost to madness—“by that sacred Heaven,
 Where yet, if prayers can move, thou 'lt be forgiven,
 As thou art here—here, in this writhing heart,
 All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art!
 By the remembrance of our once pure love,
 Which, like a church-yard light, still burns above
 The grave of our lost souls—which guilt in thee
 Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me!
 I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence—
 If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
 Fly with me from this place.”——

“With thee! oh bliss,
 'T is worth whole years of torment to hear this.
 What! take the lost one with thee!—let her rove
 By thy dear side, as in those days of love,
 When we were both so happy, both so pure!—
 Too heavenly dream! if there 's on earth a cure
 For the sunk heart, 't is this—day after day
 To be the blest companion of thy way!—
 To hear thy angel eloquence—to see
 Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me;
 And in their light, re-chasten'd silently,
 Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
 Grow pure by being purely shone upon!
 And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt—
 At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt
 Come heaviest o'er the heart, thou 'lt lift thine eyes,
 Full of sweet tears, unto the darkening skies,
 And plead for me with Heaven, till I can dare
 To fix my own weak, sinful glances there;
 Till the good angels, when they see me cling
 For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
 Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiven,
 And bid thee take thy weeping slave to heaven!
 Oh yes, I 'll fly with thee”——

Scarce had she said
 These breathless words, when a voice, deep and dread
 As that of Monker, waking up the dead
 From their first sleep—so startling 't was to both—
 Rung through the casement near, “Thy oath! thy oath!”

Oh heaven, the ghastliness of that maid's look!—
 "'T is he," faintly she cried, while terror shook
 Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
 Though through the casement, now, nought but the skies
 And moon-light fields were seen, calm as before—
 "'T is he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—
 Go—fly this instant, or thou 'rt ruin'd too—
 My oath, my oath, oh God! 't is all too true,
 True as the worm in this cold heart it is—
 I am Mokanna's bride—his, Azim, his—
 The dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,
 Their blue lips echoed it—I hear them now!
 Their eyes glared on me, while I pledged that bowl,
 'T was burning blood—I feel it in my soul!
 And the Veil'd Bridegroom—hist! I 've seen to-night
 What angels know not of—so foul a sight,
 So horrible—oh! never mayst thou see
 What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!
 But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,
 Nor Heaven's, nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—
 Hold me not—ha! think'st thou the fiends that sever
 Hearts, cannot sunder hands?—thus then—for ever!"

With all that strength which madness lends the weak,
 She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,—
 Whose sound, though he should linger out more years
 Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears,—
 Flew up through that long avenue of light,
 Fleetly as some dark ominous bird of night
 Across the sun, and soon was out of sight.

Lalla Rookh could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon Fadladeen. She felt too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that Azim must have been just such a youth as Feramorz; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istkahar (50), is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank (51), whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream, and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. Lalla Rookh was all curiosity;—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-tala or Sea of Stars), (52) informed the Princess

that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous : but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

Lalla Rookh, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded ; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror ; nor was it till she heard the lute of Feramerz, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure, and, after a few unheard remarks from Fadladeen upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a princess, every thing was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued :—

WHOSE are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday ?
This City of War, which, in a few short hours,
Hath sprung up here (53), as if the magic powers
Of him who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high pillar'd halls of Chilminar,¹
Had conjured up, far as the eye can see,
This world of tents and domes and sun-bright armory !—
Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold ;—
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,
Their chains and poitreles glittering in the sun ;
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells (54),
Shaking in every breeze their light-toned bells !

But yester-eve, so motionless around,
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound
But the far torrent, or the locust-bird²
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard ;—
Yet hark ! what discords now, of every kind,
Shouts, laughs, and screams, are revelling in the wind !
The neigh of cavalry ;—the tinkling throngs
Of laden camels and their drivers' songs (55) ;—
Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
Of streamers, from ten thousand canopies ;—

¹ The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

² A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain, between Shiraz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

War-music, bursting out from time to time
 With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime;—
 Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
 The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
 That far off, broken by the eagle note
 Of the Abyssinian trumpet,¹ swell and float!

Who leads this mighty army?—ask ye “who?”
 And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
 The Night and Shadow,² over yonder tent?—
 It is the Caliph's glorious armament.
 Roused in his palace by the dread alarms,
 That hourly came, of the false prophet's arms,
 And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd
 Defiance fierce at Islam³ and the world;—
 Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
 The veils of his bright palace calm reclined,
 Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain,
 Thus unrevenged, the evening of his reign;
 But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave⁴
 To conquer or to perish, once more gave
 His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
 And, with an army nursed in victories,
 Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-run
 His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

Ne'er did the march of Mahadi display
 Such pomp before;—not even when on his way
 To Mecca's temple, when both land and sea
 Were spoil'd to feed the Pilgrim's luxury;⁵
 When round him, 'mid the burning sands, he saw
 Fruits of the north in icy freshness thaw,
 And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
 Of Mecca's sun, with urns of Persian snow:—⁶
 Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
 Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.
 First in the van, the People of the Rock,⁷
 On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock;⁸

¹ “This trumpet is often called, in Abyssinia, *nesser cano*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle.”—*Note of BRUCE's Editor*.

² The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called, allegorically, The Night and the Shadow.—See GIBBON.

³ The Mahometan Religion.

⁴ “The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Casbin; and when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he will ask him, if he dare swear by the Holy Grave.”—STRUY.

⁵ Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

⁶ *Nivem Meccam apportavit, rem ibi aut nunquam aut raro visam.*—ABULFEDA.

⁷ The inhabitants of Hejaz or Arabia Petræa, called by an Eastern writer “The People of the Rock.”—EBN HAUKAL.

⁸ “Those horses, called by the Arabians Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for two thousand years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds.”—NIEBUHR.

Then, chieftains of Damascus, proud to see
 The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry :¹
 Men from the regions near the Volga's mouth,
 Mix'd with the rude black archers of the south ;
 And Indian lancers, in white turban'd ranks,
 From the far Sinde, or Attock's sacred banks,
 With dusky legions from the land of Myrrh,²
 And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-Sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
 In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
 That, fired by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,
 Round the white standard of the Impostor throng'd.
 Besides his thousands of believers, blind,
 Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind,—
 Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel,
 The bloody Islamite's converting steel,
 Flock'd to his banner ;—chiefs of the Uzbek race,
 Waving their heron crests with martial grace ;³
 Turkomans, countless as their flocks, led forth
 From the aromatic pastures of the north ;
 Wild warriors of the turquoise hills,⁴—and those
 Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
 Of Hindoo Kosh,⁵ in stormy freedom bred,
 Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.
 But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,
 Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand,
 Or sterner hate, than Iran's outlaw'd men,
 Her Worshippers of fire⁶—all panting then
 For vengeance on the accursed Saracen ;
 Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,
 Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'erturn'd.
 From Yezd's⁷ eternal Mansion of the Fire,
 Where aged saints in dreams of Heaven expire ;
 From Badku, and those fountains of blue flame
 That burn into the Caspian,⁸ fierce they came,

¹ "Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems."—*Asiat. Misc.* vol. i.

² Azab or Saba.

³ "The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans."—*Account of Independent Tartary*.

⁴ In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous (in Khorassan) they find turquoises.—EBN HAUKAL.

⁵ For a description of these stupendous ranges of mountains, see ELPHINSTONE'S *Caulbul*.

⁶ The Ghebers or Guebres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home, or forced to become wanderers abroad.

⁷ "Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives, who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, above three thousand years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain."—STEPHEN'S *Persia*.

⁸ "When the weather is hazy, the springs of Naptha (on an island near Baku) boil up

Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled !

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,
That high in air their motley banners tost
Around the Prophet-Chief—all eyes still bent
Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,
That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,
That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood !

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
And risen again, and found them grappling yet ;
While steams of carnage, in his noon-tide blaze,
Smoke up to heaven—hot as that crimson haze
By which the prostrate caravan is awed (56),
In the Red Desert, when the wind 's abroad !
“ On, Swords of God !” the panting Caliph calls,—
“ Thrones for the living—Heaven for him who falls !”—
“ On, brave avengers, on,” Mokanna cries,
“ And Eblis blast the recreant slave that flies !”—
Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—
They clash—they strive—the Caliph's troops give way !
Mokanna's self plucks the black banner down,
And now the Orient World's imperial crown
Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that shout !
Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslems' rout,
And now they turn—they rally—at their head
A warrior (like those angel youths who led,
In glorious panoply of heaven's own mail,
The Champions of the Faith through Beder's vale),
Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives
At once the multitudinous torrent back,
While hope and courage kindle in his track,
And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
Terrible vistas, through which victory breaks !
In vain Mokanna, 'midst the general flight,
Stands, like the red moon on some stormy night,
Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,
Leave only her unshaken in the sky !—
In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
Deals death promiscuously to all about,
To foes that charge, and coward friends that fly,
And seems of *all* the Great Arch-enemy !
The panic spreads—“ a miracle !” throughout

the higher, and the Naptha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a distance almost incredible.”—HANWAY, *on the Everlasting Fire at Baku.*

• In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Beder, he was assisted, say the Musselmans, by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel mounted on his horse Hiazum—See *The Koran and its Commentators.*

The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they shout,
 All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
 A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams;
 And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
 The needle tracks the load-star, following him!

Right tow'ards Mokanna now he cleaves his path,
 Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath
 He bears from Heaven withheld its awful burst
 From weaker heads, and souls but half-way curst,
 To break o'er him, the mightiest and the worst!
 But vain his speed—though in that hour of blood,
 Had all God's seraphs round Mokanna stood,
 With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
 Mokanna's soul would have defied them all;—
 Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
 For human force, hurries even *him* along;
 In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array
 Of flying thousands—he is borne away;
 And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
 In this forced flight is—murdering, as he goes!
 As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
 Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,
 Turns, even in drowning, on the wretched flocks
 Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,
 And, to the last, devouring on his way,
 Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay!

"Alla il Alla!"—the glad shout renew—
 "Alla Akbar!"¹—the Caliph's in Merou.
 Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,
 And light your shrines and chaunt your ziraleets;²
 The swords of God have triumph'd—on his throne
 Your Caliph sits, and the Veil'd Chief hath flown.
 Who does not envy that young warrior now,
 To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
 In all the graceful gratitude of power,
 For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?
 Who doth not wonder, when, amidst the acclaim
 Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name—
 'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,
 Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,
 Like music round a planet as it rolls!—
 He turns away coldly, as if some gloom
 Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illume—

¹ The Tecbir, or cry of the Arabs. "Alla Akbar!" says Ockley, "means God is most mighty."

² The ziraleet is a kind of chorus which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions.—RUSSEL.

Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
 Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays!
 Yes, wretched Azim! thine is such a grief,
 Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;
 A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
 Or warm or brighten,—like that Syrian Lake,¹
 Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
 Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead!—
 Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe
 Came by long use of suffering, tame and slow;
 But thine, lost youth! was sudden—over thee
 It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy!
 When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy past
 Melt into splendour, and bliss dawn at last—
 'T was then, even then, o'er joys so freshly blown,
 This mortal blight of misery came down;
 Even then the full warm gushings of thy heart
 Were check'd—like fount-drops, frozen as they start!
 And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,
 Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang!

One sole desire, one passion now remains,
 To keep life's fever still within his veins,—
 Vengeance!—dire vengeance on the wretch who cast
 O'er him and all he loved that ruinous blast.
 For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight
 Far, far away, after that fatal night,—
 Rumours of armies, thronging to the attack
 Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd him back,
 Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,
 And came when all seem'd lost, and wildly hurl'd
 Himself into the scale, and saved a world!
 For this he still lives on, careless of all
 The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall;
 For this alone exists—like lightning-fire,
 To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives;
 With a small band of desperate fugitives,
 The last sole stubborn fragment, left unriven,
 Of the proud host that late stood fronting heaven,
 He gain'd Merou—breathed a short curse of blood
 O'er his lost throne—then pass'd the Jihon's flood,²
 And gathering all, whose madness of belief
 Still saw a Saviour in their down-fall'n chief,
 Raised the white banner within Neksheb's gates,³
 And there, untamed, the approaching conqueror waits.

¹ The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

² The ancient Oxus.

³ A city of Transoxiana.

Of all his Haram, all that busy hive,
 With music and with sweets sparkling alive,
 He took but one, the partner of his flight,
 One, not for love—not for her beauty's light—
 For Zelica stood withering 'midst the gay,
 Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday
 From the Alma tree and dies, while overhead
 To-day's young flower is springing in its stead!¹
 No, not for love—the deepest damn'd must be
 Touch'd with heaven's glory, ere such fiends as he
 Can feel one glimpse of love's divinity!
 But no, she is his victim;—*there* lie all
 Her charms for him—charms that can never pall,
 As long as hell within his heart can stir,
 Or one faint trace of heaven is left in her.
 To work an angel's ruin,—to behold
 As white a page as Virtue e'er unroll'd
 Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
 Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul—
 This is his triumph—this the joy accurst,
 That ranks him among demons all but first!
 This gives the victim, that before him lies
 Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
 A light like that with which hell-fire illumines
 The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes!

But other tasks now wait him—tasks that need
 All the deep daringness of thought and deed
 With which the Dives² have gifted him—for mark,
 Over yon plains, which night had else made dark,
 Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights
 That spangle India's fields on showery nights,³
 Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
 The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,
 Glimmering along the horizon's dusky line,
 And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
 Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town
 In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.
 Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements
 Mokanna views that multitude of tents;
 Nay, smiles to think that, though entoil'd, beset,
 Not less than myriads dare to front him yet;—
 That, friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,
 Even thus a match for myriads such as they!
 “Oh! for a sweep of that dark angel's wing,

¹ “You never can cast your eyes on this tree, but you meet there either blossoms or fruit: and as the blossom drops underneath on the ground (which is frequently covered with these purple-coloured flowers), others come forth in their stead,” etc. etc.—NIEUHOFF.

² The demons of the Persian mythology.

³ Carreri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season.—See his *Travels*.

Who brush'd the thousands of the Assyrian king¹
 To darkness in a moment, that I might
 People hell's chambers with yon host to-night!
 But come what may, let who will grasp the throne,
 Caliph or Prophet, man alike shall groan;
 Let who will torture him, priest, caliph, king,
 Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring
 With victim's shrieks and howlings of the slave,—
 Sounds that shall glad me even within my grave!"
 Thus to himself—but to the scanty train
 Still left around him, a far different strain:
 "Glorious defenders of the sacred crown
 I bear from heaven, whose light nor blood shall drown
 Nor shadow of earth eclipse;—before whose gems
 The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
 The crown of Gerashid, the pillar'd throne
 Of Parviz,² (57) and the heron crest that shone³
 Magnificent, o'er Ali's beauteous eyes,⁴
 Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies:
 Warriors, rejoice—the port, to which we 've pass'd
 O'er destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!
 Victory 's our own—'t is written in that Book
 Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,
 That Islam's sceptre shall beneath the power
 Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,
 When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,
 From Neksheb's Holy Well (58) portentously shall rise!
 Now turn and see!"—

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,
 A sudden splendour all around them broke,
 And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
 Rise from the Holy Well, and cast its light
 Round the rich city and the plain for miles—⁵
 Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles
 Of many a dome and fair-roof'd minaret,
 As autumn suns shed round them when they set!
 Instant from all who saw the illusive sign
 A murmur broke—"Miraculous! divine!"
 The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol star
 Had waked, and burst impatient through the bar
 Of midnight, to inflame him to the war!

¹ Sennacherib, called by the Orientals King of Moussal.—D'HERBELOT.

² Chosroes. For the description of his Throne or Palace, see GIBBON and D'HERBELOT.

³ "The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban."
 —From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the
 gallery of Abbas's tomb.—See CHARDIN.

⁴ The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable, that whenever the Persians would de-
 scribe any thing as very lovely, they say it is Ayn Hali, or the Eyes of Ali.—CHARDIN.

⁵ "Il amusa pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Neksheb, en faisant sortir toutes
 les nuits du fond d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable à la lune, qui portait sa lumière
 jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles."—D'HERBELOT. Hence he was called Sazendéh
 mah, or the Moon-maker.

While he of Moussa's creed saw, in that ray,
The glorious Light which, in his freedom's day,
Had rested on the Ark,¹ and now again
Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain!

"To victory!" is at once the cry of all—
Nor stands Mokanna loitering at that call;
But instant the huge gates are flung aside,
And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide
Into the boundless sea, they speed their course
Right on into the Moslem's mighty force.
The watchmen of the camp,—who, in their rounds,
Had paused and even forgot the punctual sounds
Of the small drum with which they count the night,²
To gaze upon that supernatural light,—
Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,
And in a death-groan give their last alarm.
"On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen,³ (59)
Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean;
There rests the Caliph—speed—one lucky lance
May now achieve mankind's deliverance!"
Desperate the die—such as they only cast
Who venture for a world, and stake their last.
But Fate's no longer with him—blade for blade
Springs up to meet them through the glimmering shade,
And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon
Pour to the spot,—like bees of Kauseroon—,⁴
To the shrill timbrel's summons, till, at length,
The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,
And back to Neksheb's gates, covering the plain
With random slaughter, drives the adventurous train;
Among the last of whom, the Silver Veil
Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail
Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,
Catching the tempest's momentary light!

And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low?
Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring? No.
Though half the wretches, whom at night he led
To thrones and victory, lie disgraced and dead,
Yet morning hears him, with unshrinking crest,
Still vaunt of thrones and victory, to the rest;—
And they believe him!—Oh, the lover may

¹ The Schechinah, called Sakinat in the Koran.—See SALE'S *Note*, chap. ii.

² The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums.—See BURDER'S *Oriental Customs*, vol. i, p. 449.

³ The Serrapurda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to inclose a considerable space round the royal tents.—*Notes on the Bahardanush*.

⁴ "From the groves of orange-trees at Kauseroon, the bees cull a celebrated honey."—MORIER'S *Travels*.

Distrust that look which steals his soul away;—
 The babe may cease to think that it can play
 With heaven's rainbow;—alchymists may doubt
 The shining gold their crucible gives out;—
 But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
 To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well the Impostor knew all lures and arts
 That Lucifer e'er taught to tangle hearts:
 Nor, 'mid these last bold workings of his plot
 Against men's souls, is Zelica forgot.
 Ill-fated Zelica! had reason been
 Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,
 Thou never couldst have borne it—Death had come
 At once and taken thy wrung spirit home.
 But 't was not so—a torpor, a suspense
 Of thought, almost of life, came o'er the intense
 And passionate struggles of that fearful night,
 When her last hope of peace and Heaven took flight:
 And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke—
 As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke
 Ominous flashings now and then will start,
 Which show the fire's still busy at its heart;
 Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in sullen gloom,—
 Not such as Azim's, brooding o'er its doom,
 And calm without, as is the brow of death
 While busy worms are gnawing underneath!—
 But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
 From thought or pain, a seal'd up apathy,
 Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,
 The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in Merou, he had her deck'd
 Gorgeously out, the priestess of the sect;
 And led her glittering forth before the eyes
 Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice;
 Pallid as she, the young devoted bride
 Of the fierce Nile, when, deck'd in all the pride
 Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide!
 And while the wretched maid hung down her head,
 And stood, as one just risen from the dead,
 Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell
 His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell
 Possess'd her now,—and from that darken'd trance
 Should dawn ere long their Faith's deliverance.
 Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
 Her soul was roused, and words of wildness came,

¹ "A custom still subsisting at this day seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the God of the Nile; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river."—SAVARY.

Instant the bold blasphemer would translate
Her ravings into oracles of fate,
Would hail Heaven's signals in her flashing eyes,
And call her shrieks the language of the skies!

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen
Gathering around; and famine comes to glean
All that the sword had left unreap'd :—in vain
At morn and eve across the northern plain
He looks impatient for the promised spears
Of the wild Hordes and Tartar mountaineers :
They come not—while his fierce beleaguers pour
Engines of havoc in, unknown before (60),
And horrible as new;—javelins, that fly
Enwreathed with smoky flames through the dark sky,
And red-hot globes that, opening as they mount,
Discharge, as from a kindled Naptha fount (61),
Showers of consuming fire o'er all below ;
Looking, as through the illumined night they go,
Like those wild birds² that, by the Magians oft,
At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
Into the air, with blazing faggots tied
To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide !
All night, the groans of wretches who expire,
In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
Ring through the city—while, descending o'er
Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore;—
Its lone bazaars, with their bright cloths of gold,
Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd ;—
Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets
Now gush with blood ;—and its tall minarets,
That late have stood up in the evening glare
Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer ;—
O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall,
And death and conflagration throughout all
The desolate city hold high festival !

Mokanna sees the world is his no more ;
One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
“ What ! drooping now ? ”—thus, with unblushing cheek,
He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,
Of all those famish'd slaves, around him lying,

▪ The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the Emperors to their allies. “ It was,” says Gibbon, “ either launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil.”

² “ At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb-Sezē, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination ; and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the wood for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced.”—RICHARDSON'S *Dissertation*.

And by the light of blazing temples dying ;—
 “ What ! drooping now ?—now, when at length we press
 Home o’er the very threshold of success !
 When Alla from our ranks hath thinn’d away
 Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray
 Of favour from us, and we stand at length
 Heirs of his light and children of his strength,
 The chosen few, who shall survive the fall
 Of kings and thrones, triumphant over all !
 Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,
 All faith in him who was your Light, your Star ?
 Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
 Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid
 Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
 Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither ?
 Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but now
 All earth shall feel the unveiling of this brow !
 To-night ! yes, sainted men ! this very night,
 I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
 Where,—having deep refresh’d each weary limb
 With viands such as feast Heaven’s cherubim,
 And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,
 With that pure wine the dark-eyed maids above
 Keep, seal’d with precious musk, for those they love,—
 I will myself uncurtain in your sight
 The wonders of this brow’s ineffable light ;
 Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse
 Yon myriads, howling through the universe ! ”

Eager they listen—while each accent darts
 New life into their chill’d and hope-sick hearts ;—
 Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies
 To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies !
 Wildly they point their lances to the light
 Of the fast-sinking sun, and shout “ to-night ! ”—
 “ To-night,” their Chief re-echoes, in a voice
 Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice !
 Deluded victims—never hath this earth
 Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth !
 Here, to the few, whose iron frames had stood
 This racking waste of famine and of blood,
 Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout
 Of triumph like a maniac’s laugh broke out ;—
 There, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,
 Danced, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
 Among the dead and dying, strew’d around ;—
 While some pale wretch look’d on, and from his wound

“ The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed ; the seal whereof shall be musk.”—*Koran*, chap. lxxxiii.

Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
In ghastly transport waved it o'er his head!

'T was more than midnight now—a fearful pause
Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,
That lately from those royal gardens burst,
Where the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,
When Zelica—alas, poor ruin'd heart,
In every horror doom'd to bear its part!—
Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,
Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave
Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat
His message through, fell lifeless at her feet!
Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
A presage that her own dark doom was near,
Roused every feeling, and brought reason back
Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.
All round seem'd tranquil—even the foe had ceased,
As if aware of that demoniac feast,
His fiery bolts; and though the heavens look'd red,
'T was but some distant conflagration's spread.
But hark!—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone!
'T is her Tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,
A long death-groan comes with it—can this be
The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?
She enters—Holy Alla, what a sight
Was there before her! By the glimmering light
Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands
That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,
She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead,—
The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd,
All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught?
Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
With their swoll'n heads sunk blackening on their breasts,
Or looking pale to Heaven with glassy glare,
As if they sought but saw no mercy there;
As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,
Remorse, the deadlier torment of the two!
While some, the bravest, hardest in the train
Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain
Would have met death with transport by his side,
Here mute and helpless gasp'd;—but as they died,
Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,
And clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,
The stony look of horror and despair,
Which some of these expiring victims cast

Upon their souls' tormentor to the last ;—
 Upon that mocking Fiend, whose Veil, now raised,
 Show'd them, as in death's agony they gazed,
 Not the long promised light, the brow, whose beaming
 Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming,
 But features horribler than Hell e'er traced
 On its own brood !—no Demon of the Waste,¹
 No church-yard Ghole, caught lingering in the light
 Of the bless'd sun, e'er blasted human sight
 With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those
 The impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows.—
 " There, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your Star ;—
 Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
 Is it enough ? or must I, while a thrill
 Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still ?
 Swear that the burning death ye feel within
 Is but the trance with which Heaven's joys begin ;
 That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgraced
 Even monstrous man, is—after God's own taste ;
 And that—but see !—ere I have half-way said
 My greetings through, the uncourteous souls are fled.
 Farewell, sweet spirits ! not in vain ye die,
 If Eblis loves you half so well as I.—
 Ha, my young bride !—'t is well—take thou thy seat ;
 Nay, come—no shuddering—didst thou never meet
 The dead before ?—They graced our wedding, sweet ;
 And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so true
 Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too.
 But—how is this ?—all empty ? all drunk up ?
 Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,
 Young bride,—yet stay—one precious drop remains,
 Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins ;—
 Here, drink—and should thy lover's conquering arms
 Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,
 Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
 And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss !

" For *me*—I too must die—but not like these
 Vile rankling things, to fester in the breeze ;
 To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,
 With all death's grimness added to its own,
 And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes
 Of slaves, exclaiming ' There his Godship lies ! '—
 No—cursed race—since first my soul drew breath,
 They've been my dupes, and *shall* be, even in death.
 Thou seest yon cistern in the shade—'t is fill'd

¹ " The Afghauns believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghoollee Beeabau, or spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by saying, they are wild as the Demon of the Waste.—ELPHINSTONE'S *Caubul*.

With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd;—(62)
 There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame—
 Fit bath to lave a dying Prophet's frame!
 There perish, all—ere pulse of thine shall fail—
 Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
 So shall my votaries, whereso'er they rave,
 Proclaim that Heaven took back the Saint it gave;—
 That I've but vanish'd from this earth awhile,
 To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile;
 So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
 Where knaves shall minister and fools shall kneel;
 Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
 Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
 The sail he spreads for Heaven with blasts from Hell!
 So shall my banner, through long ages, be
 The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy;—
 Kings yet unborn shall rue Mokanna's name,
 And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,
 Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
 And guilt and blood, that were its bliss in life!
 But, hark! their battering engine shakes the wall—
 Why, let it shake—thus I can brave them all.
 No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,
 And I can trust thy faith, for—thou'lt be dumb.
 Now mark how readily a wretch like me
 In one bold plunge commences Deity!"

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said—
 Quick closed the burning waters o'er his head,
 And Zelica was left—within the ring
 Of those wide walls the only living thing;
 The only wretched one, still cursed with breath,
 In all that frightful wilderness of death!
 More like some bloodless ghost,—such as, they tell,
 In the lone Cities of the Silent dwell,
 And there, unseen of all but ALLA, sit
 Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
 Throughout the camp of the beleaguers.
 Their globes of fire (the dread artillery, lent
 By Greece to conquering Mahadi) are spent;
 And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent
 From high balistas, and the shielded throng
 Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,—
 All speak the impatient Islamite's intent
 To try, at length, if tower and battlement

: "They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes."—ELPHINSTONE,

And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,
 Less tough to break down, than the hearts within.
 First in impatience and in toil is he,
 The burning Azim—oh! could he but see
 The Impostor once alive within his grasp,
 Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boa's clasp,
 Could match that gripe of Vengeance, or keep pace
 With the fell heartiness of Hate's embrace!

Loud rings the ponderous ram against the walls!
 Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,
 But still no breach—"Once more, one mighty swing
 Of all your beams, together thundering!"
 There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops exult—
 "Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult
 Right on that spot, and Neksheb is our own!"—
 'T is done—The battlements come crashing down,
 And the huge wall, by that stroke riven in two,
 Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew,
 Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through!
 But strange! no signs of life—nought living seen
 Above, below—What can this stillness mean?
 A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes—
 "In through the breach," impetuous Azim cries;
 But the cool Caliph, fearful of some wile
 In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile.—
 Just then a figure, with slow step, advanced
 Forth from the ruin'd walls; and, as there glanced
 A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see
 The well-known Silver Veil!—" 'T is He, 't is He,
 Mokanna, and alone!" they shout around;
 Young Azim from his steed springs to the ground—
 "Mine, holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task
 To crush yon daring wretch—'t is all I ask."
 Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,
 Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow
 And falteringly comes, till they are near;
 Then, with a bound, rushes on Azim's spear,
 And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows—
 Oh!—'t is his Zelica's life-blood that flows!

"I meant not, Azim," soothingly she said,
 As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,
 And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
 Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear—
 "I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of this;—
 Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss
 Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but know
 How oft I 've pray'd to God I might die so!
 But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow;—

To linger on were maddening—and I thought
 If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—caught
 The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be
 Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.
 But this is sweeter—oh! believe me, yes—
 I would not change this sad, but dear caress,
 This death within thy arms I would not give
 For the most smiling life the happiest live!
 All that stood dark and drear before the eye
 Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;
 A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,
 Like the first dawn of mercy from above;
 And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiven,
 Angels will echo the blest words in Heaven!
 But live, my Azim;—oh! to call thee mine
 Thus once again! *my* Azim—dream divine!
 Live, if thou ever lovedst me, if to meet
 Thy Zelica hereafter would be sweet,
 Oh! live to pray for her—to bend the knee
 Morning and night before that Deity,
 To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,
 As thine are, Azim, never breathed in vain,—
 And pray that He may pardon her,—may take
 Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,
 And, nought remembering but her love to thee,
 Make her all thine, all His, eternally!
 Go to those happy fields where first we twined
 Our youthful hearts together—every wind
 That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flowers,
 Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
 Back to thy soul, and thou mayst feel again
 For thy poor Zelica as thou didst then.
 So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
 To Heaven upon the morning's sunshine, rise
 With all love's earliest ardour to the skies!
 And should they—but, alas! my senses fail—
 Oh, for one minute!—should thy prayers prevail—
 If pardon'd souls may from that World of Bliss
 Reveal their joy to those they love in this,—
 I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and tell—
 Oh Heaven—I die—dear love! farewell, farewell.”

Time fled—years on years had pass'd away,
 And few of those who on that mournful day
 Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
 The maiden's death and the youth's agony,
 Were living still—when, by a rustic grave
 Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
 An aged man, who had grown aged there
 By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,

For the last time knelt down—and, though the shade
 Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd
 A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
 That brighten'd even death—like the last streak
 Of intense glory on the horizon's brim,
 When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim.—
 His soul had seen a vision, while he slept;
 She, for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
 So many years, had come to him, all dress'd
 In angel smiles, and told him she was bless'd!
 For this the old man breathed his thanks, and died.—
 And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,
 He and his Zelica sleep side by side.

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear Fadladeen's criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the royal table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible (63). In the next place, the elephant, laden with his fine antique porcelain (64), had in an unusual fit of liveliness shattered the whole set to pieces:—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to Fadladeen, who, though professing to hold, with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

“In order,” said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, “to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever——”
 “My good Fadladeen!” exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, “we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying without any further waste of your valuable erudition.”
 “If that be all,” replied the critic,—evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about every thing, but the subject immediately before him—“if that be all that is required, the matter is easily dispatched.” He then proceeded to analyze the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi), whose censures were

an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face;—a young lady, whose reason went and came according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise;—and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. “From such materials,” said he, “what can be expected?—after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberts of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling.”

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments, mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's² apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licenses too in which it indulged were unpardonable;—for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such—

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

“What critic that can count,” said Fadladeen, “and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities!”—He here looked round, and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus:—“Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man:—so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him.”

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before Lalla Rookh could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still

¹ La lecture de ces Fables plaisait si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenait de l'Histoire de l'Ancien Testament, ils les méprisaient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontait étaient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préférence attira à Nasser la malédiction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples.—D'HERBELOT.

² The Blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia.

a welcome guest in the pavilion;—to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome—but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for Fadladeen, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere), felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient;—the ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what Fadladeen said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a poet. Lalla Rookh alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi,—“Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone and their eyes are closed for ever!”—that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. “It is true,” she said, “few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air (65), and never touches the earth:—it is only once in many ages a genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever (66):—but still there are some, as delightful, perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short,” continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, “it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the old Man of the Sea, upon his back!”¹—Fadladeen, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued; and the Princess, glancing a look at Feramorz, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of nature, and her wild fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-Bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion has ever consecrated; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair (67), to the *Camalata*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of India is scented (68). As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and Lalla Rookh remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in

¹ The Huma.

² The Story of Sinbad.

the temples of Kathay (69), or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said, hesitatingly, that he remembered a story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. “It is,” said he, with an appealing look to Fadladeen, “in a lighter and humbler strain than the other;” then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

“How happy,” exclaim'd this child of air,
“Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!
Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,¹
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,²
Yet—oh, 't is only the Blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine them all!

“Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all!”

The glorious angel, who was keeping
The gates of light, beheld her weeping;
And as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd

¹ “Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane-trees upon it.”—FORSTER.

² “The Altan Kol, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all summer in gathering it.”—*Description of Tibet*, in PINKERTON.

Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies
 On the blue flower, which—Bramins say—
 Blooms no where but in Paradise (70)!
 "Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
 Gently he said—"One hope is thine:
 'Tis written in the Book of fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven,
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!
 Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—
 'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run
 To the embraces of the sun—
 Fleeter than the starry brands
 Flung at night from angel hands:
 At those dark and daring sprites
 Who would climb the empyreal heights—
 Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
 And, lighted earthly by a glance
 That just then broke from morning's eyes,
 Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
 To find this gift for Heaven?—"I know
 The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
 In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
 Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;—"
 I know where the Isles of Perfume are (71),
 Many a fathom down in the sea,
 To the south of sun-bright Araby;—"
 I know too where the Genii hid
 The jewell'd cup of their king Jamshid,⁴
 With Life's elixir sparkling high—
 But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 Where was there ever a gem that shone
 Like the steps of Alla's wonderful throne?
 And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
 In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
 The air of that sweet Indian land,

¹ "The Mahometans suppose that falling-stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyreum or verge of the heavens."—FRYER.

² The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there.—D'HERBELOT, VOLNEY.

³ The Isles of Panchaia.

⁴ "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."—RICHARDSON.

Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
 O'er coral rocks and amber beds (72);
 Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
 Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
 Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
 Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
 Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
 Might be a Peri's Paradise!
 But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood—the smell of death
 Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
 And man, the sacrifice of man,
 Mingled his taint with every breath
 Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
 Land of the Sun! what foot invades
 Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades (73)—
 Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,
 Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones (74)?
 'T is He of Gazna!—fierce in wrath

He comes, and India's diadems
 Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—

His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,
 Torn from the violated necks
 Of many a young and loved sultana;—²
 Maidens within their pure Zenana,
 Priests in the very fane, he slaughters,
 And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
 Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
 And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
 Alone, beside his native river,—
 The red blade broken in his hand,
 And the last arrow in his quiver.

“Live,” said the conqueror, “live to share
 The trophies and the crowns I bear!”
 Silent that youthful warrior stood—
 Silent he pointed to the flood
 All crimson with his country's blood,
 Then sent his last remaining dart,
 For answer, to the invader's heart.
 False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
 The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—

¹ Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the eleventh century.—See his *History* in Dow and Sir J. MALCOLM.

² “It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent, that he kept four hundred grey-hounds and blood-hounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls.”—*Universal History*, vol. iii.

Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
 And, when the rush of war was past,
 Swiftly descending on a ray
 Of morning light, she caught the last,
 Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
 Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
 "My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
 Though foul are the drops that oft distil
 On the field of warfare, blood like this,
 For Liberty shed, so holy is (75),
 It would not stain the purest rill
 That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
 Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
 A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
 'T is the last libation Liberty draws
 From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
 The gift into his radiant hand,
 "Sweet is our welcome of the brave,
 Who die thus for their native land,—
 But see—alas!—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than even this drop the boon must be,
 That opes the gates of heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
 Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,¹ (76)
 Far to the south, the Peri lighted;
 And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
 Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth
 Is hidden from the sons of earth,
 Deep in those solitary woods,
 Where oft the Genii of the Floods
 Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
 And hail the new-born Giant's smile!²
 Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,
 Her grotts and sepulchres of kings,³
 The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
 And now hangs listening to the doves
 In warm Rosetta's vale⁴—now loves

¹ "The mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise."—BRUCE.

² "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy or the Giant."—*Asiat. Research.* vol. i, p. 387.

³ See PERRY'S *View of the Levant*, for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grotts, covered all over with hieroglyphics, in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

⁴ "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves."—SONNINI.

To watch the moonlight on the wings
 Of the white pelicans that break
 The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.¹
 'T was a fair scene—a land more bright
 Never did mortal eye behold!
 Who could have thought, that saw this night
 Those valleys and their fruits of gold
 Basking in heaven's serenest light;—
 Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
 Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
 Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
 Warns them to their silken beds;²—
 Those virgin lilies, all the night
 Bathing their beauties in the lake,
 That they may rise more fresh and bright,
 When their beloved sun's awake;—
 Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
 The relics of a splendid dream;
 Amid whose fairy loneliness
 Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
 Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
 Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
 Some purple-winged Sultana³ sitting
 Upon a column, motionless
 And glittering, like an idol bird!—
 Who could have thought that there, e'en there,
 Amid those scenes so still and fair,
 The Demon of the Plague hath cast
 From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
 More mortal far, than ever came
 From the red Desert's sands of flame!
 So quick, that every living thing
 Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
 Like plants where the Simoom hath past,
 At once falls black and withering!
 The sun went down on many a brow,
 Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
 Is rankling in the pest-house now,
 And ne'er will feel that sun again!
 And oh! to see the unburied heaps
 On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
 The very vultures turn away,
 And sicken at so foul a prey!

¹ Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mœris.

² "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep."—DAFARD EL HADAD.

³ "That beautiful bird with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana."—SONNINI.

Only the fierce hyæna stalks¹
 Throughout the city's desolate walks (77)
 At midnight, and his carnage plies—
 Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
 The glaring of those large blue eyes²
 Amid the darkness of the streets!

“Poor race of men!” said the pitying Spirit,
 “Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—
 Some flowrets of Eden ye still inherit,
 But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!”
 She wept—the air grew pure and clear
 Around her, as the bright drops ran;
 For there's a magic in each tear
 Such kindly Spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange trees,
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
 Were wantoning together, free,
 Like Age at play with Infancy—
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
 Close by the lake, she heard the moan
 Of one who, at this silent hour,
 Had thither stolen to die alone.
 One who in life, where'er he moved,
 Drew after him the hearts of many;
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
 Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!
 None to watch near him—none to slake
 The fire that in his bosom lies,
 With even a sprinkle from that lake
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.
 No voice, well-known through many a day,
 To speak the last, the parting word,
 Which, when all other sounds decay,
 Is still like distant music heard:
 That tender farewell on the shore
 Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
 Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
 Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
 Shed joy around his soul in death—
 That she, whom he for years had known,
 And loved, and might have call'd his own,

¹ Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, “The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries,” etc.

² Bruce.

Was safe from this foul midnight's breath ;—
 Safe in her father's princely halls,
 Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
 Freshly perfumed by many a brand
 Of the sweet wood from India's land,
 Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see,—who yonder comes (78) by stealth,

This melancholy bower to seek,
 Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek ?

'T is she—far off, through moonlight dim,

He knew his own betrothed bride,

She, who would rather die with him,

Than live to gain the world beside !—

Her arms are round her lover now,

His livid cheek to hers she presses,

And dips, to bind his burning brow,

In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.

Ah ! once, how little did he think

An hour would come when he should shrink

With horror from that dear embrace,

Those gentle arms, that were to him

Holy as is the cradling-place

Of Eden's infant cherubim !

And now he yields—now turns away,

Shuddering as if the venom lay

All in those proffer'd lips alone—

Those lips that, then so fearless grown,

Never until that instant came

Near his unask'd or without shame.

“ Oh ! let me only breathe the air,

The blessed air, that 's breathed by thee,

And, whether on its wings it bear

Healing or death, 't is sweet to me !

There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—

Would that my bosom's blood were balm,

And, well thou know'st, I 'd shed it all,

To give thy brow one minute's calm.

Nay, turn not from me that dear face—

Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—

The one, the chosen one, whose place

In life or death is by thy side !

Think'st thou that she, whose only light,

In this dim world, from thee hath shone,

Could bear the long, the cheerless night,

That must be hers when thou art gone ?

That I can live, and let thee go,

Who art my life itself?—No, no—

When the stem dies, the leaf that grew

Out of its heart must perish too !
 Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
 Before like thee I fade and burn ;
 Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
 The last pure life that lingers there ! ”
 She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
 In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
 So quickly do his baleful sighs
 Quench all the sweet light of her eyes !
 One struggle—and his pain is past—
 Her lover is no longer living !
 One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
 Long kiss, which she expires in giving.

“ Sleep, ” said the Peri, as softly she stole
 The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
 As true as e’er warm’d a woman’s breast—
 “ Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
 In balmier airs than ever yet stirr’d
 The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
 Who sings at the last his own death lay,
 And in music and perfume dies away ! ”
 Thus saying, from her lips she spread
 Unearthly breathings through the place,
 And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
 Such lustre o’er each paly face,
 That like two lovely saints they seem’d
 Upon the eve of doomsday taken
 From their dim graves, in odour sleeping ;—
 While that benevolent Peri beam’d
 Like their good angel, calmly keeping
 Watch o’er them till their souls would waken !
 But morn is blushing in the sky ;
 Again the Peri soars above,
 Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
 Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
 High throb’d her heart, with hope elate,
 The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
 For the bright Spirit at the gate
 Smiled as she gave that offering in ;
 And she already hears the trees
 Of Eden, with their crystal bells
 Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
 That from the Throne of Alla swells ;
 And she can see the starry bowls
 That lie around that lucid lake,

“ In the East, they suppose the phoenix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail ; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself. ” —RICHARDSON.

Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take! ¹

But, ah! even Peris' hopes are vain—
Again the Fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed—"Not yet,"
The angel said as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
"True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er Alla's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee." ²

Now, upon Syria's land of roses ³
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who look'd from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls;—
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls;—³
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;—
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of Peristan!
And then, the mingling sounds that come,

¹ "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave."—From CHATEAUBRIAND'S *Description of the Mahometan Paradise*, in his *Beauties of Christianity*.

² Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a beautiful and delicate species of rose for which that country has been always famous;—hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

³ "The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them."—BRUCE.

Of shepherd's ancient reed,¹ with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine (79),
 Banqueting through the flowery vales;—
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales (80)!

But nought can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own,²
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
 Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd,
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
 With the great name of Solomon,
 Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm that can restore so soon
 An erring Spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope, she bends her thither;
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,³
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems:—
And, near the boy, who tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount (81)
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,

¹ "The Syrinx, or Pan's pipe, is still a pastoral instrument in Syria."—RUSSEL.

² The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

³ "You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels."

—SONNINI.

Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,
 Ere mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play:—
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
 Met that unclouded joyous gaze,
 As torches, that have burnt all night
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of day-light sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,
 From Syria's thousand minarets!
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels (82), with his forehead to the south,
 Lispering the eternal name of God
 From purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again!
 Oh 't was a sight—that Heaven—that child—
 A scene, which might have well beguiled
 Even haughty Eblis of a sigh,
 For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
 Reclining there—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
 “There *was* a time,” he said, in mild

Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
 When, young and haply pure as thou,
 I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
 He hung his head—each nobler aim
 And hope and feeling, which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
 In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon
 Falls through the withering airs of June
 Upon Egypt's land,¹ of so healing a power,
 So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
 That drop descends, contagion dies,
 And health reanimates earth and skies!—
 Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
 The precious tears of repentance fall?
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
 One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,
 While the same sunbeam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
 The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'T was when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,
 There fell a light more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,
 Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam—
 But well the enraptured Peri knew
 'T was a bright smile the angel threw
 From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
 Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
 The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won!
 Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
 To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad

¹ The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on Saint John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,¹
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

“Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover’s sigh;—
My feast is now of the Tooba-Tree,²
Whose scent is the breath of eternity!

“Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
Oh! what are the brightest that e’er have blown,
To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA’S throne,³
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf?
Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The gates are pass’d, and heaven is won!

“AND this,” said the Great Chamberlain, “is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!” After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, Fadladeen kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. “The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced,” he said, “as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand streams of Basra.⁴ They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success;—as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the license and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence,—who, like them, flung the jereed⁵ carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark;—and who,” said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers,

¹ The Country of Delight,—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

² The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. See SALE’S *Prelim. Disc.*—“Touba,” says D’HERBELOT, “signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.”

³ Mahomet is described, in the 53d Chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel “by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode.”—This tree, say the Commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the throne of God.

⁴ “It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Belal ben Abi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams.”—EBN HAUKAL.

⁵ The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise.—See CASTELLAN, *Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. iii, p. 461.

“contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they have allowed themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who has the ingenuity to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam !”

“It was but little suitable,” he continued, “to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven ; but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies :—a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear ! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel’s ‘ radiant hand,’ he professed himself at a loss to discover ; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. But, in short,” said he, “it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital (85) for Sick Insects¹ should undertake.”

In vain did Lalla Rookh try to soften this inexorable critic ; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them (84) ;—that severity often destroyed every chance of the perfection which it demanded ; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman,—no one had ever yet reached its summit.² Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of Fadladeen’s eye-brows, or charm him into any thing like encouragement, or even toleration of her poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of Fadladeen :—he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal, too, was the same in either pursuit ; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,—worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death seemed to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of Lalla Rookh, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers dispatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the king had arrived in the valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were making in the saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence,—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure,—convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young Feramorz.

¹ For a description of this Hospital of the Banyans, see PARSON’S *Travels*, p. 262.

² “Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit.”
—KINNEIR.

The veil, which this passion wears at first, had fallen off, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love *without* knowing it had been delicious. Feramorz, too—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers;—if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even he should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone!¹ She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. Feramorz must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clew was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharria might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only try to forget the short vision of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever!²

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionary among the people; while the artisans, in chariots (85) adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment:—particularly on the day when Lalla Rookh set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility; and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads³ (86) as they went, and then threw them to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. Lalla Rookh, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary;—Fadladeen felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees⁴ (87), at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers, and listen to Fadladeen, seemed

¹ The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them.—P. VANSLEBE, *Relat. d'Égypte*.

² See SALE'S *Koran*, note, vol. ii, p. 484.

³ Ferishta.

⁴ The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side.

they were weary of the life they led, and in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticism, were tasteless enough to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove, heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words:—

Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the Love
Which enslaves our souls in this!

Tell me not of Houris' eyes:—
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Would like some that burn below!

Who that feels what Love is here,
All its falsehood—all its pain—
Would, for even Elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

Who, that 'midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered went to Lalla Rookh's heart;—and as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it as a sad but sweet certainty, that Feramorz was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.* In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood, there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus (88); while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. Lalla Rookh guessed in vain, and the all-pretending Fadladeen, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the ladies suggested, that perhaps Feramorz could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by

* The Baya, or Indian Gross-Beak.—SIR W. JONES.

no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could speak, a slave was dispatched for Feramorz, who, in a very few minutes, appeared before them,—looking so pale and unhappy in Lalla Rookh's eyes, that she already repented of her cruelty, in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors (89), preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostacy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles, which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakou, ¹ when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers (90), and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that Feramorz had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before Fadladeen, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced on that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals “Bigoted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!”—while Feramorz, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those brave struggles of the Fire-worshippers of Persia against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for Lalla Rookh to refuse;—he had never before looked half so animated, and when he spoke of the Holy Valley, his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted, and while Fadladeen sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers (91):—

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

'T is moonlight over Oman's sea; ²

Her banks of pearl and palmy isles

Bask in the night-beam beauteously,

And her blue waters sleep in smiles.

'T is moonlight in Harmozia's ³ walls,

And through her Emir's porphyry halls,

¹ The “Agar ardens,” described by KEMPFER, *Amoenitat. Exot.*

² The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.

³ The present Gomboroon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.

Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
 Of trumpet and the clash of zel,¹
 Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell;—
 The peaceful sun, whom better suits
 The music of the bulbul's nest,
 Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
 To sing him to his golden rest!
 All hush'd—there 's not a breeze in motion;
 The shore is silent as the ocean.
 If zephyrs come, so light they come,
 Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven;
 The wind-tower on the Emir's dome²
 Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Even he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
 Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
 While curses load the air he breathes,
 And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
 Are starting to avenge the shame
 His race hath brought on Iran's³ name.
 Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike
 'Mid eyes that weep and swords that strike;—
 One of that saintly, murderous brood,
 To carnage and the Koran given,
 Who think through unbelievers' blood
 Lies their directest path to heaven.
 One, who will pause and kneel unshod
 In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
 To mutter o'er some text of God
 Engraven on his reeking sword;—⁴
 Nay, who can coolly note the line,
 The letter of those words divine,
 To which his blade, with searching art,
 Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just Alla! what must be thy look,
 When such a wretch before thee stands
 Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,—
 Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
 And wresting from its page sublime
 His creed of lust and hate and crime?
 Even as those bees of Trebizond,—
 Which from the sunniest flowers that glad
 With their pure smile the gardens round,

¹ A Moorish instrument of music.

² "At Gombaroon, and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses."—LE BRUYN.

³ "Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia."—*Asiat. Res.* disc. 5.

⁴ "On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed."—RUSSEL.

Draw venom forth that drives men mad !¹
 Never did fierce Arabia send
 A satrap forth more direly great;
 Never was Iran doom'd to bend
 Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
 Her throne had fall'n—her pride was crush'd—
 Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,
 In their own land,—no more their own,—
 To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
 Her towers, where Mithra once had burn'd,
 To Moslem shrines—oh shame!—were turn'd,
 Where slaves, converted by the sword,
 Their mean apostate worship pour'd,
 And cursed the faith their sires adored.
 Yet has she hearts, 'mid all this ill,
 O'er all this wreck high buoyant still
 With hope and vengeance!—hearts that yet,—
 Like gems, in darkness issuing rays
 They 've treasured from the sun that 's set,—
 Beam all the light of long-lost days!
 And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
 To second all such hearts can dare;
 As he shall know, well, dearly know,
 Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
 Tranquil as if his spirit lay
 Becalm'd in Heaven's approving ray!
 Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine
 Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine.
 Sleep on, and be thy rest unmoved
 By the white moon-beam's dazzling power;
 None but the loving and the loved
 Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see—where, high above those rocks
 That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
 Yon turret stands;—where ebon locks,
 As glossy as a heron's wing
 Upon the turban of a king,²
 Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—
 'T is she, that Emir's blooming child,
 All truth and tenderness and grace,
 Though born of such ungentle race;—
 An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
 Springing in a desolate mountain!³
 Oh! what a pure and sacred thing

¹ “ There is a kind of Rhododendros about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad.”—TOURNEFORT.

² “ Their kings wear plumes of black herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty.”—HANWAY.

³ “ The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East.”—RICHARDSON.

Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight
 Of the gross world, illumining
 One only mansion with her light!
 Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
 The flower, that blooms beneath the sea
 Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
 Hid in more chaste obscurity!
 So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,
 Like holy mysteries, lain enshrined.
 And, oh! what transport for a lover
 To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—
 Like those who, all at once, discover
 In the lone deep some fairy shore,
 Where mortal never trod before,
 And sleep and wake in scented airs
 No lip had ever breathed but theirs!

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
 On summer-eves, through Yemen's¹ dales,
 And bright the glancing looks they hide
 Behind their litters' roseate veils;—
 And brides, as delicate and fair
 As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
 Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
 Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower (92),
 Before their mirrors count the time (93),
 And grow still lovelier every hour.
 But never yet hath bride or maid
 In Araby's gay Harams smiled,
 Whose boasted brightness would not fade
 Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
 An infant's dream, yet not the less
 Rich in all woman's loveliness;—
 With eyes so pure, that from their ray
 Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,
 Blinded, like serpents when they gaze
 Upon the emerald's virgin blaze!²
 Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
 Mingling the meek and vestal fires
 Of other worlds with all the bliss,
 The fond, weak tenderness of this!
 A soul, too, more than half divine,
 Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
 Religion's soften'd glories shine,
 Like light through summer foliage stealing,

¹ Arabia Felix.

² "They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones (emeralds), he immediately becomes blind."—AHMED BEN ABDALAZIZ, *Treatise on Jewels*.

Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
 So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
 As makes the very darkness there
 More beautiful than light elsewhere!

Such is the maid who, at this hour,
 Hath risen from her restless sleep,
 And sits alone in that high bower,
 Watching the still and shining deep.
 Ah! 't was not thus,—with tearful eyes
 And beating heart,—she used to gaze
 On the magnificent earth and skies,
 In her own land, in happier days.
 Why looks she now so anxious down
 Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
 Blackens the mirror of the deep?
 Whom waits she all this lonely night?
 Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
 For man to scale that turret's height!—

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
 When high to catch the cool night-air,
 After the day-beam's withering fire,
 He built her bower of freshness there,
 And had it deck'd with costliest skill,
 And fondly thought it safe as fair.—
 Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
 Nor wake to learn what Love can dare—
 Love, all-defying Love, who sees
 No charm in trophies won with ease;—
 Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
 Are pluck'd on Danger's precipice!
 Bolder than they, who dare not dive
 For pearls but when the sea's at rest,
 Love, in the tempest most alive,
 Hath ever held that pearl the best
 He finds beneath the stormiest water!
 Yes—Araby's unrivall'd daughter,
 Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
 There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
 Would climb the untrodden solitude
 Of Ararat's tremendous peak ² (94),
 And think its steeps, though dark and dread,
 Heaven's pathways, if to thee they led!
 Even now thou seest the flashing spray,
 That lights his oar's impatient way;
 Even now thou hear'st the sudden shock

¹ "At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes so hot that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water."—MARCO POLO.

² This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible.

Of his swift bark against the rock,
 And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
 As if to lift him from below !
 Like her to whom, at dead of night,
 The bridegroom, with his locks of light,¹
 Came, in the flush of love and pride,
 And scaled the terrace of his bride ;—
 When, as she saw him rashly spring,
 And mid-way up in danger cling,
 She flung him down her long black hair,
 Exclaiming, breathless, “ There, love, there ! ”
 And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
 The hero Zal in that fond hour,
 Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,
 Now climbs the rocks to Hinda’s bower.
 See—light as up their granite steeps
 The rock-goats of Arabia clamber,²
 Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
 And now is in the maiden’s chamber.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,
 Nor what his race, nor whence he came ;—
 Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
 Some beauteous bird, without a name,
 Brought by the last ambrosial breeze
 From isles in the undiscover’d seas,
 To show his plumage for a day
 To wondering eyes, and wing away !
 Will *he* thus fly—her nameless lover ?
 Alla forbid ! ’t was by a moon
 As fair as this, while singing over
 Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,³
 Alone, at this same witching hour,
 She first beheld his radiant eyes
 Gleam through the lattice of the bower,
 Where nightly now they mix their sighs ;
 And thought some spirit of the air
 (For what could waft a mortal there ?)
 Was pausing on his moonlight way
 To listen to her lonely lay !
 This fancy ne’er hath left her mind :
 And—though, when terror’s swoon had past,
 She saw a youth, of mortal kind,

¹ In one of the books of the Shâh Nâhmeh, when Zal (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair) comes to the terrace of his mistress, Rodhaver, at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent ;—he, however, manages in a less romantic way, by fixing his crook in a projecting beam.—See CHAMPION’S *Ferdosi*.

² “ On the lofty hills of Arabia Petræa are rock-goats.”—NIEBUHR.

³ “ Canun, espèce de psaltérion, avec des cordes de boyaux ; les dames en touchent dans le sérail, avec des décailles armées de pointes de coco.”—TODERINI, translated by DE Cournand.

Before her in obeisance cast,—
 Yet often since, when he hath spoken
 Strange, awful words,—and gleams have broken
 From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,

Oh ! she hath fear'd her soul was given
 To some unhallow'd child of air,

Some erring Spirit, cast from Heaven,
 Like those angelic youths of old,
 Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,
 Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
 And lost their Heaven for woman's eyes !

Fond girl ! nor fiend nor angel he,
 Who woos thy young simplicity ;
 But one of earth's impassion'd sons,
 As warm in love, as fierce in ire,
 As the best heart whose current runs
 Full of the Day-God's living fire !

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,
 And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow ;—
 Never before, but in her dreams,
 Had she beheld him pale as now :
 And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
 From which 't was joy to wake and weep ;
 Visions, that will not be forgot,
 But sadden every waking scene,
 Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
 All wither'd where they once have been !

“ How sweetly,” said the trembling maid,
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,
 So long had they in silence stood,
 Looking upon that tranquil flood—

“ How sweetly does the moon-beam smile
 To-night upon yon leafy isle !

Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
 I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
 And we, within its fairy bowers,

Were wafted off to seas unknown,
 Where not a pulse should beat but ours,
 And we might live, love, die alone !

Far from the cruel and the cold,—

Where the bright eyes of angels only
 Should come around us, to behold

A paradise so pure and lonely !
 Would this be world enough for thee ?—”

Playful she turn'd, that he might see

The passing smile her cheek put on ;

But when she mark'd how mournfully

His eyes met hers, that smile was gone ;

And, bursting into heart-felt tears,
 "Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
 My dreams have boded all too right—
 We part—for ever part—to-night!
 I knew, I knew it *could* not last—
 'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 't is past!
 Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,

I've seen my fondest hopes decay :
 I never loved a tree or flower,
 But 't was the first to fade away.
 I never nursed a dear gazelle,
 To glad me with its soft black eye,
 But when it came to know me well,
 And love me, it was sure to die!
 Now too—the joy most like divine
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,
 Oh, misery! must I lose *that* too!

Yet go—on peril's brink we meet ;
 Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—
 No, never come again—though sweet,
 Though Heaven, it may be death to thee.

Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
 Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!
 Better to sit and watch that ray,
 And think thee safe, though far away,
 Than have thee near me, and in danger!"
 "Danger!—Oh, tempt me not to boast—"
 The youth exclaim'd—"thou little know'st
 What he can brave, who, born and nurst
 In Danger's paths, has dared her worst!
 Upon whose ear the signal-word
 Of strife and death is hourly breaking;
 Who sleeps with head upon the sword
 His fever'd hand must grasp in waking!
 Danger!—"

"Say on—thou fear'st not then,
 And we may meet—oft meet again?"

"Oh! look not so,—beneath the skies
 I now fear nothing but those eyes.
 If aught on earth could charm or force
 My spirit from its destined course,—
 If aught could make this soul forget
 The bond to which its seal is set,
 'T would be those eyes;—they, only they,
 Could melt that sacred seal away!
 But no—'t is fix'd—*my* awful doom
 Is fixed—on this side of the tomb
 We meet no more—Why, why did Heaven

Mingle two souls that earth has riven,
 Has rent asunder wide as ours?
 Oh, Arab maid! as soon the Powers
 Of Light and Darkness may combine,
 As I be link'd with thee or thine!
 Thy Father——”

“ Holy Alla save
 His grey head from that lightning glance!
 Thou know'st him not—he loves the brave;
 Nor lives there under heaven's expanse
 One who would prize, would worship thee,
 And thy bold spirit, more than he.
 Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd
 With the bright falchion by his side,
 I've heard him swear his lisping maid
 In time should be a warrior's bride.
 And still, whene'er, at Haram hours,
 I take him cool sherbets and flowers,
 He tells me, when in playful mood,
 A hero shall my bridegroom be,
 Since maids are best in battle woo'd,
 And won with shouts of victory!
 Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
 Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.
 Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know'st
 The unholy strife these Persians wage:
 Good Heaven, that frown!—even now thou glow'st
 With more than mortal warrior's rage.
 Haste to the camp by morning's light,
 And, when that sword is raised in fight,
 Oh, still remember Love and I
 Beneath its shadow trembling lie!
 One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,
 Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
 Abhors——”

“ Hold, hold—thy words are death——”
 The stranger cried, as wild he flung
 His mantle back, and show'd beneath
 The Gheber belt that round him clung—¹ (95).
 “ Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see
 All that thy sire abhors in me!
 Yes—I am of that impious race,
 Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
 Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
 Among the living lights of heaven² (96)!

¹ “ They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their cushee, or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it.”—GROSE'S *Voyage*.—“ Le jeune homme nia d'abord la chose; mais ayant été dépouillé de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'il portait comme Ghebr,” etc., etc.—D'HERBELOT, art. *Agduani*.

² They suppose the Throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary.—HANWAY.

Yes—I am of that outcast few,
 To Iran and to vengeance true,
 Who curse the hour your Arabs came
 To desolate our shrines of flame,
 And swear, before God's burning eye,
 To break our country's chains, or die!
 Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—
 He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,
 With me is sacred as the spot
 From which our fires of worship rise!
 But know—'t was he I sought that night,
 When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
 I caught this turret's glimmering light,
 And up the rude rocks desperately
 Rush'd to my prey :—thou know'st the rest—
 I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
 And found a trembling dove within ;—
 Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
 If Love hath made one thought his own,
 That Vengeance claims first—last—alone!
 Oh! had we never, never met,
 Or could this heart even now forget,
 How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,
 Had Fate not frown'd so dark between!
 Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
 In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
 Through the same fields in childhood play'd,
 At the same kindling altar knelt,—
 Then, then, while all those nameless ties
 In which the charm of Country lies,
 Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
 Till Iran's cause and thine were one ;—
 While in thy lute's awakening sigh
 I heard the voice of days gone by,
 And saw in every smile of thine
 Returning hours of glory shine!—
 While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land
 Lived, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee,—
 God! who could then this sword withstand?
 Its very flash were victory!
 But now—estranged, divorced for ever,
 Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;
 Our only ties what Love has wove,—
 Faith, friends, and country, sunder'd wide ;—
 And then, then only, true to love,
 When false to all that's dear beside!
 Thy father Iran's deadliest foe—
 Thyself, perhaps, even now—but no—
 Hate never look'd so lovely yet!
 No—sacred to thy soul will be

The land of him who could forget
 All but that bleeding land for thee!
 When other eyes shall see, unmoved,
 Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
 Thou 'lt think how well one Gheber loved,
 And for *his* sake thou 'lt weep for all!
 But look——”

With sudden start he turn'd
 And pointed to the distant wave,
 Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd
 Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave;
 And fiery darts, at intervals,
 Flew up all sparkling from the main,
 As if each star that nightly falls,
 Were shooting back to heaven again.
 “My signal-lights!—I must away—
 Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.
 Farewell—sweet life! thou cling'st in vain—
 Now—Vengeance!—I am thine again.”
 Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,
 Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd
 Down 'mid the pointed crags beneath,
 As if he fled from love to death.
 While pale and mute young Hinda stood,
 Nor moved, till in the silent flood
 A momentary plunge below
 Startled her from her trance of woe;—
 Shrieking she to the lattice flew,
 “I come—I come—if in that tide
 Thou sleep'st to-night—I 'll sleep there too,
 In death's cold wedlock by thy side.
 Oh! I would ask no happier bed
 Than the chill wave my love lies under;—
 Sweeter to rest together dead,
 Far sweeter, than to live asunder!”
 But no—their hour is not yet come—
 Again she sees his pinnace fly,
 Wafting him fleetly to his home,
 Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie;
 And calm and smooth it seem'd to win
 Its moonlight way before the wind,
 As if it bore all peace within,
 Nor left one breaking heart behind!

THE Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that Feramorz had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the

“The Mameluks that were in the other boat, when it was dark, used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air, which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars.”
 —BAUMGARTEN.

happy that tears are a luxury. Her ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme; for, when he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein (97).

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country;—through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo-staff (98), with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that in that very spot the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was therefore with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath the shade, some pious hands had erected (99) pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain, which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with Fadladeen in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:—

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,
 And o'er the Green Sea¹ palely shines,
 Revealing Bahrein's² groves of palm,
 And lighting Kishma's² amber vines.
 Fresh smell the shores of Araby,
 While breezes from the Indian sea
 Blow round Selama's³ sainted cape,
 And curl the shining flood beneath,—
 Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
 And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
 Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,
 Had toward that holy headland cast—
 Oblations to the Genii there
 For gentle skies and breezes fair!
 The nightingale now bends her flight (100)
 From the high trees, where all the night
 She sung so sweet, with none to listen;
 And hides her from the morning-star
 Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
 In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er
 With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
 The best and brightest scimitar⁴
 That ever youthful Sultan wore
 On the first morning of his reign!

¹ The Persian Gulf.—“To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf.”—SIR W. JONES.

² Islands in the Gulf.

³ Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musseldom. “The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoanuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea, to secure a propitious voyage.”—MORIER.

⁴ In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Francklin says, “the dew is of such a pure nature

And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the East he springs.
Angel of Light! who, from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!

Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When Iran, like a sun-flower, turn'd
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd?—

When, from the banks of Bendemeer
To the nut-groves of Samarcand,
Thy temples flamed o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them

Who, on Cadessia's¹ bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
From Iran's broken diadem,

And bind her ancient faith in chains:—
Ask the poor exile, cast alone
On foreign shores, unloved, unknown,
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,²

Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,
Far from his beauteous land of dates,

Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains!
Yet happier so than if he trod
His own beloved but blighted sod,
Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—
Oh! he would rather houseless roam

Where Freedom and his God may lead,
Than be the sleekest slave at home

That crouches to the conqueror's creed!
Is Iran's pride then gone for ever,
Quench'd with the flame in Mithra's caves?—
No—she has sons that never—never—

Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
While Heaven has light or earth has graves.
Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
But flash resentment back for wrong;
And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds
Of vengeance ripen into deeds,
Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
They burst, like Zeilan's giant palm,³

that, if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust."

¹ The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

² Derbend.—"Les Turcs appellent cette ville Demir Capi, Porte de Fer; ce sont les Caspiæ Portæ des anciens."—D'HERBELOT.

³ The Talpot or Talipot tree. "This beautiful palm-tree, which grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting forth from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelops the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon."—THUNBERG.

Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pigmy forests round !

Yes, Emir ! he, who scaled that tower,—
And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,
Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power

How safe even tyrant heads may rest,—
Is one of many, brave as he,
Who loathe thy haughty race and thee ;
Who, though they know the strife is vain,
Who, though they know the riven chain
Snaps but to enter in the heart
Of him who rends its links apart,
Yet dare the issue,—blest to be
Even for one bleeding moment free,
And die in pangs of liberty !

Thou know'st them well—'t is some moons since
Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,
Thou satrap of a bigot prince !

Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags ;
Yet here, even here, a sacred band,
Ay, in the portal of that land
Thou, Arab, darest to call thy own,
Their spears across thy path have thrown ;
Here—ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er—
Rebellion braved thee from the shore.

Rebellion ! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword

Of mortal ever lost or gain'd—
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame !

As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs and sink again ;—
But, if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enthroned in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there !

And who is he, that wields the might
Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light (101)

The eyes of Yemen's warriors wink ?
Who comes embower'd in the spears
Of Kerman's hardy mountaineers ?—
Those mountaineers that truest, last,

Cling to their country's ancient rites,
 As if that God, whose eyelids cast
 Their closing gleam on Iran's heights,
 Among her snowy mountains threw
 The last light of his worship too!

'T is Hafed—name of fear, whose sound
 Chills like the muttering of a charm;—
 Shout but that awful name around,
 And palsy shakes the manliest arm.

'T is Hafed, most accurst and dire
 (So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
 Of all the rebel Sons of Fire!
 Of whose malign, tremendous power,
 The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
 Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
 That each affrighted sentinel
 Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
 Lest Hafed in the midst should rise!
 A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
 A mingled race of flame and earth,
 Sprung from those old enchanted kings,¹

Who in their fairy helms, of yore,
 A feather from the mystic wings
 Of the Simoorgh resistless wore;
 And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
 Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,
 With charms that, all in vain withstood,
 Would drown the Koran's light in blood!

Such were the tales that won belief,
 And such the colouring Fancy gave
 To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—
 One who, no more than mortal brave,
 Fought for the land his soul adored,
 For happy homes, and altars free,—
 His only talisman, the sword,
 His only spell-word, Liberty!

One of that ancient hero line,
 Along whose glorious current shine
 Names, that have sanctified their blood;
 As Lebanon's small mountain flood
 Is render'd holy by the ranks
 Of sainted cedars on its banks² (102)!

'T was not for him to crouch the knee

¹ Tahmuras, and other ancient Kings of Persia; whose adventures in Fairy-Land among the Peris and Dives may be found in RICHARDSON'S curious *Dissertation*. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

² This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River, from the "cedar-saints" among which it rises.

Tamely to Moslem tyranny;—
 'T was not for him, whose soul was cast
 In the bright mould of ages past,
 Whose melancholy spirit, fed
 With all the glories of the dead,
 Though framed for Iran's happiest years,
 Was born among her chains and tears!—

'T was not for him to swell the crowd
 Of slavish heads that shrinking bow'd
 Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
 Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—
 No—far he fled—indignant fled

The pageant of his country's shame;
 While every tear her children shed
 Fell on his soul, like drops of flame;
 And, as a lover hails the dawn
 Of a first smile, so welcomed he
 The sparkle of the first sword drawn
 For vengeance and for liberty!

But vain was valour—vain the flower
 Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,
 Against Al Hassan's whelming power.—
 In vain they met him, helm to helm,
 Upon the threshold of that realm
 He came in bigot pomp to sway,
 And with their corpses block'd his way—
 In vain—for every lance they raised,
 Thousands around the conqueror blazed;
 For every arm that lined their shore,
 Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er—
 A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
 Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd,
 As dates beneath the locust-cloud!

There stood—but one short league away
 From old Harmozia's sultry bay—
 A rocky mountain, o'er the sea
 Of Oman beetling awfully (103):
 A last and solitary link

Of those stupendous chains that reach
 From the broad Caspian's reedy brink
 Down winding to the Green Sea beach.
 Around its base the bare rocks stood,
 Like naked giants, in the flood,
 As if to guard the gulf across;
 While, on its peak, that braved the sky,
 A ruin'd temple tower'd, so high
 That oft the sleeping albatross^{*}

* These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good Hope.

Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
 And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
 Started—to find man's dwelling there
 In her own silent fields of air!
 Beneath, terrific caverns gave
 Dark welcome to each stormy wave
 That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in;—
 And such the strange mysterious din
 At times throughout those caverns roll'd,
 And such the fearful wonders told
 Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
 That bold were Moslem, who would dare,
 At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
 Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff (104).

On the land side, those towers sublime,
 That seem'd above the grasp of Time,
 Were sever'd from the haunts of men
 By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
 So fathomless, so full of gloom,
 No eye could pierce the void between;
 It seem'd a place where Gholes might come
 With their foul banquets from the tomb,
 And in its caverns feed unseen.

Like distant thunder, from below,
 The sound of many torrents came;
 Too deep for eye or ear to know
 If 't were the sea's imprison'd flow,
 Or floods of ever-restless flame.
 For each ravine, each rocky spire
 Of that vast mountain stood on fire;
 And, though for ever past the days
 When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
 That from its lofty altar shone,—
 Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,
 Still did the mighty flame burn on (105),
 Through chance and change, through good and ill,
 Like its own God's eternal will,
 Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!

Thither the vanquish'd Hafed led
 His little army's last remains:—
 "Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
 "Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
 Is Heaven to him who flies from chains!"
 O'er a dark narrow bridge-way, known
 To him and to his chiefs alone,
 They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers;—
 "This home," he cried, "at least is ours—

* The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.

Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
 Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;
 Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
 To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
 Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks
 Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,
 Here,—happy that no tyrant's eye
 Gloats on our torments—we may die!"

'T was night when to those towers they came,
 And gloomily the fitful flame,
 That from the ruin'd altar broke,
 Glared on his features, as he spoke:—
 "'T is o'er—what men could do, we've done—
 If Iran *will* look tamely on,
 And see her priests, her warriors driven
 Before a sensual bigot's nod,
 A wretch, who takes his lusts to heaven,
 And makes a pander of his God!
 If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
 Men, in whose veins—oh, last disgrace!
 The blood of Zal and Rustam¹ rolls,—
 If they *will* court this upstart race,
 And turn from Mithra's ancient ray,
 To kneel at shrines of yesterday!
 If they *will* crouch to Iran's foes,
 Why, let them—till the land's despair
 Cries out to Heaven, and bondage grows
 Too vile for even the vile to bear!
 Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
 Their inmost core, and conscience turns
 Each coward tear the slave lets fall
 Back on his heart in drops of gall!
 But *here*, at least, are arms unchain'd,
 And souls that thralldom never stain'd;—
 This spot, at least, no foot of slave
 Or satrap ever yet profaned;
 And, though but few—though fast the wave
 Of life is ebbing from our veins,
 Enough for vengeance still remains.
 As panthers, after set of sun,
 Rush from the roots of Lebanon
 Across the dark sea-robber's way,²
 We'll bound upon our startled prey;—
 And when some hearts that proudest swell
 Have felt our falchion's last farewell—

¹ Ancient heroes of Persia. "Among the Guebres there are some who boast their descent from Rustam."—STEPHEN'S *Persia*.

² See RUSSEL'S account of the panthers attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.

When Hope's expiring throb is o'er,
 And even Despair can prompt no more,
 This spot shall be the sacred grave
 Of the last few who, vainly brave,
 Die for the land they cannot save !"
 His chiefs stood round—each shining blade
 Upon the broken altar laid—
 And though so wild and desolate
 Those courts, where once the Mighty sate ;
 Nor longer on those mouldering towers
 Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
 With which of old the Magi fed
 The wandering spirits of their dead ;¹
 Though neither priest nor rites were there,
 Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate ;²
 Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
 Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet ;³
 Yet the same God that heard their sires
 Heard *them* ; while on that altar's fires
 They swore (106) the latest, holiest deed
 Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,
 Should be, in Iran's injured name,
 To die upon that Mount of Flame—
 The last of all her patriot line,
 Before her last untrampled shrine !

Brave suffering souls ! they little knew
 How many a tear their injuries drew
 From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
 Whom Love first touch'd with others' woe—
 Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
 Slept like a lake, till Love threw in
 His talisman, and woke the tide,
 And spread its trembling circles wide.
 Once, Emir ! thy unheeding child,
 'Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smiled,—
 Tranquil as on some battle-plain
 The Persian lily shines and towers (107),
 Before the combat's reddening stain
 Hath fallen upon her golden flowers.
 Light-hearted maid, unawed, unmoved,

¹ "Among other ceremonies, the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves."—RICHARDSON.

² In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their Fire, as described by Lord, "the Daroo," he says, "giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness."

³ "Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic, resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to the sun."—RABBI BENJAMIN.

While Heaven but spared the sire she loved,
 Once at thy evening tales of blood
 Unlistening and aloof she stood—
 And oft, when thou hast paced along
 Thy Haram halls with furious heat,
 Hast thou not cursed her cheerful song,
 That came across thee calm and sweet,
 Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near
 Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear?
 Far other feelings Love hath brought—
 Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness!
 She now has but the one dear thought,
 And thinks that o'er, almost to madness!
 Oft doth her sinking heart recall
 His words—"for *my* sake weep for all;"
 And bitterly, as day on day
 Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
 She weeps a lover snatch'd away
 In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
 There 's not a sabre meets her eye,
 But with his life-blood seems to swim;
 There 's not an arrow wings the sky,
 But fancy turns its point to him.
 No more she brings with footstep light
 Al Hassan's falchion for the fight;
 And, had he look'd with clearer sight—
 Had not the mists, that ever rise
 From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes,—
 He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,
 When from the field of blood he came—
 The faltering speech—the look estranged—
 Voice, step, and life, and beauty changed—
 He would have mark'd all this, and known
 Such change is wrought by Love alone!
 Ah! not the love, that should have bless'd
 So young, so innocent a breast;
 Not the pure, open, prosperous love,
 That, pledged on earth and seal'd above,
 Grows in the world's approving eyes,
 In friendship's smile and home's caress,
 Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
 Into one knot of happiness!
 No, Hinda, no—thy fatal flame
 Is nursed in silence, sorrow, shame.—
 A passion, without hope or pleasure,
 In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
 It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—
 Some idol, without shrine or name,
 O'er which its pale-eyed votaries keep
 Unholy watch, while others sleep!

Seven nights have darken'd Oman's Sea,
 Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
 She saw his light oar rapidly
 Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—
 And still she goes, at midnight hour,
 To weep alone in that high bower,
 And watch, and look along the deep
 For him whose smiles first made her weep ;—
 But watching, weeping, all was vain,
 She never saw his bark again.
 The owlet's solitary cry,
 The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
 And oft the hateful carrion-bird,
 Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,
 Which reek'd with that day's banqueting—
 Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'T is the eighth morn—Al Hassan's brow
 Is brighten'd with unusual joy—
 What mighty mischief glads him now,
 Who never smiles but to destroy?
 The sparkle upon Herkend's Sea,
 When tost at midnight furiously,¹
 Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,
 More surely than that smiling eye!
 “Up, daughter, up—the Kerna's² breath
 Has blown a blast would waken death,
 And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see
 This blessed day for Heaven and me,
 A day more rich in Pagan blood
 Than ever flash'd o'er Oman's flood.
 Before another dawn shall shine,
 His head—heart—limbs—will all be mine;
 This very night his blood shall steep
 These hands all over ere I sleep!”
 “His blood!” she faintly scream'd—her mind
 Still singling *one* from all mankind—
 “Yes,—spite of his ravines and towers,
 Hafed, my child, this night is ours.
 Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
 Without whose aid the links accurst,
 That bind these impious slaves, would be
 Too strong for Alla's self to burst!
 That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
 My path with piles of Moslem dead,
 Whose baffling spells had almost driven

¹ “It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds it sparkles like fire.”—*Travels of two Mohammedans*.

² A kind of trumpet;—it “was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles.”—RICHARDSON.

Back from their course the Swords of Heaven,
 This night, with all his band, shall know
 How deep an Arab's steel can go,
 When God and vengeance speed the blow.
 And—Prophet!—by that holy wreath
 Thou worst on Ohod's field of death,¹
 I swear, for every sob that parts
 In anguish from these heathen hearts,
 A gem from Persia's plunder'd mines
 Shall glitter on thy Shrine of Shrines.
 But, ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
 Those livid lips—my child, my child,
 This life of blood befits not thee,
 And thou must back to Araby.

Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
 In scenes that man himself might dread,
 Had I not hoped our every tread

Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
 Curst race, they offer swords instead!

But cheer thee, maid—the wind that now
 Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,
 To-day shall waft thee from the shore;
 And, ere a drop of this night's gore
 Have time to chill in yonder towers,
 Thou 'lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers!”

His bloody boast was all too true—
 There lurk'd one wretch among the few
 Whom Hafed's eagle eye could count
 Around him on that Fiery Mount—
 One miscreant, who for gold betray'd
 The path-way through the valley's shade
 To those high towers where Freedom stood
 In her last hold of flame and blood.
 Left on the field last dreadful night,
 When, sallying from their Sacred Height,
 The Ghebers fought Hope's farewell fight,
 He lay—but died not with the brave;
 That sun, which should have gilt his grave,
 Saw him a traitor and a slave;—
 And, while the few, who thence return'd
 To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd
 For him among the matchless dead
 They left behind on Glory's bed,
 He lived, and, in the face of morn,
 Laugh'd them and Faith and Heaven to scorn!

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,

¹ “Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one; the latter of which, called Al Mawashah, the fillet wreath, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod.”—*Universal History*.

Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
 And blasts them in their hour of might !
 May Life's unblessed cup for him
 Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim,—
 With hopes that but allure to fly—
 With joys that vanish while he sips,
 Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
 But turn to ashes on the lips (108) !
 His country's curse, his children's shame,
 Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
 May he, at last, with lips of flame
 On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
 While lakes that shone in mockery nigh (109)
 Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
 Like the once glorious hopes he blasted !
 And, when from earth his spirit flies,
 Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell
 Full in the sight of Paradise,
 Beholding Heaven, and feeling Hell !

LALLA ROOKH had had a dream the night before, which, in spite of the impending fate of poor Hafed, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bidmusk has just passed over (110). She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipseys, who live for ever on the water (111), enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders annually send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first this little bark appeared to be empty, but on coming nearer—

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her ladies, when Feramorz appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, every thing else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the cassolets ; the violet sherbets (112) were hastily handed round, and, after a short prelude on his lute in the pathetic measure of Nava (113), which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the poet thus continued :—

THE day is lowering—stilly black
 Sleeps the grim wave, while Heaven's rack,
 Dispersed and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
 Hangs like a shatter'd canopy !
 There's not a cloud in that blue plain
 But tells of storm to come or past ;—
 Here, flying loosely as the mane
 Of a young war-horse in the blast ;
 There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,

As proud to be the thunder's dwelling !
 While some, already burst and riven,
 Seem melting down the verge of heaven ;
 As though the infant storm had rent
 The mighty womb that gave him birth,
 And, having swept the firmament,
 Was now in fierce career for earth.
 On earth 't was yet all calm around,
 A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
 More awful than the tempest's sound.
 The diver steer'd for Ormus' bowers,
 And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours ;
 The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
 Flew fast to land ;—upon the beach
 The pilot oft had paused, with glance
 Turn'd upward to that wild expanse ;
 And all was boding, drear and dark
 As her own soul, when Hinda's bark
 Went slowly from the Persian shore—
 No music timed her parting oar,¹
 Nor friends upon the lessening strand
 Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,
 Or speak the farewell, heard no more ;—
 But lone, unheeded, from the bay
 The vessel takes its mournful way,
 Like some ill-destined bark that steers
 In silence through the Gate of Tears.²
 And where was stern Al Hassan then ?
 Could not that saintly scourge of men
 From bloodshed and devotion spare
 One minute for a farewell there ?
 No—close within, in changeful fits
 Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
 In savage loneliness to brood
 Upon the coming night of blood,
 With that keen, second-scent of death,
 By which the vulture snuffs his food
 In the still warm and living breath !³
 While o'er the wave his weeping daughter
 Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter,—
 As a young bird of Babylon,⁴
 Let loose to tell of victory won,

¹ "The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music."—HARMER.

² "The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babel-mandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for, all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic Ocean."—RICHARDSON.

³ "I have been told that whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear."—PENNANT.

⁴ "They fasten some writing to the wings of a Bagdat, or Babylonian pigeon."—*Travels of certain Englishmen.*

Flies home, with wing, ah ! not unstain'd
By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks
Light up no gladness on her cheeks ?
The flowers she nursed—the well-known groves,
Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—
Once more to see her dear gazelles
Come bounding with their silver bells ;
Her birds' new plumage to behold,
And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
She left, all filleted with gold,
Shooting around their jasper fount ;—
Her little garden mosque to see,
And once again, at evening hour,
To tell her ruby rosary (114)

In her own sweet acacia bower.—
Can these delights, that wait her now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow ?
No—silent, from her train apart,—
As if even now she felt at heart
The chill of her approaching doom,—
She sits, all lovely in her gloom,
As a pale Angel of the Grave ;
And o'er the wide tempestuous wave,
Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,
Where, in a few short awful hours,
Blood, blood, in steaming tides shall run,
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun !
“ Where art thou, glorious stranger ! thou,
So loved, so lost, where art thou now ?
Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er
The unhallow'd name thou 'rt doom'd to bear,
Still glorious—still to this fond heart
Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art !
Yes—Alla, dreadful Alla ! yes—
If there be wrong, be crime in this,
Let the black waves, that round us roll,
Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
Forgetting faith,—home,—father,—all—
Before its earthly idol fall,
Nor worship even Thyself above him.—
For oh ! so wildly do I love him,
Thy Paradise itself were dim
And joyless, if not shared with him ! ”

Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes upturn'd,

1 “The Empress of Jehan-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold, which she caused to be put round them.”—HARRIS.

Dropping their tears like moonlight rain;
 And, though her lip, fond raver ! burn'd
 With words of passion, bold, profane,
 Yet was there light around her brow,
 A holiness in those dark eyes,
 Which show'd—though wandering earthward now,—
 Her spirit's home was in the skies.
 Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,
 Is always pure, even while it errs;
 As sunshine, broken in the rill,
 Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot
 All thoughts but one, she heeded not
 The rising storm—the wave that cast
 A moment's midnight, as it pass'd—
 Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
 Of gathering tumult o'er her head—
 Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie
 With the rude riot of the sky—
 But, hark!—that war-whoop on the deck—
 That crash, as if each engine there,
 Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,
 'Mid yells and stampings of despair!

Merciful Heaven! what *can* it be?
 'T is not the storm, though fearfully
 The ship has shudder'd as she rode
 O'er mountain waves—"Forgive me, God!
 Forgive me"—shriek'd the maid, and knelt,
 Trembling all over,—for she felt
 As if her judgment hour was near;
 While crouching round, half dead with fear,
 Her handmaids clung, nor breathed, nor stirr'd—
 When, hark!—a second crash—a third—
 And now, as if a bolt of thunder
 Had riven the labouring planks asunder,
 The deck falls in—what horrors then!
 Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men
 Come mix'd together through the chasm;—
 Some wretches in their dying spasm
 Still fighting on—and some that call
 "For God and Iran!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
 The perils of the infuriate fray,
 And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
 This wilderment of wreck and death?
 She knew not—for a faintness came
 Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
 Amid the ruins of that hour

Lay, like a pale and scorched flower
 Beneath the red volcano's shower!
 But, oh! the sights and sounds of dread
 That shock'd her, ere her senses fled!
 The yawning deck—the crowd that strove
 Upon the tottering planks above—
 The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
 The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,
 Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash
 Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
 Upon their blades, high toss'd about
 Like meteor brands '—as if throughout
 The elements one fury ran,
 One general rage, that left a doubt
 Which was the fiercer, Heaven or Man!

Once too—but no—it could not be—
 'T was fancy all—yet once she thought,
 While yet her fading eyes could see,
 High on the ruin'd deck she caught
 A glimpse of that unearthly form,
 That glory of her soul,—even then,
 Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
 Shining above his fellow-men,
 As, on some black and troublous night,
 The Star of Egypt,² whose proud light
 Never hath beam'd on those who rest
 In the White Islands of the West,³
 Burns through the storm with looks of flame
 That put Heaven's cloudier eyes to shame!
 But no—'t was but the minute's dream—
 A fantasy—and ere the scream
 Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
 A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
 Of soul and sense its darkness spread
 Around her, and she sunk, as dead!

How calm, how beautiful comes on
 The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
 When warring winds have died away,
 And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
 Melt off, and leave the lands and sea
 Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
 Fresh as if Day again were born,
 Again upon the lap of Morn!
 When the light blossoms, rudely torn
 And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
 Hang floating in the pure air still,

¹ The meteors that Pliny calls "faces."

² "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates."—BROWN.

³ See WILFORD'S learned *Essays on the Sacred Isles in the West*.

Filling it all with precious balm,
 In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
 And every drop the thunder-showers
 Have left upon the grass and flowers
 Sparkles, as 't were that lightning-gem¹
 Whose liquid flame is born of them!

When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
 There blow a thousand gentle airs,
 And each a different perfume bears,—

As if the loveliest plants and trees
 Had vassal breezes of their own
 To watch and wait on them alone,
 And waft no other breath than theirs!
 When the blue waters rise and fall,
 In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
 And even that swell the tempest leaves
 Is like the full and silent heaves
 Of lover's hearts, when newly blest,
 Too newly to be quite at rest!

Such was the golden hour that broke
 Upon the world when Hinda woke
 From her long trance, and heard around
 No motion but the water's sound
 Rippling against the vessel's side,
 As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
 But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
 Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,
 The same, that from Harmozia's bay
 Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
 The sea-dog track'd?—no—strange and new
 Is all that meets her wondering view.
 Upon a galliot's deck she lies,

Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,
 No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
 Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.
 But the rude litter, roughly spread
 With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
 And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
 For awning o'er her head are flung.
 Shuddering she look'd around—there lay

A group of warriors in the sun
 Resting their limbs, as for that day
 Their ministry of death were done.
 Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
 Lost in unconscious reverie;

¹ A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and the author of the *Dissertation in Harris's Voyages* supposes it to be the opal.

And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
That sluggish calm, with many a look
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest Alla! who shall save her now?

There 's not in all that warrior-band
One Arab sword, one turban'd brow
From her own Faithful Moslem land.
Their garb—the leathern belt¹ that wraps
Each yellow vest²—that rebel hue—
The Tartar fleece upon their caps—³

Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
And Heaven hath, in this dreadful hour,
Abandon'd her to Hafed's power;—
Hafed, the Gheber!—at the thought,

Her very heart's blood chills within;
He, whom her soul was hourly taught
To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
Some minister, whom Hell had sent
To spread its blast, where'er he went,
And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
His shadow betwixt man and God!
And she is now his captive,—thrown
In his fierce hands, alive, alone;
His the infuriate band she sees,
All infidels—all enemies!

What was the daring hope that then
Cross'd her like lightning, as again,
With boldness that despair had lent,

She darted through that armed crowd
A look so searching, so intent,
That even the sternest warrior bow'd
Abash'd, when he her glances caught,
As if he guess'd whose form they sought.
But no—she sees him not—'t is gone,—
The vision, that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and storm,
Is fled—'t was but a phantom form—
One of those passing rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul!

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave—the crew 's in motion—

¹ D'HERBELOT, art. *Agduani*.

² "The Guebres are known by a dark yellow colour, which the men affect in their clothes."—THÉVENOT.

³ "The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary."—WARING.

The oars are out, and with light sound
Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
And now she sees—with horror sees
Their course is toward that mountain hold,—
Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,
Where Mecca's godless enemies
Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd
In their last deadly venomous fold!
Amid the illumined land and flood,
Sunless that mighty mountain stood;
Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As 't were the flag of destiny,
Hung out to mark where death would be!
Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow;
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone.—
But every thought was lost in fear,
When, as their bounding bark drew near
The craggy base, she felt the waves
Hurry them toward those dismal caves,
That from the deep in windings pass
Beneath that mount's volcanic mass—
And loud a voice on deck commands
To lower the mast and light the brands!—
Instantly o'er the dashing tide
Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
Gloomy as that eternal porch
Through which departed spirits go;—
Not even the flare of brand and torch
Its flickering light could further throw
Than the thick flood that boil'd below.
Silent they floated—as if each
Sat breathless, and too awed for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around
The goblin echoes of the cave
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
As 't were some secret of the grave!
But soft—they pause—the current turns
Beneath them from its onward track;—
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oar's redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling course;
When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung

Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
The oars are up—the grapple clings,
And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.

Just then, a day-beam through the shade
Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid
Can see from whence the brightness steals,
Upon her brow she shuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties
A bandage round her burning eyes;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine! genial day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep cold shadow of the tomb!
Even Hinda, though she saw not where
Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awakening air,
Which suddenly around her glow'd,
That they had risen from darkness then,
And breathed the sunny world again!

But soon this balmy freshness fled—
For now the steepy labyrinth led
Through damp and gloom—'mid crash of boughs;
And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,
Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
And long is heard from steep to steep,
Chasing them down their thundering way!
The jackal's cry—the distant moan
Of the hyæna, fierce and lone—
And that eternal, saddening sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath,
As 't were the ever-dark Profound
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!
All, all is fearful—even to see,
To gaze on those terrific things,
She now but blindly hears, would be
Relief to her imaginings!
Since never yet was shape so dread,
But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
And by such sounds of horror fed,
Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has fear again
 Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
 Or did a voice, all music, then
 Come from the gloom, low whispering near—
 “Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here!”
 She *does* not dream—all sense, all ear,
 She drinks the words, “Thy Gheber's here.”
 'T was his own voice—she could not err—
 Throughout the breathing world's extent
 There was but *one* such voice for her,
 So kind, so soft, so eloquent!
 Oh! sooner shall the rose of May
 Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
 And to some meaner minstrel's lay
 Open her bosom's glowing veil,
 Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,
 A breath of the beloved one!
 Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
 She has that one beloved near,
 Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,
 Hath power to make even ruin dear,—
 Yet soon this gleam of rapture, cross'd
 By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.
 How shall the ruthless Hafed brook
 That one of Gheber blood should look,
 With aught but curses in his eye,
 On her—a maid of Araby—
 A Moslem maid—the child of him,
 Whose bloody banner's dire success
 Hath left their altars cold and dim,
 And their fair land a wilderness!
 And, worse than all, that night of blood
 Which comes so fast—oh! who shall stay
 The sword, that once hath tasted food
 Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?
 What arm shall then the victim cover,
 Or from her father shield her lover?

“Save him, my God!” she inly cries—
 “Save him this night—and if thine eyes
 Have ever welcomed with delight
 The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
 Of sinners' hearts—guard him this night,
 And here, before thy throne, I swear
 From my heart's inmost core to tear
 Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
 Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
 And give it bleeding all to thee!

* A frequent image among the oriental poets. “The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose.”—JAMI.

Let him but live, the burning tear,
 The sighs, so sinful yet so dear,
 Which have been all too much his own,
 Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.
 Youth pass'd in penitence, and age
 In long and painful pilgrimage,
 Shall leave no traces of the flame
 That wastes me now—nor shall his name
 E'er bless my lips, but when I pray
 For his dear spirit, that away
 Casting from its angelic ray
 The eclipse of earth, he too may shine
 Redeem'd, all glorious and all thine!
 Think—think what victory to win
 One radiant soul like his from sin;—
 One wandering star of virtue back
 To its own native, heaven-ward track!
 Let him but live, and both are thine,
 Together thine—for, blest or crost,
 Living or dead, his doom is mine,
 And if *he* perish, both are lost!"

THE next evening Lalla Rookh was entreated by her ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of Hinda and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind;—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after her dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica (145).

Fadladeen, whose wrath had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this most heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat for the evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the poet continued his profane and seditious story thus:

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
 The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
 That lay beneath that mountain's height,
 Had been a fair, enchanting sight.
 'T was one of those ambrosial eves
 A day of storm so often leaves
 At its calm setting—when the West
 Opens her golden bowers of rest,
 And a moist radiance from the skies
 Shoots trembling down as from the eyes
 Of some meek penitent, whose last
 Bright hours atone for dark ones past,

And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!

"T was stillness all—the winds that late
Had rush'd through Kerman's almond groves,
And shaken from her bowers of date
That cooling feast the traveller loves,¹
Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
Were melted all to form the stream.
And her fair islets, small and bright,
With their green shores reflected there,
Look like those Peri isles of light
That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst
On Hinda's dazzled eyes, when first
The bandage from her brow was taken,
And pale and awed as those who waken
In their dark tombs—when, scowling near,
The Searchers of the Grave² appear,—
She shuddering turn'd to read her fate
In the fierce eyes that flash'd around;
And saw those towers all desolate,
That o'er her head terrific frown'd,
As if defying even the smile
Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.
In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
She looks for him whose voice so dear
Had come, like music, to her ear—
Strange, mocking dream! again 't is fled.
And oh! the shoots, the pangs of dread
That through her inmost bosom run,
When voices from without proclaim
"Hafed, the Chief"—and, one by one,
The warriors shout that fearful name!
He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
How shall she dare to lift her head,
Or meet those eyes, whose scorching glare
Not Yemen's boldest sons can bear?
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night!³

¹ "In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers."—ERN HAUKAL.

² The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir; who are called "the Searchers of the Grave" in the "Creed of the orthodox Mahometans," given by OCKLEY, vol. ii.

³ "The Arabians call the mandrake 'the Devil's candle,' on account of its shining appearance in the night."—RICHARDSON.

How shall she bear that voice's tone,
 At whose loud battle-cry alone
 Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
 Scatter'd, like some vast caravan,
 When, stretch'd at evening round the well,
 They hear the thirsting tiger's yell?

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
 Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,
 Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
 Is flashing o'er her fiercely now!

And shuddering, as she hears the tread
 Of his retiring warrior band.—

Never was pause so full of dread,
 Till Hafed with a trembling hand

Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,
 "Hinda!"—that word was all he spoke,
 And 't was enough—the shriek that broke

From her full bosom told the rest—
 Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
 The maid but lifts her wondering eyes

To hide them on her Gheber's breast!
 'T is he, 't is he—the man of blood,
 The fellest of the fire-fiend's brood,
 Hafed, the demon of the fight,
 Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight,—
 Is her own loved Gheber, mild
 And glorious as when first he smiled
 In her lone tower, and left such beams
 Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
 That she believed her bower had given
 Rest to some wanderer from Heaven!

Moments there are, and this was one,
 Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
 Amid the black simoom's eclipse—

Or like those verdant spots that bloom
 Around the crater's burning lips,

Sweetening the very edge of doom!
 The past—the future—all that Fate
 Can bring of dark or desperate
 Around such hours, but makes them cast
 Intenser radiance while they last!

Even he, this youth—though dimm'd and gone
 Each star of hope that cheer'd him on—
 His glories lost—his cause betray'd—
 Iran, his dear-loved country, made
 A land of carcasses and slaves,
 One dreary waste of chains and graves!—

Himself but lingering, dead at heart,
To see the last, long-struggling breath
Of Liberty's great soul depart,
Then lay him down, and share her death—
Even he, so sunk in wretchedness,
With doom still darker gathering o'er him,
Yet in this moment's pure caress,
In the mild eyes that shone before him,
Beaming that blest assurance, worth
All other transports known on earth,
That he was loved—well, warmly loved—
Oh! in this precious hour he proved
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe;—
How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the draught!

She too, while gazing on those eyes
That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,
Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom Fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!
The mighty ruins where they stood,
Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
Lay open towards the ocean flood,
Where lightly o'er the illumined surge
Many a fair bark that, all the day,
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay,
Now bounded on and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales;
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
The beauteous clouds, though daylight's star
Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,
Were still with lingering glories bright,—
As if, to grace the gorgeous west,
The Spirit of departing Light
That eve had left his sunny vest
Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
Never was scene so form'd for love!
Beneath them, waves of crystal move
In silent swell—Heaven glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like heaven.
But, ah! too soon that dream is past—
Again, again her fear returns;
Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,

More faintly the horizon burns,
 And every rosy tint that lay
 On the smooth sea hath died away.
 Hastily to the darkening skies
 A glance she casts—then wildly cries,
 “At night, he said—and, look, ’t is near—
 Fly, fly—if yet thou lovest me, fly—
 Soon will his murderous band be here,
 And I shall see thee bleed and die.—
 Hush!—heardst thou not the tramp of men
 Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—
 Perhaps even now they climb the wood—
 Fly, fly—though still the west is bright,
 He ’ll come—oh! yes—he wants thy blood—
 I know him—he ’ll not wait for night!”

In terrors even to agony
 She clings around the wondering chief;—
 “Alas, poor wilder’d maid! to me
 Thou owest this raving trance of grief.
 Lost as I am, nought ever grew
 Beneath my shade but perish’d too—
 My doom is like the Dead Sea air,
 And nothing lives that enters there!
 Why were our barks together driven
 Beneath this morning’s furious heaven?
 Why, when I saw the prize that chance
 Had thrown into my desperate arms,—
 When, casting but a single glance
 Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
 I vow’d (though watching viewless o’er
 Thy safety through that hour’s alarms)
 To meet the unmanning sight no more—
 Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow?
 Why weakly, madly met thee now?—
 Start not—that noise is but the shock
 Of torrents through yon valley hurl’d—
 Dread nothing here—upon this rock
 We stand above the jarring world,
 Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
 In gloomy safety, like the dead!
 Or, could even earth and hell unite
 In league to storm this sacred height,
 Fear nothing, thou—myself, to-night,
 And each o’erlooking star that dwells
 Near God, will be thy sentinels;—
 And, ere to-morrow’s dawn shall glow,
 Back to thy sire——”

“To-morrow!—no——”

The maiden scream’d—“thou ’lt never see

To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
 The night-cry through each reeking tower,
 Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour !
 Thou art betray'd—some wretch who knew
 That dreadful glen's mysterious clew—
 Nay, doubt not—by yon stars, 't is true—
 Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire ;
 This morning, with that smile so dire
 He wears in joy, he told me all,
 And stamp'd in triumph through our hall,
 As though thy heart already beat
 Its last life-throb beneath his feet !
 Good Heaven, how little dream'd I then
 His victim was my own loved youth !
 Fly—send—let some one watch the glen—
 By all my hopes of Heaven 't is truth !—”

Oh ! colder than the wind that freezes
 Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
 Is that congealing pang which seizes
 The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
 He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
 As if the tale had frozen his blood,
 So mazed and motionless was he ;—
 Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
 Or some mute, marble habitant
 Of the still Halls of Ishmonie !¹

But soon the painful chill was o'er,
 And his great soul, herself once more,
 Look'd from his brow in all the rays
 Of her best, happiest, grandest days !
 Never, in moment most elate,
 Did that high spirit loftier rise ;—
 While bright, serene, determinate,
 His looks are lifted to the skies,
 As if the signal-lights of Fate
 Were shining in those awful eyes !
 'T is come—his hour of martyrdom
 In Iran's sacred cause is come ;
 And, though his life has pass'd away
 Like lightning on a stormy day,
 Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
 Of glory permanent and bright,
 To which the brave of after-times,
 The suffering brave, shall long look back
 With proud regret,—and by its light

¹ For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, etc., to be seen to this day, see PERRY'S *View of the Levant*.

Watch through the hours of slavery's night
 For vengeance on the oppressor's crimes!
 This rock, his monument aloft,
 Shall speak the tale to many an age;
 And hither bards and heroes oft
 Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
 And bring their warrior sons, and tell
 The wondering boys where Hafed fell,
 And swear them on those lone remains
 Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
 Never—while breath of life shall live
 Within them—never to forgive
 The accursed race, whose ruthless chain
 Hath left on Iran's neck a stain
 Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
 Enthroned themselves on Hafed's brow;
 And ne'er did saint of Issa¹ gaze
 On the red wreath, for martyrs twined,
 More proudly than the youth surveys
 That pile, which through the gloom behind,
 Half lighted by the altar's fire,
 Glimmers,—his destined funeral pyre!
 Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,
 Of every wood of odorous breath,
 There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
 Ready to fold in radiant death
 The few still left of those who swore
 To perish there, when hope was o'er—
 The few, to whom that couch of flame,
 Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
 Is sweet and welcome as the bed
 For their own infant Prophet spread,
 When pitying Heaven to roses turn'd
 The death-flames that beneath him burn'd² (116)!

With watchfulness the maid attends
 His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
 Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?
 What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?
 Alas! why stands he musing here,
 When every moment teems with fear?
 "Hafed, my own beloved lord,"
 She kneeling cries—"first, last adored!
 If in that soul thou 'st ever felt
 Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,

¹ Jesus.

² The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into "a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed."—TAVERNIER.

Here, on my knees, that never knelt
To any but their God before,
I pray thee, as thou lovest me, fly,
Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.
Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither
Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea,
East—west—alas, I care not whither,
So thou art safe, and I with thee!
Go where we will, this hand in thine,
Those eyes before me smiling thus,
Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
The world 's a world of love for us!
On some calm, blessed shore we 'll dwell,
Where 't is no crime to love too well;—
Where thus to worship tenderly
An erring child of light like thee
Will not be sin—or, if it be,
Where we may weep our faults away,
Together kneeling, night and day,
Thou, for *my* sake, at Alla's shrine,
And I—at *any* God's, for thine!"

Wildly these passionate words she spoke—
Then hung her head, and wept for shame;
Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
With every deep-heaved sob that came.
While he, young, warm—oh! wonder not:
If, for a moment, pride and fame,
His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,
And Iran's self are all forgot
For her whom at his feet he sees,
Kneeling in speechless agonies.
No, blame him not, if Hope awhile
Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile
O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights
Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
Which she, who bends all beauteous there,
Was born to kindle and to share!
A tear or two, which, as he bow'd
To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud
Of softness passing o'er his soul.
Starting, he brush'd the drops away,
Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray;—
Like one who, on the morn of fight,
Shakes from his sword the dews of night,
That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light.

Yet, though subdued the unnerving thrill,
Its warmth, its weakness linger'd still,
So touching in each look and tone,

That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
 Half counted on the flight she pray'd,
 Half thought the hero's soul was grown
 As soft, as yielding as her own,
 And smiled and bless'd him, while he said,—
 “ Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
 Where fadeless truth like ours is dear—
 If there be any land of rest
 For those who love and ne'er forget,
 Oh ! comfort thee—for safe and blest
 We 'll meet in that calm region yet ! ”
 Scarce had she time to ask her heart
 If good or ill these words impart,
 When the roused youth impatient flew
 To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
 A ponderous sea-horn¹ hung, and blew
 A signal, deep and dread as those
 The storm-fiend at his rising blows.—
 Full well his chieftains, sworn and true
 Through life and death, that signal knew ;
 For 't was the appointed warning-blast,
 The alarm, to tell when hope was past,
 And the tremendous death-die cast !
 And there, upon the mouldering tower,
 Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,
 Ready to sound o'er land and sea
 That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came—his chieftains at the call
 Came slowly round, and with them all—
 Alas, how few !—the worn remains
 Of those who late o'er Kerman's plains
 Went gaily prancing to the clash
 Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
 Catching new hope from every flash
 Of their long lances in the sun—
 And, as their coursers charged the wind,
 And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,²
 Looking as if the steeds they rode
 Were wing'd, and every chief a God !
 How fallen, how alter'd now ! how wan
 Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,
 As round the burning shrine they came !—
 How deadly was the glare it cast,
 As mute they paused before the flame

¹ “ The shell called Siiankos, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms or giving signals : it sends forth a deep and hollow sound.”—PENNANT.

² “ The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies.”
 —THEVENOT.

To light their torches as they pass'd !
 'T was silence all—the youth had plann'd
 The duties of his soldier-band ;
 And each determined brow declares
 His faithful chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—
 And oh ! how soon, ye blessed eyes,
 That look from heaven, ye may behold
 Sights that will turn your star-fires cold !
 Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
 The maiden sees the veteran group
 Her litter silently prepare,
 And lay it at her trembling feet ;—
 And now the youth, with gentle care,
 Hath placed her in the shelter'd seat,
 And press'd her hand—that lingering press
 Of hands, that for the last time sever ;
 Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
 When that hold breaks, is dead for ever ;
 And yet to *her* this sad caress
 Gives hope—so fondly hope can err !
 'T was joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—
 Their happy flight's dear harbinger ;
 'T was warmth—assurance—tenderness—
 'T was any thing but leaving her.

“ Haste, haste ! ” she cried, “ the clouds grow dark,
 But still, ere night, we 'll reach the bark ;
 And, by to-morrow's dawn—oh bliss !—
 With thee upon the sun-bright deep,
 Far off, I 'll but remember this,
 As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep !
 And thou—— ” but, ha !—he answers not—
 Good heaven !—and does she go alone ?
 She now has reach'd that dismal spot,
 Where, some hours since, his voice's tone
 Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
 Sweet as the Angel Israfil's,^{*}
 When every leaf on Eden's tree
 Is trembling to his minstrelsy—
 Yet now—oh ! now he is not nigh—
 “ Hafed ! my Hafed !—if it be
 Thy will, thy doom this night to die,
 Let me but stay to die with thee,
 And I will bless thy loved name,
 Till the last life-breath leave this frame.
 Oh ! let our lips, our cheeks be laid

* “ The Angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures.”—SALE.

But near each other while they fade;
 Let us but mix our parting breaths,
 And I can die ten thousand deaths!
 You too, who hurry me away
 So cruelly, one moment stay—

Oh! stay—one moment is not much,
 He yet may come—for *him* I pray—
 Hafed! dear Hafed!—" all the way

In wild lamentings, that would touch
 A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name
 To the dark woods—no Hafed came :—
 No—hapless pair—you've looked your last;

Your hearts should both have broken then :
 The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—
 You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!—

Still half-way down the steep he stands,
 Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes

The glimmer of those burning brands,
 That down the rocks, with mournful ray,
 Light all he loves on earth away!
 Hopeless as they who, far at sea,

By the cold moon have just consign'd
 The corse of one, loved tenderly,

To the bleak flood they leave behind;

And on the deck still lingering stay,

And long look back, with sad delay,

To watch the moonlight on the wave,

That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then?

That dreadful shout!—across the glen

From the land side it comes, and loud

Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd

Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,

Its Gholes and Dives, and shapes of hell,

Had all in one dread howl broke out,

So loud, so terrible that shout!

"They come—the Moslems come!"—he cries,

His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—

"Now, Spirits of the Brave, who roam

Enfranchised through yon starry dome,

Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire

Are on the wing to join your choir!"

He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound

To their young loves, reclimb'd the steep

And gain'd the shrine—his chiefs stood round—

Their swords, as with instinctive leap,

Together, at that cry accurst,

Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.

And hark!—again—again it rings;
 Near and more near its echoings
 Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then
 Had seen those listening warrior-men,
 With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame
 Turn'd on their Chief—could doubt the shame,
 The indignant shame with which they thrill
 To hear those shouts and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts—they were his own—
 “What! while our arms can wield these blades,
 Shall we die tamely? die alone?”

Without one victim to our shades,
 One Moslem heart where, buried deep,
 The sabre from its toil may sleep?
 No—God of Iran's burning skies!
 Thou scorn'st the inglorious sacrifice.
 No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
 Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
 We 'll make yon valley's reeking caves
 Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
 Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
 Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.

Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
 Our refuge still from life and chains;
 But his the best, the holiest bed,
 Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!”
 Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,
 While vigour, more than human, strung
 Each arm and heart.—The exulting foe
 Still through the dark defiles below,
 Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,

Wound slow, as through Golconda's vale,
 The mighty serpent, in his ire,

Glides on with glittering deadly trail.
 No torch the Ghebers need—so well
 They know each mystery of the dell,
 So oft have, in their wanderings,
 Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell,

The very tigers from their delves
 Look out, and let them pass, as things
 Untamed and fearless like themselves!

There was a deep ravine, that lay
 Yet darkling in the Moslem's way;—
 Fit spot to make invaders rue
 The many fallen before the few.
 The torrents from that morning's sky
 Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,

† See Hoole upon the story of Sinbad.

And, on each side, aloft and wild,
 Huge cliffs and toppling crags were piled,
 The guards, with which young Freedom lines
 The pathways to her mountain shrines.
 Here, at this pass, the scanty band
 Of Iran's last avengers stand—
 Here wait, in silence like the dead,
 And listen for the Moslem's tread
 So anxiously, the carrion-bird
 Above them flaps his wing unheard!

They come—that plunge into the water
 Gives signal for the work of slaughter.
 Now, Ghebers, now—if e'er your blades
 Had point or prowess, prove them now—
 Woe to the file that foremost wades!

They come—a falchion greets each brow,
 And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,
 Beneath the gory waters sunk,
 Still o'er their drowning bodies press
 New victims quick and numberless;
 Till scarce an arm in Hafed's band,

So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
 But listless from each crimson hand

The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.
 Never was horde of tyrants met
 With bloodier welcome—never yet
 To patriot vengeance hath the sword
 More terrible libations pour'd!

All up the dreary, long ravine,
 By the red murky glimmer seen
 Of half-quench'd brands that o'er the flood
 Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
 What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
 Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
 Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
 In that thick pool of slaughter stand,—
 Wretches who wading, half on fire

From the toss'd brands that round them fly,
 'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire;—

And some who, grasp'd by those that die,
 Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
 In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
 Still hundreds, thousands more succeed;—
 Countless as towards some flame at night
 The North's dark insects wing their flight,
 And quench or perish in its light,
 To this terrific spot they pour—

Till, bridged with Moslem bodies o'er,
It bears aloft their slippery tread,
And o'er the dying and the dead,
Tremendous causeway ! on they pass.—

Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,

What hope was left for you ? for you,
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice

Is smoking in their vengeful eyes—

Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew,

And burn with shame to find how few.

Crush'd down by that vast multitude,

Some found their graves where first they stood ;

While some with hardier struggle died,

And still fought on by Hafed's side,

Who, fronting to the foe, trod back

Towards the high towers his gory track ;

And as a lion, swept away

By sudden swell of Jordan's pride

From the wild covert where he lay, *

Long battles with the o'erwhelming tide,

So fought he back with fierce delay,

And kept both foes and fate at bay.

But whither now ? their track is lost,

Their prey escaped—guide, torches gone—

By torrent-beds and labyrinths crost,

The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—

“ Curse on those tardy lights that wind,”

They panting cry, “ so far behind—

Oh for a blood-hound's precious scent,

To track the way the Gheber went ! ”

Vain wish—confusedly along

They rush, more desperate as more wrong :

Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,

Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,

Their footing, mazed and lost, they miss,

And down the darkling precipice

Are dash'd into the deep abyss ;—

Or midway hang, impaled on rocks,

A banquet, yet alive, for flocks

Of ravening vultures,—while the dell

Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,

That e'er shall ring in Hafed's ear,—

Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,

* “ In this thicket, upon the banks of the Jordan, several sorts of wild beasts are wont to harbour themselves, whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremiah, *he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.* ”—MAUNDRELL'S *Aleppo*.

Upon the steep way breathless thrown,
 He lay beside his reeking blade,
 Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,
 Its last blood-offering amply paid,
 And Iran's self could claim no more.
 One only thought, one lingering beam
 Now broke across his dizzy dream
 Of pain and weariness—'t was she,
 His heart's pure planet, shining yet
 Above the waste of memory,
 When all life's other lights were set,
 And never to his mind before
 Her image such enchantment wore.
 It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
 Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,
 And not one cloud of earth remain'd
 Between him and her glory cast;—
 As if to charms, before so bright,
 New grace from other worlds was given,
 And his soul saw her by the light
 Now breaking o'er itself from heaven!

A voice spoke near him—'t was the tone
 Of a loved friend, the only one
 Of all his warriors left with life
 From that short night's tremendous strife.—
 “And must we then, my Chief, die here?—
 Foes round us, and the Shrine so near!”
 These words have roused the last remains
 Of life within him—“What! not yet
 Beyond the reach of Moslem chains?”
 The thought could make even Death forget
 His icy bondage—with a bound
 He springs, all-bleeding, from the ground,
 And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
 Even feebler, heavier than his own,
 And up the painful pathway leads,
 Death gaining on each step he treads.
 Speed them, thou God, who heardst their vow!
 They mount—they bleed—oh save them now;—
 The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,
 The rock-weed's dripping with their gore—
 Thy blade too, Hafed, false at length,
 Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength—
 Haste, haste—the voices of the foe
 Come near and nearer from below—
 One effort more—thank Heaven! 't is past—
 They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.
 And now they touch the temple's walls,
 Now Hafed sees the Fire divine—

When, lo!—his weak worn comrade falls
Dead on the threshold of the Shrine.

“Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!

And must I leave thee withering here,
The sport of every ruffian's tread,

The mark for every coward's spear?

No, by yon altar's sacred beams!”

He cries, and with a strength that seems

Not of this world, uplifts the frame

Of the fallen chief, and towards the flame

Bears him along;—with death-damp hand

The corpse upon the pyre he lays,

Then lights the consecrated brand,

And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze

Like lightning bursts o'er Oman's Sea.—

“Now, Freedom's God! I come to thee,”

The youth exclaims, and, with a smile

Of triumph, vaulting on the pile,

In that last effort, ere the fires

Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on Oman's tide?

It came from yonder drifting bark,

That just has caught upon her side

The death-light, and again is dark.

It is the boat—ah, why delay'd?—

That bears the wretched Moslem maid;

Confided to the watchful care

Of a small veteran band, with whom

Their generous Chieftain would not share

The secret of his final doom;

But hoped, when Hinda, safe and free,

Was render'd to her father's eyes,

Their pardon, full and prompt, would be

The ransom of so dear a prize.—

Unconscious, thus, of Hafed's fate,

And proud to guard their beauteous freight,

Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves

That foam around those frightful caves,

When the curst war-whoops, known so well,

Came echoing from the distant dell—

Sudden each oar, upheld and still,

Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,

And, driving at the current's will,

They rock'd along the whispering tide,

While every eye, in mute dismay,

Was toward that fatal mountain turn'd,

Where the dim altar's quivering ray

As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh! 't is not, Hinda, in the power

Of Fancy's most terrific touch
 To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—
 Thy silent agony—'t was such
 As those who feel could paint too well,
 But none e'er felt and lived to tell!
 'T was not alone the dreary state
 Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,
 When, though no more remains to dread,
 The panic chill will not depart;—
 When, though the inmate Hope be dead,
 Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart.
 No—pleasure, hopes, affections gone,
 The wretch may bear, and yet live on,
 Like things within the cold rock found
 Alive, when all 's congeal'd around.
 But there 's a blank repose in this,
 A calm stagnation, that were bliss
 To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
 Now felt through all thy breast and brain—
 That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
 That breathless, agonised suspense,
 From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching
 The heart hath no relief but breaking!

Calm is the wave—Heaven's brilliant lights
 Reflected dance beneath the prow;—
 Time was when, on such lovely nights,
 She who is there, so desolate now,
 Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
 And ask no happier joy than seeing
 That star-light o'er the waters thrown—
 No joy but that to make her blest,
 And the fresh buoyant sense of Being
 That bounds in youth's yet careless breast,—
 Itself a star, not borrowing light,
 But in its own glad essence bright.
 How different now!—but, hark, again
 The yell of havoc rings—brave men!
 In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
 On the bark's edge—in vain each hand
 Half draws the falchion from its sheath!
 All 's o'er—in rust your blades may lie;
 He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
 Even now, this night, himself must die!
 Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
 And ask, and wondering guess what means
 The battle-cry at this dead hour—
 Ah! she could tell you—she, who leans
 Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
 With brow against the dew-cold mast—

Too well she knows—her more than life,
Her soul's first idol and its last,
Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height?
Some signal!—'t is a torch's light.

What bodes its solitary glare?
In gasping silence toward the shrine
All eyes are turn'd—thine, Hinda, thine
Fix their last failing life-beams there.

'T was but a moment—fierce and high
The death-pile blazed into the sky,
And far away o'er rock and flood

Its melancholy radiance sent;
While Hafed, like a vision, stood
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
Shrined in its own grand element!

“'T is he!”—the shuddering maid exclaims,—
But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;
High burst in air the funeral flames,
And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—
Then sprung, as if to reach the blaze,
Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again!

Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea)—
No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south ' o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star² to light up her tomb.

¹ “This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts.”—STEPHEN'S *Persia*.

² “One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-Fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays.”—MIRZA ABU TALEB.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
 And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,¹
 The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
 At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
 Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
 Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
 She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero ! forget thee,—
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
 Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
 Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
 With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;
 Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
 Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;²
 With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed chamber,
 We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
 And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
 We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian³ are sparkling,
 And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
 Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
 They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
 They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in this wave.

THE singular placidity with which Fadladeen had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and Feramorz exceedingly; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspecting young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was, he had been organizing, for the last few days, a most notable plan of persecution against the poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital,—which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles, for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the Cha-

¹ For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, see KEMPFER, *Amoenit. Exot.*

² Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds.—See TRÉVOUX, CHAMBERS.

³ “The bay Kieselarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire.”—STRUY.

buk¹ would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharía of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion (that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to Feramorz, and a place to Fadladeen), there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharía. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out, like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled next evening in the pavilion, and Lalla Rookh expected to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian Queen,—he agreeably disappointed her by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passing off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and imperial master, Aurungzebe,—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur,—who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, Fadladeen, the very profitable posts of Betel-Carrier and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms,² and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that forbidden river³ (117), beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehanguire, wandered with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would Lalla Rookh have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharía and the world, for Feramorz and love in this sweet lonely valley. The time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer—or see him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment was an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy,—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge (118), who attribute

¹ “The application of whips or rods.”—DUBOIS.

² KEMPFFER mentions such an officer among the attendants of the King of Persia, and calls him “*formæ corporis estimator*.” His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the Haram by a sort of regulation-girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard of shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within its bounds.

³ The Attock.

the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.¹

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens, and bounded through the meadows, lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While Fadladeen, besides the spiritual comfort he derived from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint from whom the valley is named, had opportunities of gratifying, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards (119), which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill ;—taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the faithful say their prayers.

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those royal gardens (120) which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with the pure water of those hills, was to Lalla Rookh all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, “it was too delicious (121);”—and here, in listening to the sweet voice of Feramorz, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal,—the Light of the Haram,² who had so often wandered among these flowers and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond,³—the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather rhapsody, of which this adored Sultana was the heroine. It related, he said, to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers’ quarrel, which took place between her and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses at Cashmere; and would remind the Princess of that difference (122) between Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress Marida, which was so happily made up by the soft strains of the musician, Moussali. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and Feramorz had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of Lalla Rookh’s little Persian slave, and thus began :—

THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM.

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
 With its roses, the brightest that earth ever gave,⁴
 Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

¹ The star Soheil, or Canopus.

² Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called Nourjehan, or the Light of the World.

³ See note, p. 380.

⁴ “The rose of Kashmere, for its brilliancy and delicacy of odour, has long been proverbial in the East.”—FORSTER.

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the lake
 Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
 Like a bride full of blushes, when lingering to take
 A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—
 When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
 And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
 Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
 Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,
 And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
 Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.¹
 Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens and shrines;
 When the water-falls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
 And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
 Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
 From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet :—
 Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
 A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
 Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd forth every one
 Out of darkness, as they were just born of the Sun,—
 When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
 From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;
 And the wind, full of wantonness, woos, like a lover,
 The young aspen-trees² till they tremble all over,—
 When the east is as warm as the light of first hopes,
 And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurl'd,
 Shines in through the mountainous³ portal that opes,
 Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world!

But never yet, by night or day,
 In dew of spring or summer's ray,
 Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
 As now it shines—all love and light,
 Visions by day and feasts by night!
 A happier smile illumines each brow,
 With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
 And all is ecstasy,—for now

The Valley holds its Feast of Roses.⁴
 That joyous time, when pleasures pour
 Profusely round, and in their shower
 Hearts open, like the season's Rose,—
 The flowret of a hundred leaves,⁵

¹ “Tied round her waist the zone of bells, that sounded with ravishing melody.”—*Song of Jayadeva*.

² “The little isles in the Lake of Cachemere are set with arbours and large-leaved aspen-trees, slender and tall.”—BERNIER.

³ “The Tuct Suliman, the name bestowed by the Mahometans on this hill, forms one side of a grand portal to the Lake.”—FORSTER.

⁴ “The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom.”—See PIETRO DE LA VALLE.

⁵ “Gul sad berk, the Rose of a hundred leaves. I believe a particular species.”—OUSELEY.

Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
 And every leaf its balm receives !
 'T was when the hour of evening came
 Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
 When Day had hid his sultry flame
 Behind the palms of Baramoule :¹
 When maids began to lift their heads,
 Refresh'd, from their embroider'd beds,
 Where they had slept the sun away,
 And waked to moonlight and to play.
 All were abroad—the busiest hive
 On Bela's² hills is less alive
 When saffron beds are full in flower,
 Than look'd the Valley in that hour.
 A thousand restless torches play'd
 Through every grove and island shade ;
 A thousand sparkling lamps were set
 On every dome and minaret ;
 And fields and pathways, far and near,
 Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
 That you could see, in wandering round,
 The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
 Yet did the maids and matrons leave
 Their veils at home, that brilliant eve ;
 And there were glancing eyes about,
 And cheeks, that would not dare shine out
 In open day, but thought they might
 Look lovely then, because 't was night !
 And all were free, and wandering,
 And all exclaim'd to all they met,
 That never did the summer bring
 So gay a Feast of Roses yet :—
 The moon had never shed a light
 So clear as that which bless'd them there ;
 The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
 Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.
 And what a wilderness of flowers !
 It seem'd as though from all the bowers,
 And fairest fields of all the year,
 The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.
 The Lake, too, like a garden breathes,
 With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
 As if a shower of fairy wreaths
 Had fallen upon it from the sky !
 And then the sounds of joy,—the beat
 Of tabors and of dancing feet ;—
 The minaret-cryer's chaunt of glee

¹ Bernier.

² A place mentioned in the *Toozek Jehangeery* or *Memoirs of Jehanguire*, where there is an account of the beds of saffron flowers about Cashmere.

Sung from his lighted gallery,¹
 And answer'd by a ziraleet
 From neighbouring Haram, wild and sweet;—
 The merry laughter, echoing
 From gardens, where the silken swing (125)
 Wafts some delighted girl above
 The top leaves of the orange grove;
 Or, from those infant groups at play
 Among the tents² that line the way,
 Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,
 Handfuls of roses at each other!—

And the sounds from the Lake,— the low whispering in boats,
 As they shoot through the moonlight;—the dipping of oars,
 And the wild, airy warbling that every where floats

Through the groves, round the islands, as if all the shores
 Like those of Kathay utter'd music, and gave
 An answer in song to the kiss of each wave³ (124) !
 But the gentlest of all are those sounds, full of feeling,
 That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—
 Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power
 Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.

Oh! best of delights, as it every where is,
 To be near the loved *One*,—what a rapture is his,
 Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
 O'er the Lake of Cashmere, with that *One* by his side!
 If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
 Think, think what a heaven she must make of Cashmere!

So felt the magnificent son of Acbar,⁴
 When from power and pomp, and the trophies of war,
 He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all
 With the Light of the Haram, his young Nourmahal.
 When free and uncrown'd as the conqueror roved
 By the banks of that Lake, with his only beloved,
 He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
 From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
 And preferr'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd
 Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world!

There's a beauty for ever unchangingly bright,
 Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day's light,

¹ "It is the custom among the women to employ the Maazeen to chaunt from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziraleet or joyous chorus."—RUSSELL.

² "At the keeping of the Feast of Roses, we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, boys, and girls, with music, dances," etc. etc.—HERBERT.

³ "An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and, being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of them."—GROSIER.

⁴ Jehanguire was the son of the Great Acbar.

Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
 Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.
 This *was* not the beauty—oh! nothing like this
 That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss;
 But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
 Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
 Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
 From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes,
 Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
 Like the glimpses a saint hath of heaven in his dreams!
 When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
 That charm of all others, was born with her face,
 And when angry,—for even in the tranquildest climes
 Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
 The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
 New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
 If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
 At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
 From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
 From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings!
 Then her mirth—oh! 't was sportive as ever took wing
 From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring;—
 Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
 Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages.
 While her laugh, full of life, without any control
 But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
 And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
 In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
 Such, such were the peerless enchantments that gave
 Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her slave;
 And though bright was his Haram,—a living parterre
 Of the flowers² of this planet—though treasures were there,
 For which Soliman's self might have given all the store
 That the navy from Ophir e'er wing'd to his shore,
 Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
 And the Light of his Haram was young Nourmahal!

But where is she now, this night of joy,
 When bliss is every heart's employ?—

When all around her is so bright,
 So like the visions of a trance,
 That one might think, who came by chance
 Into the vale this happy night,

¹ In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners, they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours.—RICHARDSON.

² In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

He saw that City of Delight¹
 In Fairy-land, whose streets and towers
 Are made of gems and light and flowers!—
 Where is the loved Sultana? where,
 When mirth brings out the young and fair,
 Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,
 In melancholy stillness now?

Alas—how light a cause may move
 Dissension between hearts that love!
 Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
 And sorrow but more closely tied;
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
 Like ships, that have gone down at sea,
 When heaven was all tranquillity!

A something, light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh! love, that tempests never shook,

A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.
 And ruder words will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin:
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship's smiling day:
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said;
 Till fast declining, one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
 Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

O you, that have the charge of Love,
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
 As in the Fields of Bliss above

He sits, with flowrets fetter'd round;²—
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,
 Nor ever let him use his wings;
 For even an hour, a minute's flight
 Will rob the plumes of half their light.
 Like that celestial bird,—whose nest

Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
 Lose all their glory when he flies!³

¹ The capital of Shadukiam. See note, p. 68.

² See the representation of the Eastern Cupid, pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in PICART'S *Cérémonies Religieuses*.

³ "Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that

Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—
 By which, though light, the links that bind
 The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
 Some shadow in love's summer heaven,
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
 May yet in awful thunder burst;—
 Such cloud it is, that now hangs over
 The heart of the Imperial Lover,
 And far hath banish'd from his sight
 His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light!
 Hence is it, on this happy night,
 When Pleasure through the fields and groves
 Has let loose all her world of loves,
 And every heart has found its own,—
 He wanders, joyless and alone,
 And weary as that bird of Thrace,
 Whose pinion knows no resting-place.¹
 In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
 This Eden of the earth supplies

Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale,
 The eyes are dim;—though rich the spot
 With every flower this earth has got,

What is it to the nightingale,
 If there his darling rose is not?²
 In vain the Valley's smiling throng
 Worship him as he moves along;
 He heeds them not—one smile of hers
 Is worth a world of worshippers.
 They but the Star's adorers are,
 She is the Heaven that lights the star!

Hence is it too that Nourmahal,
 Amid the luxuries of this hour,
 Far from the joyous festival;

Sits in her own sequester'd bower,
 With no one near, to soothe or aid,
 But that inspired and wondrous maid,
 Namouna, the enchantress;—one,
 O'er whom his race the golden Sun
 For unremember'd years has run,
 Yet never saw her blooming brow
 Younger or fairer than 't is now.
 Nay, rather, as the west-wind's sigh
 Freshens the flower it passes by,

it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours; but when it flies, they lose all their splendour."—GROSIER.

¹ "As these birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French '*les âmes damnées*.'"—DALLOWAY.

² "You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose."—JAMI.

Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
 To leave her lovelier than before.
 Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
 And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
 Of other worlds, there came a light
 From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
 That all believed nor man nor earth
 Were conscious of Namouna's birth!

All spells and talismans she knew,
 From the great Mantra,¹ which around
 The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,
 To the gold gems² of Afric, bound
 Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
 To keep him from the Siltim's³ harm.
 And she had pledged her powerful art,
 Pledged it with all the zeal and heart
 Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
 What 't was to lose a love so dear,
 To find some spell that should recall
 Her Selim's⁴ smile to Nourmahal!

'T was midnight—through the lattice, wreathed
 With woodbine, many a perfume breathed
 From plants that wake when others sleep,
 From timid jasmine buds, that keep
 Their odour to themselves all day,
 But, when the sun-light dies away,
 Let the delicious secret out
 To every breeze that roams about;—
 When thus Namouna:—" 'T is the hour
 That scatters spells on herb and flower,
 And garlands might be gather'd now,
 That, twined around the sleeper's brow,
 Would make him dream of such delights,
 Such miracles and dazzling sights
 As Genii of the sun behold,
 At evening, from their tents of gold
 Upon the horizon—where they play
 Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
 Their sunny mansions melt away!
 Now, too, a chaplet might be wreathed
 Of buds o'er which the moon has breathed,
 Which, worn by her, whose love has stray'd,
 Might bring some Peri from the skies,
 Some sprite, whose very soul is made

¹ "He is said to have found the great *Mantra*, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations."—WILFORD.

² "The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs *El Herrez*, from the supposed charm they contain."—JACKSON.

³ "A demon, supposed to haunt woods, etc. in a human shape."—RICHARDSON.

⁴ The name of Jehanguire before his accession to the throne.

Of flowrets' breaths and lovers' sighs,
And who might tell——"

"For me, for me,"

Cried Nourmahal, impatiently,

"Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night."

Then, rapidly, with foot as light

As the young musk-roe's, out she flew

To cull each shining leaf that grew

Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams

For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.

Anemones and Seas of Gold,¹

And new-blown lilies of the river,

And those sweet flowrets, that unfold

Their buds on Camadeva's quiver;²

The tube-rose, with her silvery light,

That in the Gardens of Malay

Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,³

So like a bride, scented and bright,

She comes out when the sun's away.

Amaranths, such as crown the maids

That wander through Zamara's shades;⁴

And the white moon-flower, as it shows

On Serendib's high crags to those

Who near the isle at evening sail,

Scenting her clove-trees in the gale;

In short, all flowrets and all plants,

From the divine Amrita tree,⁵

That blesses Heaven's inhabitants

With fruits of immortality,

Down to the basil⁶ tuft, that waves

Its fragrant blossom over graves (125),

And to the humble rosemary,

Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed

To scent the desert⁷ and the dead;

All in that garden bloom, and all

Are gather'd by young Nourmahal,

Who heaps her baskets with the flowers

¹ "Hemasagara, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold colour."—SIR W. JONES.

² "This tree (the Nagacesara) is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love."—*Id.*

³ "The Malays style the tube-rose (*Polianthes tuberosa*) Sandal Malam, or the Mistress of the Night."—PENNANT.

⁴ "The people of the Batta country in Sumatra (of which Zamara is one of the ancient names), when not engaged in war, lead an idle inactive life, passing the day in playing on a kind of flute, crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe-amaranthus, a native of the country, mostly prevails."—MARSDEN.

⁵ "The largest and richest sort (of the Jambu or rose-apple) is called Amrita or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit."—SIR W. JONES.

⁶ "Sweet Basil, called Rayhan in Persia, and generally found in churchyards."

⁷ "In the Great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary."—*Asiat. Res.*

And leaves, till they can hold no more,
Then to Namouna flies, and showers
Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight the Enchantress views
So many buds, bathed with the dews
And beams of that bless'd hour!—her glance
Spoke something past all mortal pleasures,
As, in a kind of holy trance,
She hung above those fragrant treasures,
Bending to drink their balmy airs,
As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.
And 't was, indeed, the perfume shed
From flowers and scented flame that fed
Her charmed life—for none had e'er
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
Fill'd with the cool inspiring smell,
The Enchantress now begins her spell,
Thus singing, as she winds and weaves
In mystic form the glittering leaves :

I know where the winged visions dwell
That around the night-bed play;
I know each herb and flowret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid;
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough.¹
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid;
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-herb,² that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold (126).

¹ "The almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches."—HASSELQUIST.

² An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to communicate a yellow golden hue to the teeth of the goats and other animals that graze upon it.

The phantom shapes—oh touch not them—
 That appal the murderer's sight,
 Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
 That shrieks, when torn at night !
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid ;
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injured patient mind,
 That smiles at the wrongs of men,
 Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
 Of the cinnamon, sweetest then !
 Then hasten we, maid,
 To twine our braid ;
 To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

No sooner was the flowery crown
 Placed on her head, than sleep came down,
 Gently as nights of summer fall,
 Upon the lids of Nourmahal ;
 And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
 As full of small rich harmonies
 As ever wind, that o'er the tents
 Of Azab¹ blew, was full of scents,
 Steals on her ear and floats and swells,
 Like the first air of morning creeping
 Into those wreathy, Red-Sea shells,
 Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping ;—²
 And now a spirit form'd, 't would seem,
 Of music and of light, so fair,
 So brilliantly his features beam,
 And such a sound is in the air
 Of sweetness, when he waves his wings,
 Hovers around her, and thus sings :—

From Chindara's³ warbling fount I come,
 Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell ;
 From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
 Where in music, morn and night, I dwell ;
 Where lutes in the air are heard about,
 And voices are singing the whole day long,
 And every sigh the heart breathes out

¹ The myrrh-country.

² "This idea (of deities living in shells) was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young Nerites, one of the Cupids, as living in shells on the shores of the Red Sea."—WILFORD.

³ "A fabulous founta'n, where instruments are said to be constantly playing."—RICHARDSON.

Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!
 Hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a magic in music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
 And mine are the murmuring dying notes,
 That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
 And melt in the heart as instantly!
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
 Refines the bosom it trembles through,
 As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
 Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
 The spirits of past delight obey;—
 Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
 And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
 And mine is the gentle song, that bears
 From soul to soul the wishes of love,
 As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
 The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.*

'T is I that mingle in one sweet measure
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure (127);
 When Memory links the tone that is gone
 With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
 And hope from a heavenly note flies on
 To a note more heavenly still that is near!

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be
 As his own white plume, that high amid death
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath.
 And, oh how the eyes of beauty glisten,
 When music has reach'd her inward soul,
 Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
 While heaven's eternal melodies roll!
 So, hither I come
 From my fairy home;
 And if there's a magic in music's strain,
 I swear by the breath
 Of that moonlight wreath,
 Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

* "The Pompadour pigeon is the species which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—See BROWN'S *Illustr.*, tab. 49.

'T is dawn—at least that earlier dawn,
 Whose glimpses are again withdrawn¹ (128),
 As if the morn had waked, and then
 Shut close her lids of light again.
 And Nourmahal is up, and trying
 The wonders of her lute, whose strings—
 Oh bliss!—now murmur like the sighing
 From that ambrosial Spirit's wings!
 And then, her voice—'t is more than human—
 Never, till now, had it been given
 To lips of any mortal woman
 To utter notes so fresh from heaven;
 Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
 When angel sighs are most divine.—
 "Oh! let it last till night," she cries,
 " And he is more than ever mine."
 And hourly she renews the lay,
 So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
 Should, ere the evening, fade away,
 For things so heavenly have such fleetness!
 But, far from fading, it but grows
 Richer, diviner as it flows;
 Till rapt she dwells on every string,
 And pours again each sound along,
 Like Echo, lost and languishing
 In love with her own wondrous song.
 That evening (trusting that his soul
 Might be from haunting love released
 By mirth, by music, and the bowl)
 The Imperial Selim held a feast
 In his magnificent Shalimar (129);—
 In whose saloons, when the first star
 Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
 The valley's loveliest all assembled;
 All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
 Glide through its foliage, and drink beams
 Of beauty from its founts and streams,²
 And all those wandering minstrel-maids,
 Who leave—how *can* they leave?—the shades
 Of that dear valley, and are found
 Singing in gardens of the south³
 Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
 As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.
 There too the Haram's inmates smile;—

¹ "They have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim, and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real day-break."—WARING.

² "The waters of Cachemir are the more renowned from its being supposed that the Cachemirians are indebted for their beauty to them."—ALI YEZDI.

³ "From him I received the following little Gazzel, or Love Song, the notes of which he committed to paper from the voice of one of those singing-girls of Cashmere, who wander from that delightful valley over the various parts of India."—*Persian Miscellanies*.

Maids from the west, with sun-bright hair,
 And from the garden of the Nile,
 Delicate as the roses there;—¹
 Daughters of Love from Cyprus' rocks,
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks;—²
 Light Peri forms, such as there are
 On the gold meads of Candahar; ³
 And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
 In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,⁴
 That they might fancy the rich flowers,
 That round them in the sun lay sighing,
 Had been by magic all set flying!

Every thing young, every thing fair,
 From east and west is blushing there:
 Except—except—oh Nourmahal!
 Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
 The one, whose smile shone out alone,
 Amidst a world the only one!
 Whose light, among so many lights,
 Was like that star, on starry nights,
 The seaman singles from the sky,
 To steer his bark for ever by!
 Thou wert not there—so Selim thought,
 And every thing seem'd drear without thee:
 But, ah! thou wert, thou wert—and brought
 Thy charm of song all fresh about thee;
 Mingling unnoticed with a band
 Of lutanists from many a land,
 And veil'd by such a mask as shades
 The features of young Arab maids,—⁵
 A mask that leaves but one eye free,
 To do its best in witchery,—
 She roved, with beating heart, around,
 And waited, trembling, for the minute
 When she might try if still the sound
 Of her loved lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine;

¹ "The roses of the Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile (attached to the Emperor of Morocco's palace) are unequalled, and mattresses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline upon."—JACKSON.

² "On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern which produces the most beautiful rock crystal. On account of its brilliancy it has been called the Paphian diamond."—MARITI.

³ "There is a part of Candahar called Peria, or Fairy-Land."—THÉVENOT. In some of those countries to the North of India vegetable gold is supposed to be produced.

⁴ "These are the butterflies which are called in the Chinese language Flying Leaves. Some of them have such shining colours, and are so variegated, that they may be called flying flowers; and indeed they are always produced in the finest flower-gardens."—DUNN.

⁵ "The Arabian women wear black masks with little clasps, prettily ordered."—CARRERI. Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation.

With grapes of gold, like those that shine
 On Casbin's hills ;¹—pomegranates full
 Of melting sweetness, and the pears
 And sunniest apples² that Caubul
 In all its thousand gardens³ bears ;
 Plantains, the golden and the green,
 Malaya's nectar'd mangusteen ;⁴
 Prunes of Bokara, and sweet nuts
 From the far groves of Samarcand,
 And Basra dates, and apricots,
 Seed of the Sun,⁵ from Iran's land ;—
 With rich conserve of Visna cherries,⁶
 Of orange flowers, and of those berries
 That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
 Feed on in Erac's rocky dells.⁷
 All these in richest vases smile,
 In baskets of pure sandal-wood,
 And urns of porcelain from that isle⁸
 Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
 Whence oft the lucky diver brings
 Vases to grace the halls of kings.
 Wines too, of every clime and hue,
 Around their liquid lustre threw ;
 Amber Rosolly,⁹—the bright dew
 From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing ;
 And Shiraz wine, that richly ran
 As if that jewel, large and rare,
 The ruby, for which Kublai-Khan
 Offer'd a city's wealth,¹⁰ was blushing,
 Melted within the goblets there !

And amply Selim quaffs of each,
 And seems resolved the floods shall reach
 His inward heart,—shedding around

¹ "The golden grapes of Casbin."—*Description of Persia*.

² "The fruits exported from Caubul are apples, pears, pomegranates," etc.—ELPHINSTONE.

³ "We sat down under a tree, listened to the birds, and talked with the son of our Meh-maundar about our country and Caubul, of which he gave an enchanting account : that city and its hundred thousand gardens," etc.—*Id.*

⁴ "The mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world, the pride of the Malay Islands."—MARSDEN.

⁵ "A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians tokm-ek-shems, signifying sun's seed."—*Descript. of Persia*.

⁶ "Sweetmeats in a crystal cup, consisting of rose-leaves in conserve, with lemon or Visna cherry, orange flowers," etc.—RUSSELL.

⁷ "Antelopes cropping the fresh berries of Erac."—*The Moallakat*, a poem of TARAFI.

⁸ "Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa, supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the crimes of its inhabitants. The vessels which the fishermen and divers bring up from it are sold at an immense price in China and Japan."—See KEMPFER.

⁹ *Persian tales*.

¹⁰ The white wine of Kishma.

¹¹ "The King of Zeilan is said to have the very finest ruby that was ever seen. Kublai-Khan sent and offered the value of a city for it, but the King answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world."—MARCO POLO.

A genial deluge, as they run,
That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,
For Love to rest his wings upon.

He little knew how well the boy
Can float upon a goblet's streams,
Lighting them with his smile of joy;—
As bards have seen him, in their dreams,
Down the blue Ganges laughing glide
Upon a rosy lotus wreath,¹
Catching new lustre from the tide
That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the aid
Of song to speed them as they flow?
And see—a lovely Georgian maid,
With all the bloom, the freshen'd glow
Of her own country maiden's looks,
When warm they rise from Teflis' brooks;²
And with an eye, whose restless ray,
Full, floating, dark—oh he, who knows
His heart is weak, of Heaven should pray,
To guard him from such eyes as those!—
With a voluptuous wildness flings
Her snowy hand across the strings
Of a syrinda,³ and thus sings:—

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the love that is o'er, in expiring gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth (450),
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just oped by a bee;⁴
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,⁵
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth,
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss;
And own, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

¹ "The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphaea Nelumbo."—See PENNANT.

² Teflis is celebrated for its natural warm baths.—See EBN HAUKAL.

³ "The Indian Syrinda, or guitar."—SYMES.

⁴ "Delightful are the flowers of the Amra-trees on the mountain-tops, while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous toil."—*Song of Jayadeva*.

⁵ "The Nisan, or drops of spring rain, which they believe to produce pearls if they fall into shells."—RICHARDSON.

Here sparkles the nectar that, hallow'd by love,
 Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,
 Who for wine of this earth¹ left the fountains above,
 And forgot Heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.
 And, bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,
 What spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?
 For oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
 When the same measure, sound for sound,
 Was caught up by another lute,
 And so divinely breathed around,
 That all stood hush'd and wondering,
 And turn'd and look'd into the air,
 As if they thought to see the wing
 Of Israfil,² the angel, there;—
 So powerfully on every soul
 That new, enchanted measure stole.
 While now a voice, sweet as the note
 Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float
 Along its chords, and so entwine
 Its sound with theirs, that none knew whether
 The voice or lute was most divine,
 So wondrously they went together :—

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
 When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
 With heart never changing and brow never cold,
 Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
 One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
 And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.

'T was not the air, 't was not the words,
 But that deep magic in the chords
 And in the lips, that gave such power
 As music knew not till that hour.
 At once a hundred voices said,
 "It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"
 While Selim, who had felt the strain
 Deepest of any, and had lain
 Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
 After the fairy sounds were o'er,

¹ For an account of the share which wine had in the fall of the angels, see MARITH.

² The Angel of Music.—See note, p. 115.

Too inly touch'd for utterance,
Now motion'd with his hand for more :—

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
The acacia waves her yellow hair;
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone,
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years!

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under ground
When first 't is by the lapwing found.¹

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break

¹ The Hudhud, or Lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then, fare thee well—I 'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

There was a pathos in this lay,
That, even without enchantment's art,
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into Selim's burning heart;
But breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lutes and lips unknown,
With every chord fresh from the touch
Of music's spirit,—'t was too much!
Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—

Which, all the time of this sweet air,
His hand had held, untasted, up,
As if 't were fix'd by magic there,—
And naming her, so long unnamed,
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,
“ Oh, Nourmahal! oh, Nourmahal!

Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
I could forget—forgive thee all,
And never leave those eyes again.”

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—
And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blushes, more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light!
And well do vanish'd frowns enhance
The charm of every brighten'd glance;
And dearer seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile;
And, happier now for all her sighs,

As on his arm her head reposes,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
“ Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!”

FADLADEEN, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry,—of which, he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets, “frivolous”—“inharmonious”—“nonsensical,” he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable light, it resembled one of those Maldivian boats, to which the Princess had alluded in the relation of her dream,—a slight, gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, and with nothing but vapid sweets and faded flowers on board. The

profusion, indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions—not to mention dews, gems, etc.—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers; and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, and all the flutter of the aviary without its song. In addition to this, he chose his subjects badly, and was always most inspired by the worst parts of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion,—these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm; and in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that beverage of the Unfaithful, wine; “being, perhaps,” said he, relaxing into a smile, as conscious of his own character in the Haram on this point, “one of those bards whose fancy owes all its illumination to the grape, like that painted porcelain (151), so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it.” Upon the whole, it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper vocation; “and indeed,” concluded the critic, “from his fondness for flowers and for birds, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet.”

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and, as the heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and Lalla Rookh saw no more of Feramorz. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharía feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful Lalla Rookh, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor (152), he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled,—to hide himself in her heart!

If any thing could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequalled.^{*} But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains (153), which make every spot of that region holy ground;—neither the countless water-falls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers (154), appeared at a distance

^{*} Kachmire be Nazeer.—FORSTER.

like one vast and variegated parterre :—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun, could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu (155). Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fire-works would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Bramin might think he saw that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth.—While, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north, as they are seen by those hunters (156) who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fire-works delighted the ladies of the princess exceedingly, and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could Lalla Rookh herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—but she also felt how painful is the gratitude, which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in the cold odoriferous wind (157) that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the lake, called the Shalimar. Though a night of more wakeful and anxious thought had never been passed in the Happy Valley before, yet when she rose in the morning and her ladies came round her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms, was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul in the eyes which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the Henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake;—first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian which her father had hung about her neck at parting.

The morning was as fair as the maid upon whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she, who was the object of it all,

did not feel with transport. To Lalla Rookh alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of Feramorz. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed, at which her heart did not flutter with a momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell!—In the barge immediately after the Princess was Fadladeen, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, “concerning Feramorz, and literature, and the Chabuk, as connected therewith.”

They had now entered the canal which leads from the lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and glided on through gardens ascending from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she walked up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Koolburga (158), on one of which sat Aliris, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world.—Immediately upon the entrance of Lalla Rookh into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but, scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise and fainted at his feet. It was Feramorz himself that stood before her!—Feramorz was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of Fadladeen at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly; he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch, Aliris, and ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt, and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of Lalla Rookh, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than Feramorz.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 1.

These particulars of the visit of the King of Bucharia to Aurungzebe are found in Dow's *History of Hindostan*, vol. iii, p. 392.

Note 2, page 1.

Leila.

The mistress of Mejnoun, upon whose story so many romances, in all the languages of the East, are founded.

Note 3, page 1.

Shirine.

For the loves of this celebrated beauty with Khosrou and with Ferhad, see D'HERBELOT, GIBBON, *Oriental Collections*, etc.

Note 4, page 1.

Dewilde.

"The history of the loves of Dewilde and Chizer, the son of the Emperor Alla, is written in an elegant poem, by the noble Chusero."—FERISHTA.

Note 5, page 2.

Those insignia of the emperor's favour, etc.

"One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed by the emperor is the permission to wear a small kettle-drum at the bows of their saddles, which at first was invented for the training of hawks, and to call them to the lure, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen to that end."—FRYER'S *Travels*.

"Those on whom the king has conferred the privilege must wear an ornament of jewels on the right side of the turban, surmounted by a high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret. This bird is found only in Cashmeer, and the feathers are carefully collected for the king, who bestows them on his nobles."—ELPHINSTONE'S *Account of Caubul*.

Note 6, page 2.

Kedar Khan, etc.

"Khedar Khan, the Khakan, or King of Turquestan beyond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh century), whenever he appeared abroad, was preceded by seven hundred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and was followed by an equal number bearing maces of gold. He was a great patron of poetry, and it was he who used to preside at public exercises of genius, with four basins of gold and silver by him to distribute among the poets who excelled."—RICHARDSON'S *Dissertation prefixed to his Dictionary*.

Note 7, page 2.

The gilt pine-apples, etc.

"The kubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin."—SCOTT'S *Notes on the Bahardanush*.

Note 8, page 2.

The rose-coloured veils of the Princess's litter.

In the poem of Zohair, in the Moallakat, there is the following lively description of "a company of maidens seated on camels :"—

"They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andem-wood.

"When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloths, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.

"Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mansion."

Note 9, page 2.

A young female slave sat fanning her, etc.

See *Bernier's* description of the attendants on Rauchanaro-Begum in her progress to Cashmere.

Note 10, page 2.

Religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector.

This hypocritical Emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain Holy Leagues.—"He held the cloak of religion (says Dow) between his actions and the vulgar; and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for his assistance to him in the civil wars. He acted as high-priest at the consecration of this temple; and made a practice of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a Fakeer. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he, with the other, signed warrants for the assassination of his relations."—*History of Hindostan*, vol. iii, p. 335. See also the curious letter of Aurungzebe, given in the *Oriental Collections*, vol. i, p. 520.

Note 11, page 2.

The diamond eyes of the idol, etc.

"The Idol at Jaghernat has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda, one having stole one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the Idol."—*TAVERNIER*.

Note 12, page 2.

Gardens of Delhi.

See a description of these royal gardens in "An Account of the present State of Delhi, by Lient. W. Franklin."—*Asiat. Research.*, vol. iv, p. 417.

Note 13, page 2.

Lake of Pearl.

"In the neighbourhood is Notte Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pellucid water."—*PENNANT'S Hindoostan*.

"Nasir Jung, encamped in the vicinity of the Lake of Tonoor, amused himself with sailing on that clear and beautiful water, and gave it the fanciful name of Motee Talab, 'the Lake of Pearls,' which it still retains."—*WILKS'S South of India*.

Note 14, page 2.

Described by one from the Isles of the West, etc.

Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James I. to Jehan Guire.

Note 15, page 3.

Loves of Wamak and Ezra.

"The romance Wemakwezra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers, who lived before the time of Mahomet."—*Notes on the Oriental Tales*.

Note 16, page 3.

Of the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver.

Their amour is recounted in the Shah-Nameh of Ferdousi; and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver, sitting on the bank of the river and throwing flowers into the stream, in order to draw the attention of the young hero, who is encamped on the opposite side.—See *CHAMPION'S Translation*.

Note 17, page 3.

The combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon.

Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sepeed Deeve, or White Demon, see *Oriental Collections*, vol. ii, p. 45.—Near the city of Shirauz is an immense quadrangular monument in commemoration of this combat, called the Kelat-i-deev Sepeed, or Castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his *Gazophylacium Persicum*, p. 127, declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia.—See *OUSELEY'S Persian Miscellanies*.

Note 18, page 3.

Their golden anklets.

"The women of the Idol, or dancing-girls of the Pagoda, have little golden bells fastened to their feet, the soft, harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite melody of their voices."—MAURICE'S *Indian Antiquities*.

"The Arabian courtesans, like the Indian women, have little golden bells fastened round their legs, neck and elbows, to the sound of which they dance before the king. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they themselves receive in passing the homage due to them."—See CALMET'S *Dictionary*, art. Bells.

Note 19, page 3.

That delicious opium, etc.

"Abou-Tige, ville de la Thébaïde, où il croît beaucoup de pavots noirs, dont se fait le meilleur opium."—D'HERBELOT.

Note 20, page 3.

That idol of women, Crishna.

"He and the three Ramas are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the Princesses of Hindustan were all passionately in love with Crishna, who continues to this hour the darling god of the Indian women."—SIR W. JONES, *on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India*.

Note 21, page 3.

The shawl-goat of Tibet.

See TURNER'S *Embassy* for a description of this animal, "the most beautiful among the whole tribe of goats." The material for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found next the skin.

Note 22, page 4.

The veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

For the real history of this impostor, whose original name was Hakem ben Haschem, and who was called Mokanna from the veil of silver gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he always wore, see D'HERBELOT.

Note 23, page 4.

Flowrets and fruits blush over every stream.

"The fruits of Meru are finer than those of any other place: and one cannot see in any other city such palaces, with groves, and streams, and gardens."—EBN HAKAL'S *Geography*.

Note 24, page 4.

For, far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were even the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er Moussa's cheek.

"Ses disciples assuraient qu'il se couvrait le visage pour ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchaient par l'éclat de son visage, comme Moïse."—D'HERBELOT.

Note 25, page 4.

In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night.

"Il faut remarquer ici, touchant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des coiffures et des étendards des Khalifes Abbassides étant la noire, ce chef de rebelles ne pouvait pas en choisir une qui lui fût plus opposée."—D'HERBELOT.

Note 26, page 4.

Javelins of the light Kathaian reed.

"Our dark javelins, exquisitely wrought of Kathaian reeds, slender and delicate."—*Poem of Amru*.

Note 27, page 4.

Fill'd with the stems that bloom on Iran's rivers.

The Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated shaft of Isfendiar, one of their ancient heroes, was made of it.—"Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of this plant in flower during the rains on the banks of rivers, where it is usually interwoven with a lovely twining asclepias."—SIR W. JONES, *Botanical Observations on Select Indian Plants*.

Note 28, page 4.

Like a chenar-tree grove.

The oriental plane. "The chenar is a delightful tree; its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark; and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green."—MORIER'S *Travels*.

Note 29, page 5.

With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
Bowling before that veil'd and awful face,
Like tulip-beds.

"The name of the tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the flower on account of its resembling a turban."—BECKMAN'S *History of Inventions*.

Note 30, page 5.

With belt of broider'd crape,
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape.

"The inhabitants of Bucharia wear a round cloth bonnet, shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large fur border. They tie their kaftans about the middle with a girdle of a kind of silk crape, several times round the body."—*Account of Independent Tartary*, in PINKERTON'S *Collection*.

Note 31, page 6.

Waved, like the wings of the white birds that fan
The flying throne of star-taught Soliman.

This wonderful throne was called the Star of the Genii. For a full description of it, see the Fragment translated by Captain Franklin from a Persian MS. entitled "The History of Jerusalem:" *Oriental Collections*, vol. i, p. 353.—When Solomon travelled, the eastern writers say, "he had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand and the spirits on his left; and that, when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun."—SALE'S *Koran*, vol. ii, page 214, note.

Note 32, page 7.

And, thence descending, flow'd
Through many a prophet's breast.

This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mokanna: "Sa doctrine était que Dieu avait pris une forme et figure humaine depuis qu'il eut commandé aux Anges d'adorer Adam, le premier des hommes; qu'après la mort d'Adam, Dieu était apparu sous la figure de plusieurs Prophètes et autres grands hommes qu'il avait choisis, jusqu'à ce qu'il prit celle d'Abu Moslem, Prince de Khorassan, lequel professait l'erreur de la Tenassukhiah ou Métempsychose; et qu'après la mort de ce prince, la Divinité était passée et descendue en sa personne."

Note 33, page 15.

Such gods as he
Whom India serves, the monkey deity.

"Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the God of Han-naman, a deity partaking of the form of that race."—PENNANT'S *Hindoostan*.

See a curious account in STEPHEN'S *Persia* of a solemn embassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast treasures for the recovery of a monkey's tooth, which they held in great veneration, and which had been taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of Jafanapatan.

Note 34, page 15.

———Proud things of clay,
To whom, if Lucifer, as grandams say,
Refused, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light,
To bend in worship, Lucifer was right.

This resolution of Eblis not to acknowledge the new creature, man, was, according to Mahometan tradition, thus adopted: "The earth (which God had selected for the materials of his work) was carried into Arabia, to a place between Mecca and Tayef, where, being first kneaded by the angels, it was afterwards fashioned by God himself into a human form, and left to dry for the space of forty days, or, as others say, as many years; the angels, in the mean time, often visiting it, and Eblis (then one of the angels nearest to God's pre-

sence, afterwards the devil) among the rest; but he, not contented with looking at it, kicked it with his foot till it rung, and knowing God designed that creature to be his superior, took a secret resolution never to acknowledge him as such."—*SALE on the Koran.*

Note 35, page 15.

Where none but priests are privileged to trade
In that best marble of which Gods are made.

The material of which images of Gaudma (the Birman Deity) is made, is held sacred. "Birmans may not purchase the marble in mass, but are suffered, and indeed encouraged, to buy figures of the Deity ready made."—*SYME'S Ava*, vol. ii, p. 376.

Note 36, page 19.

The puny bird that dares with teasing hum
Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come.

The humming-bird is said to run this risk for the purpose of picking the crocodile's teeth. The same circumstance is related of the lapwing, as a fact to which he was witness, by *PAUL LUCAS, Voyage fait en 1714.*

Note 37, page 20.

Some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously.

"The Feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamtcheou with more magnificence than any where else; and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an Emperor once, not daring openly to leave his court to go thither, committed himself, with the queen and several princesses of his family, into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a trice. He made them in the night to ascend magnificent thrones that were borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamtcheou. The Emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over the city, and descended by degrees; and came back again with the same speed and equipage, nobody at court perceiving his absence."—*The present State of China*, p. 156.

Note 38, page 21.

Artificial sceneries of bamboo-work.

See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Alee in the *Asiatic Annual Register* of 1804.

Note 39, page 21.

The origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.

"The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous mandarin, whose daughter, walking one evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned; this afflicted father, with his family, ran thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day; they continued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom."—*Present State of China.*

Note 40, page 22.

The Kohol's jetty dye.

"None of these ladies," says Shaw, "take themselves to be completely dressed, till they have tinged the hair and edges of their eye-lids with the powder of lead-ore. Now, as this operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing it afterwards through the eye-lids over the ball of the eye, we shall have a lively image of what the prophet (Jer. iv, 30) may be supposed to mean by *rending the eyes with painting*. This practice is, no doubt, of great antiquity; for, besides the instance already taken notice of, we find that where Jezebel is said (2 Kings, ix, 30) *to have painted her face*, the original words are, *she adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead-ore.*"—*SHAW'S Travels.*

Note 41, page 23.

——— Drop

About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food.

Tavernier adds, that while the birds of Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the emmets come and eat off their legs; and that hence it is they are said to have no feet.

Note 42, page 26.

As they were captives to the King of Flowers.

"They deferred it till the King of Flowers should ascend his throne of enamelled foliage."—*The Bahardanush.*

Note 43, page 26.

But a light golden chain-work round her hair, etc.

"One of the head-dresses of the Persian women is composed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pearls, with a thin gold plate pendant, about the bigness of a crown-piece, on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and which hangs upon the cheek, below the ear."
—HANWAY'S *Travels*.

Note 44, page 26.

The maids of Yezd.

"Certainly the women of Yezd are the handsomest women in Persia. The proverb is, that to live happy a man must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdecas, and drink the wine of Shiraz."—TAVERNIER.

Note 45, page 28.

And his floating eyes—oh! they resemble
Blue water-lilies.

"Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies, agitated by the breeze."—JAYADEVA.

Note 46, page 29.

To muse upon the pictures that hung round.

It has been generally supposed that the Mahometans prohibit all pictures of animals; but Toderini shows that, though the practice is forbidden by the *Koran*, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

Note 47, page 29.

Like her own radiant planet of the west,
Whose orb when half retired looks loveliest!

This is not quite astronomically true. "Dr Hadley (says Keil) has shown that Venus is brightest when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun; and that then but *only a fourth part* of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth."

Note 48, page 30.

With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright eyes
He read that to be blest is to be wise.

"In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the Queen of Saba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid over running water in which fish were swimming." This led the Queen into a very natural mistake, which the *Koran* has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. "It was said unto her, Enter the palace. And when she saw it she imagined it to be a great water; and she discovered her legs, by lifting up her robe to pass through it. Whereupon Solomon said to her, Verily, this is the place evenly floored with glass."—*Chap. 27*.

Note 49, page 30.

Zuleika.

"Such was the name of Potiphar's wife, according to the *sura*, or chapter of the *Alcoran*, which contains the history of Joseph, and which for elegance of style surpasses every other of the Prophet's books; some Arabian writers also call her Rail. The passion which this frail beauty of antiquity conceived for her young Hebrew slave has given rise to a much-esteemed poem in the Persian language, entitled *Yusef van Zelikha*, by Noureddin Jami; the manuscript copy of which, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is supposed to be the finest in the whole world."—Note upon NOTT'S *Translation of Hafez*.

Note 50, page 33.

The apples of Istkahar.

"In the territory of Istkahar there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet and half sour."—EBN HAUKAL.

Note 51, page 33.

They saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank.

For an account of this ceremony, see GRANDPRÉ'S *Voyage in the Indian Ocean*.

Note 52, page 33

The Oton-tala, or Sea of Stars.

"The place where the Whangho, a river of Tibet, rises, and where there are more than

a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars; whence it is called Hotunnor, that is, the Sea of Stars."—*Description of Tibet in PINKERTON.*

Note 53, page 36.

This City of War, which, in a few short hours,
Hath sprung up here.

"The Lescar, or Imperial Camp, is divided, like a regular town, into squares, alleys, and streets, and from a rising ground furnishes one of the most agreeable prospects in the world. Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited plain, it raises the idea of a city built by enchantment. Even those who leave their houses in cities to follow the prince in his progress are frequently so charmed with the Lescar, when situated in a beautiful and convenient place, that they cannot prevail with themselves to remove. To prevent this inconvenience to the court, the Emperor, after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents."—Dow's *Hindustan*.

Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an Eastern encampment.—"His camp, like that of most Indian armies, exhibited a motley collection of covers from the scorching sun and dews of the night, variegated according to the taste or means of each individual, by extensive enclosures of coloured calico surrounding superb suites of tents; by ragged cloths or blankets stretched over sticks or branches; palm-leaves hastily spread over similar supports; handsome tents and splendid canopies; horses, oxen, elephants, and camels; all intermixed without any exterior mark of order or design, except the flags of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a congeries of these masses; the only regular part of the encampment being the streets of shops, each of which is constructed nearly in the manner of a booth at an English fair."—*Historical Sketches of the South of India*.

Note 54, page 36.

And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells.

"A superb camel, ornamented with strings and tufts of small shells."—ALI BEY.

Note 55, page 36.

The tinkling throngs
Of laden camels and their drivers' songs.

"Some of the camels have bells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses' necks, which, together with the servants (who belong to the camels, and travel on foot) singing all night, make a pleasant noise, and the journey passes away delightfully."—PITT'S *Account of the Mahometans*.

"The camel-driver follows the camels singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe: the louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music."—TAVERNIER.

Note 56, page 39.

Hot as that crimson haze
By which the prostrate caravan is awed.

Savary says of the south wind, which blows in Egypt from February to May, "Sometimes it appears only in the shape of an impetuous whirlwind, which passes rapidly, and is fatal to the traveller surprised in the middle of the deserts. Torrents of burning sand roll before it, the firmament is enveloped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the colour of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it."

Note 57, page 43.

—The pillar'd throne
Of Parviz.

"There were said to be under this Throne or Palace of Khosrou Parviz a hundred vaults, filled with treasures so immense, that some Mahometan writers tell us, their Prophet, to encourage his disciples, carried them to a rock, which at his command opened, and gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of Khosrou."—*Universal History*.

Note 58, page 43.

And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
Rise from the Holy Well.

We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor than that it was "une machine, qu'il disoit être la lune." According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Nekscheb.—"Nakshab, the name of a city in Transoxiana, where they say there is a well, in which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day."

Note 59, page 44.

On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen.

The tents of princes were generally illuminated. Norden tells us that the tent of the Bey of Girge was distinguished from the other tents by forty lanterns being suspended before it.—See HARMER'S *Observations on Job*.

Note 60, page 46.

Engines of havoc in, unknown before.

That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans early in the eleventh century appears from Dow's *Account of Mamood I*. "When he arrived at Moulton, finding that the country of the Jits was defended by great rivers, he ordered fifteen hundred boats to be built, each of which he armed with six iron spikes, projecting from their prows and sides, to prevent their being boarded by the enemy, who were very expert in that kind of war. When he had launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and five others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of the Jits, and naphtha to set the whole river on fire."

The *agnee aster*, too, in Indian poems, the Instrument of Fire, whose flame cannot be extinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek Fire.—See WILKS'S *South of India*, vol. i, p. 471.—And in the curious Javan poem, the *Brata Yudha*, given by Mr Raffles in his *History of Java*, we find, "He aimed at the heart of Soéta with the sharp-pointed Weapon of Fire."

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the Arabians, long before its supposed discovery in Europe, is introduced by Ebn Fadhl, the Egyptian geographer, who lived in the thirteenth century. "Bodies," he says, "in the form of scorpions, bound round and filled with nitrous powder, glide along, making a gentle noise; then, exploding, they lighten, as it were, and burn. But there are others which, cast into the air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring horribly, as thunder roars, and on all sides vomiting out flames, burst, burn, and reduce to cinders, whatever comes in their way." The historian Ben Abdalla, in speaking of the sieges of Abulualid in the year of the Hegira 712, says, "A fiery globe, by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning, and shakes the citadel."—See the extracts from Casiri's *Biblioth. Arab. Hispan.* in the Appendix to Berington's *Literary History of the Middle Ages*.

Note 61, page 46.

Discharge, as from a kindled Naptha fount.

See HANWAY'S *Account of the Springs of Naphtha at Baku* (which is called by Lieutenant Pottinger *Joala Mookhee, or the Flaming Mouth*), taking fire and running into the sea. Dr COOKE, in his *Journal*, mentions some wells in Circassia, strongly impregnated with this inflammable oil, from which issues boiling water. "Though the weather," he adds, "was now very cold, the warmth of these wells of hot water produced near them the verdure and flowers of spring."

Major Scott Waring says that naphtha is used by the Persians, as we are told it was in hell, for lamps.

Many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.

Note 62, page 50.

Thou seest yon cistern in the shade—'t is fill'd
With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd.

"Il donna du poison dans le vin à tous ses gens, et se jeta lui-même ensuite dans une cuve pleine de drogues brûlantes et consumantes, afin qu'il ne restât rien de tous les membres de son corps, et que ceux qui restaient de sa secte pussent croire qu'il était monté au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas d'arriver."—D'HERBELOT.

Note 63, page 53.

To eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible.

"The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honoured during the fruit season by a guard of sepoy; and, in the reign of Shah Jehan, couriers were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast, to secure an abundant and fresh supply of mangoes for the royal table."—Mrs GRAHAM'S *Journal of a residence in India*.

Note 64, page 53.

His fine antique porcelain.

This old porcelain is found in digging, and "if it is esteemed, it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang, at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors" (about the year 442).—DUNN'S *Collection of Curious Observations, etc.*—a bad translation of some part of the *Lettres Édifiantes et Curieuses of the Missionary Jesuits*.

Note 65, page 55.

That sublime bird, which flies always in the air.

"The Humma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground: it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen; and that every head it overshadows will in time wear a crown."—RICHARDSON.

In the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder, in 1760, one of the stipulations was, "that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing behind him, holding fans composed of the feathers of the humma, according to the practice of his family."—WILKS'S *South of India*. He adds in a note:—"The humma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be circled with a crown. The splendid little bird, suspended over the throne of Tippoo Sultaun, found at Seringapatam in 1799, was intended to represent this poetical fancy."

Note 66, page 55.

Whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever.

"To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, etc., on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain."—VOLNEY. M. Gebelin and others have been at much pains to attach some mysterious and important meaning to these inscriptions; but Niebuhr, as well as Volney, thinks that they must have been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mount Sinai, "who were satisfied with cutting the unpolished rock with any pointed instrument; adding to their names and the date of their journeys some rude figures which bespeak the hand of a people but little skilled in the arts."—NIEBUHR.

Note 67, page 55.

From the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair.

See NOTT'S *Hafez*, Ode v.

Note 68, page 53.

To the Camalata, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of India is scented.

"The Camalata (called by Linnæus, Ipomæa) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its leaves and flowers; its elegant blossoms are 'celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,' and have justly procured it the name of Camalata, or Love's Creeper."—SIR W. JONES.

"Camalata may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of India; and if ever flower was worthy of Paradise, it is our charming Ipomæa."—*ib.*

Note 69, page 56.

That Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay.

"According to Father Premare, in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of Heaven, surnamed Flower-loving; and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank of a river, she found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she became pregnant, and, at the end of twelve years, was delivered of a son radiant as herself.—*Asiat. Res.*

Note 70, page 57.

On the blue flower, which—Bramins say—
Blooms no where but in Paradise.

"The Bramins of this province insist that the blue Campac flowers only in Paradise."—SIR W. JONES. It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangkabow, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. "This is the sultan, who keeps the flower Champaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere."—MARSDEN'S *Sumatra*.

Note 71, page 57.

I know where the Isles of Perfume are.

Diodorus mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, "sunk (says GRANDPRÉ) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations."—*Voyage to the Indian Ocean*.

Note 72, page 58.

Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds; etc.

"It is not like the Sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains of the coast are stored with gold and precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red-wood, and the wood of Hairzan, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands."—*Travels of Two Mahommedans*.

Note 73, page 58.

Thy pillar'd shades.

In the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade,
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.

MILTON.

For a particular description and plate of the Banyan-tree, see CORDINER'S *Ceylon*.

Note 74, page 58.

Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones.

"With this immense treasure Mamood returned to Ghizni, and, in the year 400, prepared a magnificent festival, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and in other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni."—FERISHTA.

Note 75, page 59.

Blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is.

Objections may be made to my use of the word liberty, in this and more especially in the story that follows it, as totally inapplicable to any state of things that has ever existed in the East; but though I cannot, of course, mean to employ it in that enlarged and noble sense which is so well understood in the present day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted upon, yet it is no disparagement to the word to apply it to that national independence, that freedom from the interference and dictation of foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty of any kind can exist, and for which both Hindoos and Persians fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.

Note 76, page 59.

Afric's Lunar Mountains.

"Sometimes called," says Jackson, "Jibbel Kumrie, or the white or lunar-coloured mountains: so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse."

Note 77, page 61.

Only the fierce hyæna stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks.

"Gondar was full of hyænas, from the time it turned dark till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falashta from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety."—BRUCE.

Note 78, page 62.

But see,—who yonder comes.

This circumstance has been often introduced into poetry;—by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr Wilson.

Note 79, page 63.

The wild bees of Palestine.

"Wild bees, frequent in Palestine, in hollow trunks or branches of trees, and the clefts of rocks. Thus it is said (Psalm 84), '*honey out of the stony rock*.'—BURDER'S *Oriental Customs*.

Note 80, page 63.

And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods so full of nightingales.

"The river Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all together."—THEVENOT.

Note 81, page 63.

On the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount.

"Imaret, hospice où on loge et nourrit, gratis, les pèlerins pendant trois jours."—*Toderini*, translated by the ABBÉ DE Cournand. See also CASTELLAN'S *Mœurs des Ottomans*, tom. v, p. 445.

Note 82, page 66.

The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels.

"Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the Mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty: nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, whatever they are about, in that very place they chance to stand on; insomuch that when a janissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him from the steeples, he will turn about, stand still and beckon with his hand, to tell his charge he must have patience for a while; when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged thereupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which having ended, he leaps briskly up, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and renews his journey with the mild expression of *ghell ghonnum ghell*, or Come, dear, follow me."—AARON HILL'S *Travels*.

Note 83, page 69.

The Banyan Hospital.

"This account excited a desire of visiting the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much of their benevolence to all kinds of animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, through age or accident. On my arrival there were presented to my view many horses, cows, and oxen, in one apartment; in another dogs, sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clean straw for them to repose on. Above stairs were depositories for seeds of many sorts, and flat broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects."—PARSONS.

"It is said that all animals know the Banyans, that the most timid approach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them than to other people."—See GRANDPRÉ.

Note 84, page 69.

Whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them.

"A very fragrant grass from the banks of the Ganges, near Heridwar, which in some places covers whole acres, and diffuses, when crushed, a strong odour."—SIR W. JONES on the *Spikenard* of the Ancients.

Note 85, page 70.

Artisans, in chariots.

Oriental Tales.

Note 86, page 70.

Waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads.

"Or, rather," says Scott, upon the passage of Ferishta, from which this is taken, "small coin, stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and, on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace."

Note 87, page 70.

His delectable alley of trees.

This road is 250 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or turrets," says Bernier, "erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees."

Note 88, page 71.

On the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus.

"Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the water of which float multitudes of the beautiful red lotus: the flower is larger than that of the white water-lily, and is the most lovely of the nymphæas I have seen."—Mrs GRAHAM'S *Journal of a Residence in India*.

Note 89, page 72.

Who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors.

"On les voit, persécutés par les Khalifes, se retirer dans les montagnes du Kerman: plusieurs choisirent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine; d'autres s'arrêtèrent sur les bords du Gange, à l'est de Delhi."—M. ANQUETIL, *Mémoires de l'Académie*, tom. xxxi, p. 346.

Note 90, page 72.

As a native of Cashmere, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers.

"Cashmere (say its historians) had its own Princes 4000 years before its conquest by Akbar in 1585. Akbar would have found some difficulty to reduce this paradise of the Indies, situated as it is, within such a fortress of mountains, but its monarch Yusef Khan was basely betrayed by his omrahs."—PENNANT.

Note 91, page 72.

His story of the Fire-worshippers.

Voltaire tells us, that, in his tragedy "Les Guèbres," he was generally supposed to have alluded to the Jansenists; and I should not be surprised if this story of the Fire-worshippers were found capable of a similar doubleness of application.

Note 92, page 75.

Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower.

"In the midst of the garden is the chiosk, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles, make a sort of green wall; large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures."—LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

Note 93, page 75.

Before their mirrors count the time.

The women of the East are never without their looking-glasses. "In Barbary," says Shaw, "they are so fond of their looking-glasses, which they hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when, after the drudgery of the day, they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's skin to fetch water."—*Travels*.

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. "Hence (and from the lotus being considered the emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following mute intercourse of two lovers before their parents.

"He with salute of deference due
A lotus to his forehead press'd;
She raised her mirror to his view,
Then turn'd it inward to her breast."

Asiatic Miscellany, vol. ii.

Note 94, page 76.

The untrodden solitude
Of Ararat's tremendous peak.

Struy says, "I can well assure the reader that their opinion is not true, who suppose this mount to be inaccessible." He adds, that "the lower part of the mountain is cloudy, misty, and dark, the middlemost part very cold and like clouds of snow, but the upper regions perfectly calm." It was on this mountain that the Ark was supposed to have rested after the Deluge, and part of it, they say, exists there still, which Struy thus gravely accounts for: "Whereas none can remember that the air on the top of the hill did ever change, or was subject either to wind or rain, which is presumed to be the reason that the ark has endured

so long without being rotten."—See CARRERI'S *Travels*, where the Doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.

Note 95, page 80.

The Gheber belt that round him clung.

"Pour se distinguer des Idolâtres de l'Inde, les Guèbres se ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou du poil de chameau."—*Encyclopédie Française*.

D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

Note 96, page 80.

Who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of heaven!

"As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring-head of it in that globe of fire, the Sun, by them called Mythras, or Mihir, to which they pay the highest reverence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the Servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire, in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God; but they do not even give that luminary, all glorious as it is, more than the second rank amongst his works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of divine power, the mind of man."—GROSE. The false charges brought against the religion of these people by their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many of the truth of this writer's remark, "that calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it."

Note 97, page 83.

That enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.

Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Gualior) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice."—*Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Ouzein*, by W. HUNTER, Esq.

Note 98, page 83.

The awful signal of the bamboo-staff.

"It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo-staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers also to throw each a stone or brick near the spot, so that in the course of a little time, a pile equal to a good waggon-load is collected. The sight of these flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether void of apprehension."—*Oriental Field Sports*, vol. ii.

Note 99, page 83.

Beneath the shade, some pious hands had erected, etc.

"The ficus Indica is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils, the first from the Idols placed under its shade; the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies: in others are erected, beneath the shade, pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved, and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors."—PENNANT.

Note 100, page 83.

The nightingale now bends her flight.

"The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the day-time, and from the loftiest trees at night."—RUSSEL'S *Aleppo*.

Note 101, page 85.

Before whose sabre's dazzling light, etc.

"When the bright cimitars make the eyes of our heroes wink."—*The Moallakat*, Poem of AMRU.

Note 102, page 86.

As Lebanon's small mountain flood
Is render'd holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks.

In the *Lettres Édifiantes*, there is a different cause assigned for its name of Holy. "In

these are deep caverns, which formerly served as so many cells for a great number of recluses, who had chosen these retreats as the only witnesses upon earth of the severity of their penance. The tears of these pious penitents gave the river of which we have just treated the name of the Holy River."—See CHATEAUBRIAND'S *Beauties of Christianity*.

Note 103, page 87.

A rocky mountain, o'er the sea
Of Oman beetling awfully.

This mountain is my own creation, as the "stupendous chain" of which I suppose it a link does not extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian Gulf. "This long and lofty range of mountains formerly divided Media from Assyria, and now forms the boundary of the Persian and Turkish empires. It runs parallel with the river Tigris and Persian Gulf, and almost disappearing in the vicinity of Gomberoon (Harmozia), seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman, and, following an easterly course through the centre of Meckram and Balouchistan, is entirely lost in the deserts of Sinde."—KINNIER'S *Persian Empire*.

Note 104, page 88.

That bold were Moslem, who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

"There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood, called Kohé Gubr, or the Guebre's mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atush Kudu, or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deeves or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it."—POTTINGER'S *Beloochistan*.

Note 105, page 88.

Still did the mighty flame burn on.

"At the city of Yezd in Persia, which is distinguished by the appellation of the Darûb Abadut, or Seat of Religion, the Guebres are permitted to have an Atush Kudu or Fire Temple (which, they assert, has had the sacred fire in it since the days of Zoroaster) in their own compartment of the city; but for this indulgence they are indebted to the avarice, not the tolerance of the Persian government, which taxes them at twenty-five rupees each man."—POTTINGER'S *Beloochistan*.

Note 106, page 90.

While on that altar's fires
They swore.

"Nul d'entre eux n'oserait se parjurer, quand il a pris à témoin cet élément terrible et vengeur."—*Encyclopédie Française*.

Note 107, page 90.

The Persian lily shines and towers.

"A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour."—RUSSEL'S *Aleppo*.

Note 108, page 94.

Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips.

"They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes."—THÉVENOT. The same is asserted of the oranges there.—See WITMAN'S *Travels in Asiatic Turkey*.

"The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter-tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water."—KLAPROTH'S *Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea, Annals of Philosophy, January, 1813*. Hasselquist, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shell-fish to be found in the lake.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his Third Canto of *Childe Harold*,—magnificent beyond any thing, perhaps, that even he has ever written.

Note 109, page 94.

While lakes that shone in mockery nigh.

"The Suhrab, or Water of the desert, is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake."—POTTINGER.

"As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing."—*Koran*, chap. 24.

Note 110, page 94.

A flower that the Bidmusk has just passed over.

"A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name."—"The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month."—LE BRUYN.

Note 111, page 94.

Where the sea-gipseys, who live for ever on the water.

"The Biajûs are of two races; the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipseys, or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldivia Islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of winds and waves, as an offering to the *Spirit of the Winds*; and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term *the King of the Sea*. In like manner the Biajûs perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as first to meet with it."—Dr LEYDEN on the *Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations*.

Note 112, page 94.

The violet sherbets.

"The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar."—HASSELQUIST.

"The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drank by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar."—TAVERNIER.

Note 113, page 94.

The pathetic measure of Nava.

"Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers."—*Persian Tales*.

Note 114, page 96.

Her ruby rosary.

"Le Tespih, qui est un chapelet composé de quatre-vingt-dix-neuf petites boules d'agate, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail, ou d'autre matière précieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au seigneur Jerpos; il était de belles et grosses perles parfaites et égales, estimé trente mille piastres."—TODERINI.

Note 115, page 104.

A silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.

"Blossoms of the sorrowful Nyctanthes give a durable colour to silk."—*Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal*, p. 200. Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower.—SIR W. JONES. The Persians call it Gul.—CARRERI.

Note 116, page 110.

When pitying Heaven to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd!

Of their other Prophet, Zoroaster, there is a story told in DION PRUSSÆUS, *Orat.* 36, that the love of wisdom and virtue leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a flame, shining with celestial fire, out of which he came without any

harm, and instituted certain sacrifices to God, who, he declared, then appeared to him.—See PATRICK on *Exodus*, iii, 2.

Note 117, page 123.

They were now not far from that forbidden river.

“Akbar, on his way, ordered a fort to be built upon the Nilab, which he called Attock, which means in the Indian language Forbidden; for, by the superstition of the Hindoos, it was held unlawful to cross that river.”—Dow's *Hindustan*.

Note 118, page 123.

Resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge.

“The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never afflicted with sadness or melancholy: on this subject the Sheikh ABU-AL-KHEIR-AZHARI has the following distich:—

“Who is the man without care or sorrow (tell), that I may rub my hand to him.

“(Behold) the Zingians, without care or sorrow, frolicsome with tipsiness and mirth.”

“The philosophers have discovered that the cause of this cheerfulness proceeds from the influence of the star Soheil, or Canopus, which rises over them every night.”—*Extract from a geographical Persian Manuscript called Heft Aklim, or the Seven Climates, translated by W. OUSELEY, Esq.*

Note 119, page 124.

Putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate lizards.

“The lizard Stellio. The Arabs call it Hardun. The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by declining the head it mimics them when they say their prayers.”—HASSELQUIST.

Note 120, page 124.

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those royal gardens.

I am indebted for these particulars of Hussun Abdaul to the very interesting Introduction of Mr ELPHINSTONE'S work upon *Caubul*.

Note 121, page 124.

As the Prophet said of Damascus, “it was too delicious.”

“As you enter at that Bazar without the gate of Damascus, you see the Green Mosque, so called because it hath a steeple faced with green glazed bricks, which render it very resplendent; it is covered at top with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this mosque was made in that place, because Mahomet being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious.”—THÉVENOT. This reminds one of the following pretty passage in Isaac Walton:—“When I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, ‘that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays.’”

Note 122, page 124.

Would remind the Princess of that difference, etc.

“Haroun Al Raschid, cinquième Khalife des Abbassides, s'étant un jour brouillé avec une de ses maîtresses nommée Maridah, qu'il aimait cependant jusqu'à l'excès, et cette mésintelligence ayant déjà duré quelque temps, commença à s'ennuyer. Giafar Barmaki, son favori, qui s'en aperçut, commanda à Abbas ben Ahnaf, excellent poète de ce temps-là, de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette brouillerie. Ce poète exécuta l'ordre de Giafar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en présence du khalife, et ce prince fut tellement touché de la tendresse des vers du poète et de la douceur de la voix du musicien, qu'il alla aussitôt trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle.”—D'HERBELOT.

Note 123, page 127.

Where the silken swing, etc.

“The swing is a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry climates.”—RICHARDSON.

“The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings.”—THÉVENOT.

Note 124, page 127.

As if all the shores

Like those of Kathay utter'd music, and gave

An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.

This miraculous quality has been attributed also to the shore of Attica. “Hujus littus,

ait Cappella, contentum musicum illis terræ undis reddere, quod propter tantam eruditionis vim puto dictum."—LUDOV. VIVES in *Augustin. de Civitat. Dei*, lib. xviii, c. 8.

Note 125, page 132.

The basil tuft, that waves
Its fragrant blossom over graves.

"The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead : and the custom then is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb, which the Arabs call *rihan*, and which is our sweet-basil."—MAILLET, lett. 10.

Note 126, page 133.

The mountain-herb, that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.

Niebuhr thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchymists look to as a means of making gold. "Most of those alchymical enthusiasts think themselves sure of success, if they could but find out the herb which gilds the teeth and gives a yellow colour to the flesh of the sheep that eat it. Even the oil of this plant must be of a golden colour. It is called *Haschischat ed dab*."

Father Jerom Dandini, however, asserts, that the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus are of a *silver* colour ; and adds, "this confirms me in that which I observed in Candia ; to wit, that the animals that live on Mount Ida eat a certain herb, which renders their teeth of a golden colour ; which, according to my judgment, cannot otherwise proceed than from the mines which are under ground."—DANDINI, *Voyage to Mount Libanus*.

Note 127, page 133.

'T is I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure.

"Whenever our pleasure arises from a succession of sounds, it is a perception of a complicated nature, made up of a *sensation* of the present sound or note, and an *idea* or remembrance of the foregoing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight, as neither could have produced alone. And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. Thus Sense, Memory, and Imagination, are conjunctively employed."—GERRARD, *on Taste*.

This is exactly the Epicurean theory of Pleasure, as explained by Cicero :—*Quocirca corpus gaudere tamdiu, dum præsentem sentiret voluptatem ; animum et præsentem percipere pariter cum corpore et prospicere venientem, nec præteritam præterfluere sinere.*"

Madame de Staël accounts, upon the same principle, for the gratification we derive from *rhyme* :—"Elle est l'image de l'espérance et du souvenir. Un son nous fait désirer celui qui doit lui répondre, et quand le second retentit, il nous rappelle celui qui vient de nous échapper."

Note 128, page 136.

'T is dawn, at least that earlier dawn,
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn.

The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real day-break. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say, that as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Qaf (Mount Caucasus), it passes a hole perforated through that mountain, and that darting its rays through it, it is the cause of the Soobhi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of day-break. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or real morning."—SCOTT WARING. He thinks Milton may allude to this, when he says,

Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice morn on the Indian steep,
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep.

Note 129, page 136.

Held a feast
In his magnificent Shalimar.

"In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the Lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which is abundantly stored with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and, flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of water-works, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To decorate this spot the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste ; especially Jehan Gheer, who, with the enchanting Noor Mahl,

made Kashmire his usual residence during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal are erected, at equal distances, four or five suites of apartments, each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where the followers of the court attend, and the servants prepare sherbets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the principal saloon is composed of pieces of a stone of a black colour, streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish than porphyry. They were taken, it is said, from a Hindoo temple, by one of the Mogul princes, and are esteemed of great value."—FORSTER.

Note 130, page 139.

And oh! if there be, etc.

"Around the exterior of the Dewan Khass (a building of Shah Allum's) in the cornice are the following lines in letters of gold upon a ground of white marble:—" *If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this.*"—FRANKLIN

Note 131, page 143.

Like that painted porcelain.

"The Chinese had formerly the art of painting, on the sides of porcelain vessels, fish and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They call this species Kia-tsin, that is, *azure is put in press*, on account of the manner in which the azure is laid on."—"They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose."—DUNN.

Note 132, page 143.

More perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor.

An eminent carver of idols, said in the *Koran* to be father to Abraham. "I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the house of Azor."—HAFIZ.

Note 133, page 143.

The grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains.

"The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of Bescham, and of Brama. All Cashmere is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound."—MAJOR RENNELL'S *Memoirs of a Map of Hindostan*.

Jehanguire mentions "a fountain in Cashmere called Tirnagh, which signifies a snake; probably because some large snake had formerly been seen there."—"During the life-time of my father, I went twice to this fountain, which is about twenty coss from the city of Cashmere. The vestiges of places of worship and sanctity are to be traced without number amongst the ruins and the caves which are interspersed in its neighbourhood."—TOOZEK JEHANGEERY.—See *Asiat. Misc.* vol. 2.

There is another account of Cashmere by Abul-Fazil, the author of the *Ayin-Acbaree*, "who," says Major Rennell, "appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the Valley, by his description of the holy places in it."

Note 134, page 143.

Whose houses, roofed with flowers.

"On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully chequered parterre."—FORSTER.

Note 135, page 144.

Lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu.

"Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple-coloured tortoises for the King's Vivary. Of the shell of these also lanterns are made."—VINCENT LE BLANC'S *Travels*.

Note 136, page 144.

The meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters.

For a description of the Aurora Borealis, as it appears to these hunters, see *Encyclopædia*.

Note 137, page 144.

The cold odoriferous wind.

This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damascena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach.

Another of the signs is, "Great distress in the world, so that a man when he passes by another's grave shall say, Would to God I were in his place!"—*SALE'S Preliminary Discourse.*

Note 138, page 145.

The Cerulean Throne of Koolburga.

"On Mahommed Shaw's return to Koolburga (the capital of Dekkan), he made a great festival, and mounted this throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it Firozeh of Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Mamood Bhamenee, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth; made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones of immense value. Every prince of the house of Bhamenee, who possessed this throne, made a point of adding to it some rich stones, so that when in the reign of Sultan Mamood it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewelers valued it at one crore of oons (nearly four millions sterling). I learned also that it was called Firozeh from being partly enamelled of a sky-blue colour, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels."—*FERISHTA.*

THE END.

IRISH MELODIES.

IRISH MELODIES.

IRISH MELODIES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH the beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the want of appropriate English words and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, that many of the most excellent compositions have hitherto remained in obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original IRISH MELODIES, with characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing as frequent as possible allusions to the manners and history of the country.

In the poetical part, the Publisher has had promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters, particularly from Mr MOORE, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following extract of a letter which he has addressed to Sir JOHN STEVENSON (who has undertaken the arrangement of the airs) on the subject:—

“ I feel very anxious that a Work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbours ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected; and, while the composers of the Continent have enriched their operas and sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland—very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment—we have left these treasures in a great degree unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our airs, like too many of our countrymen, for want of protection at home, have passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period both of politics and music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterises most of our early songs.—The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The poet who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their music. Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude—some minor third or flat seventh—which throws its shade as it passes and makes even mirth interesting. If BURNS had been an Irishman (and I would willingly give up all our claims upon OSSIAN for him), his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

“ Another difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the irregular structure of many of those airs, and the lawless kind of metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the poet must write not to the eye but to the ear; and must be content to have his verses of that description which CICERO mentions, ‘*Quos si cantu spoliaveris, nudare manebit oratio.*’ That beautiful air, ‘The Twisting of the Rope,’ which has all the romantic character of the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*, is one of those wild and senti-

* The writer forgot, when he made this assertion, that the Public are indebted to Mr Bunting for a very valuable collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic genius of Miss Owenson has been employed upon some of our finest airs.

mental rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober wedlock with poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very little talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly national, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power."

"Leicestershire, Feb. 1807."

IRISH MELODIES.

No. I.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

AIR—*Maid of the Valley.*

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning—
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee—
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.
When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And at night when gazing

On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh! still remember me.
 Then should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee—
 Oh! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.¹

AIR—*Molly Macalpin.*

REMEMBER the glories of BRIEN the brave,
 Though the days of the hero are o'er;
 Though, lost to Mononia² and cold in the grave,
 He returns to Kinkora³ no more!
 That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
 Its beam on the battle, is set;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword
 To light us to victory yet!

Mononia! when nature embellish'd the tint
 Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of Slavery there?
 No, Freedom! whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

Forget not our wounded companions who stood⁴
 In the day of distress by our side;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood
 They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!
 The sun that now blesses our arms with his light,

¹ Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

² Munster.

³ The palace of Brien.

⁴ This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—“*Let stakes (they said) be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*” “Between seven and eight hundred wounded men” (adds O'Halloran), “pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops:—never was such another sight exhibited.”—*History of Ireland*, b. xii, ch. 1.

Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain!—
 Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain!

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

AIR—*Aileen Aroon.*

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Saddening through pleasure's beam,
 Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
 Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
 Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
 Till, like the rainbow's light,
 Thy various tints unite,
 And form, in Heaven's sight,
 One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR—*The Brown Maid.*

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
 Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

AIR—*The Fox's Sleep.*

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree;

For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love—

Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above

Thy name shall be mingled with mine!

Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live

The days of thy glory to see;

But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,

Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

AIR—*Gramachree.*

THE harp that once through Tara's halls

The soul of music shed,

Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls

As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,

So glory's thrill is o'er,

And hearts that once beat high for praise

Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright

The harp of Tara swells;

The chord alone, that breaks at night,

Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,

The only throb she gives

Is when some heart indignant breaks,

To show that still she lives!

FLY NOT YET.

AIR.—*Planxty Kelly.*

FLY not yet, 't is just the hour

When pleasure, like the midnight flower

That scorns the eye of vulgar light,

Begins to bloom for sons of night,

And maids who love the moon!

'T was but to bless these hours of shade

That beauty and the moon were made;

'T is then their soft attractions glowing

Set the tides and goblets flowing.

Oh! stay—Oh! stay,—

Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 't is pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near:
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh! stay—Oh! stay.—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here!

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

AIR—*John O'Reilly the Active.*

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows,
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!
But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed if 't was never deceived.
But send round the bowl—while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

* Solis Fons, near the temple of Ammon.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

AIR—*Coulin*.

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.¹

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.²

AIR—*The Summer is coming*.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

“ Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?”

¹ “ In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII, an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired.”—WALKER'S *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, page 134. Mr Walker informs us also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

² This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: “ The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels.”—WARNER'S *History of Ireland*, vol. i, book 10.

“ Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
 No son of Erin will offer me harm—
 For though they love woman and golden store,
 Sir Knight ! they love honour and virtue more ! ”

On she went, and her maiden smile
 In safety lighted her round the green isle ;
 And blest for ever is she who relied
 Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride !

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

AIR—*The Young Man's Dream.*

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow
 While the tide runs in darkness and coolness below,
 So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
 Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
 For which joy has no balm, and affliction no sting !—

Oh ! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
 Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray ;
 The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,—
 It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again !

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

AIR—*The Old Head of Denis.*

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;²
 Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
 'T was *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill—
 Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still.

¹ “ The Meeting of the Waters ” forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.

² The rivers Avon and Avoca.

'T was that friends the beloved of my bosom were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

No. II.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

AIR—*The Brown Thorn.*

ST. SENANUS. ¹

“OH! haste, and leave this sacred isle.
Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
For on thy deck, though dark it be,
A female form I see;
And I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod!”

THE LADY.

“Oh! Father, send not hence my bark.
Through wintry winds and billows dark,
I come, with humble heart, to share
Thy morn and evening prayer;
Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
The brightness of thy sod to taint.”

The lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd.
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

¹ In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS. and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:

Cui Præsul, quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis?

Nec te nec ullam allam
Admittemus in insulam.

See the *Acta Sanct. Hib.* page 610.

According to Dr Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon; but O'Connor, and other antiquarians, deny this metamorphosis indignantly.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

AIR—The Twisting of the Rope.

How dear to me the hour when day-light dies,
 And sun-beams melt along the silent sea,
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
 Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 And think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest!

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

AIR—Dermott.

TAKE back the virgin page,
 White and unwritten still;
 Some hand more calm and sage
 The leaf must fill.
 Thoughts come as pure as light,
 Pure as even *you* require :
 But, oh! each word I write
 Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book;
 Oft shall my heart renew,
 When on its leaves I look,
 Dear thoughts of you!
 Like you 't is fair and bright;
 Like you, too bright and fair
 To let wild passion write
 One wrong wish there!

Haply, when from those eyes
 Far, far away I roam,
 Should calmer thoughts arise
 Towards you and home,
 Fancy may trace some line
 Worthy those eyes to meet;
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine
 Pure, calm, and sweet!

And as the records are,
 Which wandering seamen keep,
 Led by their hidden star
 Through the cold deep—

So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light
Guiding my way!

THE LEGACY.

AIR—*Unknown.*

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here:
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

AIR—*The Dear Black Maid.*

How oft has the Benshee cried!
How oft has Death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds, entwined by Love!

"In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music."—O'HALLORAN.

Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth !
 Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth !
 Long may the fair and brave
 Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We 've fallen upon gloomy days,¹
 Star after star decays ;
 Every bright name, that shed
 Light o'er the land, is fled.
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
 Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth ;
 But brightly flows the tear
 Wept o'er a hero's bier !

Oh ! quench'd are our beacon-lights—
 Thou, of the hundred fights !²
 Thou, on whose burning tongue³
 Truth, peace, and freedom hung !
 Both mute—but long as valour shineth,
 Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
 So long shall Erin's pride
 Tell how they lived and died.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

AIR—*Garyone.*

We may roam through this world like a child at a feast,
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest ;
 And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
 We may order our wings and be off to the west :
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
 Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
 We never need leave our own green isle,
 For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh ! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery, placed within call ;

¹ I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

² This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero, in a poem by O'Gnive, the bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," page 433. "Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories !"

³ Fox, "ultimus Romanorum."

But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
 That the garden 's but carelessly watch'd after all.
 Oh! they want the wild sweet briery fence
 Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
 Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye!
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
 The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

AIR—*Unknown.*

Oh! weep for the hour,
 When to Eveleen's bower
 The Lord of the valley with false vows came.
 The moon hid her light
 From the heavens that night,
 And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
 The clouds pass'd soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And Heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
 But none will see the day,
 When the clouds shall pass away
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.
 The white snow lay
 On the narrow path-way,
 Where the Lord of the valley cross'd over the moor;
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint
 Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
 The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away

Every trace on the path where the false Lord came ;
 But there 's a light above
 Which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR—*The Red Fox.*

LET Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her ;
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,¹
 Which he won from her proud invader ;
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger ;—²
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,³
 When the clear, cold eve 's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days,
 In the wave beneath him shining !
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover !

¹ " This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory. "—WARNER'S *History of Ireland*, vol. i, book 9.

² " Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland. Long before the birth of Christ, we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch ; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the house of the sorrowful soldier. "—O'HALLORAN'S *Introduction*, etc. part. i, chap. 5.

³ It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. " *Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.* "—*Topogr. Hib. Dist. 2, c. 9.*

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.¹AIR—*Arrah my dear Eveleen.*

SILENT, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
 While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
 When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?
 When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle! to thy winter wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away;
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love?
 When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above?

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR—*We brought the Summer with us.*

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
 To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
 This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
 To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
 Your glass may be purple and mine may be blue,
 But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
 The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
 From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

¹ To make this story intelligible in a song, would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorised to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira,

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

AIR—*The Black Joke.*

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain!
Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain—
Then, ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same:
And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin as calm and as bright,
And forgive even Albion, while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-sighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh! it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain.
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie,
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave,
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR—*My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away!
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,

And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still !

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear !
Oh ! the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose !

No. III.

TO THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

WHILE the Publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting *one* from that number to whom *my* share of the Work is particularly dedicated. Though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, I know that you remember it well and warmly—that you have not allowed the charm of English society, like the taste of the lotus, to produce oblivion of your country, but that even the humble tribute which I offer derives its chief claim upon your interest from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed, absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather strengthens our love for the land where we were born ; and Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile must remember with enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits, with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become softened at a distance, or altogether invisible ; and nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes—the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her—the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to “ wring her into undutifulness.”¹

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it :—such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music ; and there are many airs which, I think, it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose,²

¹ A phrase which occurs in a letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time.—*Scrinia Sacra*, as quoted by Curry.

² There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in “ The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland, under Montrose ” (1660). See particularly, for

marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth (like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated): and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile¹ mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, “Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!”

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind, as music was formerly to the body, “decantare loca dolentia.” Mr Pinkerton is of opinion² that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and, though musical antiquaries refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a *civilized* description (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage Ceanans, cries,³ etc.), which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise;⁴ that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks;⁵ or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland.⁶

By some of these archæologists, it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counter-point,⁷ and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a

the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. 6, p. 49; and, for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O’Kyan, chap. 7, p. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to this small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

¹ The Associations of the Hindû Music, though more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) “they were able to recall the memory of autumnal merriment, at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months,” etc. *Asiatic Transactions*, vol. 5, on the Musical Modes of the Hindûs. What the Abbé du Bos says of the symphonies of Lully, may be asserted, with much more probability, of our bold and impassioned airs:—“Elles auraient produit de ces effets, qui nous paraissent fabuleux dans le récit des anciens, si on les avait fait entendre à des hommes d’un naturel aussi vif que les Athéniens.”—*Réflex. sur la Peinture*, etc., tom. 1, sect. 45.

² Dissertation, prefixed to the second volume of his Scottish Ballads.

³ Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr Walker’s work upon the Irish Bards. Mr Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

⁴ See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

⁵ O’Halloran, vol. 1, part. 1, chap. 6.

⁶ Id. ib. chap. 7.

⁷ It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the diesis, or enharmonic interval.—The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound: and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its practical use, we must agree with Mersenne (*Préludes de l’Harmonie*, quest. 7), that the theory of music would be imperfect without it; and, even in practice (as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, *Observations on Florid Song*, chap. 1, sec. 16), there is no good performer on

well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise, upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew any thing of the artifice of counter-point. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts; ¹ yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that, however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern Science to transmit the "light of Song" through the variegating prism of Harmony.

Indeed the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting) ² must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp ³ were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present; and, while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale, ⁴ our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counter-point.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still kept its originality sacred from their refinements; and, though Carolan had

the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the piano-forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

¹ The words *ποικιλία* and *ἐτεροφωνία*, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero, in Fragment. lib. ii, de Republ., induced the Abbé Fragnier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counter-point. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily.—(Examen d'un passage de Platon, in the 3d vol. of *Histoire de l'Acad.*) M. Huet is of opinion (*Pensées Diverses*) that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages which I recollect in favour of the supposition, occurs in the Treatise, attributed to Aristotle, *Περὶ Κόσμου*—*Μουσικὴ δὲ οἷα αἶμα καὶ βαρεῖς, κ. τ. λ.*

² Another lawless peculiarity of our music is the frequency of what composers call consecutive fifths; but this is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition; indeed, if I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear, that I have surrendered it to the critic with considerable reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule?—I have been told that there are instances in Haydn of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr Shield, in his *Introduction to Harmony*, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

³ A singular oversight occurs in an Essay upon the Irish Harp, by Mr Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to Walker's *Historical Memoirs*.—"The Irish (says he), according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II, had two kinds of harps, 'Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam,' the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing."—How a man of Mr Beauford's learning could so mistake the meaning, and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract, is unaccountable. The following is the passage as I find it entire in Bromton, and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old chronicler:—"Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, utatur lyra, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara, tubis et choro Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, *quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam*, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, efficiunt harmoniam."—Hist. Anglic. Script., page 1075. I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the *Dissertation on the Harp*, prefixed to Mr Bunting's last Work, has adopted it implicitly.

⁴ The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints, and the learned Dempster was, for this offence, called "The Saint Stealer." I suppose it was an Irishman who, by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Pisa.—See this anecdote in the *Pinacotheca* of Erythræus, part 1, page 25.

frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani, and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners, so very dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation;¹ and the chief corruptions, of which we have to complain, arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet, in most of them, “*auri per ramos aura refulget*,”² the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it; and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe, that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these Melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than their sense; yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country, by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticisms, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous,³ and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustin⁴) from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of

¹ Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception perhaps of the air called “Mamma, Mamma,” and one or two more of the same ludicrous description) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, etc., which disgraces so often the works of even the great Handel himself. D’Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation. *Discours Préliminaire de l’Encyclopédie*.—The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression; a work which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr Brown.

² Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. 6, v. 204.

³ See Letters, under the signatures of Timæus, etc., in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

⁴ “Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed vinum erroris, quod cum eis nobis propinatur.”—Lib. 1, *Confess.* cap. 16.

hostility towards England,—to those too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness (like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered!*)—to such men I shall not deign to apologize for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But, as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but, that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers—it is found upon the piano-fortes of the rich and the educated—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many, whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears, than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs, by the chromatic richness of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science, in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me, that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task, which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with those critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured² and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself; and, though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet, often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims upon our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independent of the rest, so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

If your Ladyship's love of Music were not known to me, I should not have hazarded so long a letter upon the subject; but as, probably, I may have presumed too far upon your partiality, the best revenge you can take is to write me just as long a letter upon Painting; and I promise to attend to your theory of the art, with a pleasure only surpassed by that which I have so often derived from your

* This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (τραπίζοποιος) to Alexander the Great. —*Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.* lib. 4.

² The word "chromatic" might have been used here, without any violence to its meaning.

practice of it.—May the mind which such talents adorn, continue calm as it is bright, and happy as it is virtuous!

Believe me, your Ladyship's
Grateful Friend and Servant,

Dublin, January, 1810.

THOMAS MOORE.

ERIN! OH ERIN!

AIR—*Thamama Halla.*

LIKE the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,¹
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that afflictions have come o'er in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!
Erin! oh Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears!

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! oh Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade!

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till spring, with a touch, her dark slumber unbind,
And day-light and liberty bless the young flower.²
Erin! oh Erin! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

DRINK TO HER.

AIR—*Heigh oh! my Jackey.*

DRINK to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh;
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers play'd,

¹ The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions, "Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solícite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, foveant et nutriunt, ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—GIRALD. CAMB. *de Mirabil. Hibern.* Dis. 2, c. 54.

² Mrs H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

It yields not half the tone.
 Then here's to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy!

At Beauty's door of glass
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They ask'd her "*which* might pass?"
 She answer'd, "he who could."
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 't would not do:

While Wit a diamond brought,
 And cut his bright way through!
 So here's to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy!

The love that seeks a home,
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome
 That dwells in dark gold mines.

But, oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere;
 Its native home's above,
 Though woman keeps it here!
 Then drink to her, who long
 Hath waked the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy!

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.¹

AIR—*Kitty Tyrrel.*

OH! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
 Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame;
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
 The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart,²

¹ We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spenser so severely, and, perhaps, truly describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

² It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Fr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is

And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas! for his country—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 't is treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons, till they 've learn'd to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

Then blame not the bard, if, in pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he 'll feel!
That instant his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.¹

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

AIR—Oonagh.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.

But, too far
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame—
Much more dear
That mild sphere,

certainly more creditable to us than the following: "So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of concord."—LLOYD'S *State Worthies*, art. The Lord Grandison.

¹ See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, *Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω*—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," etc.

Which near our planet smiling came ;¹
 Thus, Mary, be but thou my own—
 While brighter eyes unheeded play,
 I 'll love those moonlight looks alone,
 Which bless my home and guide my way!

The day had sunk in dim showers,
 But midnight now, with lustre meek,
 Illumined all the pale flowers,
 Like hope that lights a mourner's cheek.

I said (while
 The moon's smile
 Play'd o'er a stream in dimpling bliss),
 "The moon looks
 On many brooks,
 The brook can see no moon but this :"²
 And thus I thought our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee,
 While, oh ! I feel there is but *one*,
 One Mary in the world for me.

ILL OMENS.

AIR—*Kitty of Coleraine ; or, Paddy's Resource.*

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
 And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone;
 For the youth, whom she treasured her heart and her soul in,
 Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
 And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
 The maiden herself will steal after it soon!

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
 A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
 Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
 Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
 She brush'd him—he feil, alas ! never to rise—

¹ "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."—WHISTON'S *Theory*, etc.

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words, *Non mille, quod absens*.

² This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works :—"The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

“ Ah! such,” said the girl, “ is the pride of our faces,
For which the soul’s innocence too often dies!”

While she stole through the garden, where heart’s-ease was growing,
She cull’d some, and kiss’d off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look’d so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too;
But, while o’er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart’s-ease was lost—
“ Ah! this means,” said the girl (and she sigh’d at its meaning),
“ That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!”

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

AIR—*The Fairy Queen.*

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow’s strife;
By that sun whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh, remember life can be
No charm for him who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero to his grave,
’Midst the dew-fall of a nation’s tears!
Happy is he o’er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years:
But, oh! how grand they sink to rest
Who close their eyes on Victory’s breast!

O’er his watch-fire’s fading embers
Now the foeman’s cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we dimm’d his glory’s light!
Never let him bind again
A chain like that we broke from then.
Hark! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round!
Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory’s sound:—
But, oh! how bless’d that hero’s sleep,
O’er whom a wondering world shall weep!

“ The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day.”
—WALKER.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

AIR—*Thy Fair Bosom.*

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood, few and faint, but fearless still!
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honour's lost!

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valour's task, moved slowly by,
 While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
 Should rise, and give them light to die!—
 There is a world where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
 If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?

OH! 'T IS SWEET TO THINK.

AIR—*Thady, you Gander.*

OH! 't is sweet to think that, wherever we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
 And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near!
 The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
 It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
 Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

'T were a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there;
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'T were a pity to limit one's love to a pair.

¹ I believe it is Marmontel, who says, "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*"—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium on folly.

Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
 They are both of them bright, but they 're changeable too,
 And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
 It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue!
 'Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

AIR —————.

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
 Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
 The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
 Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd:
 Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
 And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;
 Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
 She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves;
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves:
 Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be,
 Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely who say thy vows are frail—
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!
 They say, too, so long thou hast worn these lingering chains,
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
 Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue—
 Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too?

ON MUSIC.

AIR—*Banks of Banna.*

WHEN through life unblest'd we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes, we used to love
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
 Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
 Wakening thoughts that long have slept;

“Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.”—ST. PAUL, 2 *Corinthians*, iii, 17.

Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath!

Music! oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they;
Oh! 't is only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.*

AIR—*The Sixpence.*

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend that 's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'T is the tear through many a long day wept,
Through a life by his loss all shaded;
'T is the sad remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded!

Oh! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,
While it shines through our hearts, will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them!
And, as buried saints have given perfume
To shrines where they 've been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

* These lines were occasioned by the death of a very near and dear relative.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

AIR—*Gage Fane.*

'T is believed that this harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea ;
And who often, at eve, through the bright billow roved,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
Till Heaven look'd with pity on true-love so warm,
And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form !

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smiled the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the frame ;
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings !¹

Hence it came, that this soft harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love when I 'm near thee, and grief when away !

No. IV.

THIS Number of the Melodies ought to have appeared much earlier ; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the publisher, but in consequence of a rumour, which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the *Work*. This would be, indeed, a revival of Henry the Eighth's enactments against Minstrels ; and it is very flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation, even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop Lowth, it is true, was of this opinion, that *one* song like the *Hymn to Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans than *all* the philippics of Cicero. But we live in wiser and less musical times ; ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers, and we question if even a "Lillibullero" would produce any very *serious* consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report ; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded more upon the character of the *Government* than of the *Work*.

The *Airs* of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were perhaps, in general, too curiously selected, to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The Public are remarkably reserved towards new acquaintances in music, which, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. Indeed, it is natural

¹ This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr Hudson of Dublin.

that persons who love music only by association should be slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody; while those who have a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas, and the sound has scarcely reached the ear, before the heart has rapidly translated it into sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our national Airs are also the most beautiful; and it has been our wish, in the present Number, to select from those Melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in the collection is the Air of "*Love's Young Dream*;" but it is one of those easy, artless strangers, whose merit the heart acknowledges instantly.

T. M.

*Bury Street, St. James's,
Nov. 1811.*

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

AIR—*The old Woman.*

OH! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove!
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name!

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first-love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!
'T was odour fled
As soon as shed;
'T was morning's winged dream;
'T was a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

Oh! 't was light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE PRINCE'S DAY. *

AIR—*St. Patrick's Day.*

THOUGH dark are our sorrows, to-day we 'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sun-beam in showers;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours!

But, just when the chain
Has ceased to pain,
And hope has enwreathed it round with flowers,
There comes a new link,
Our spirit to sink—

Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But, though 't were the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.

While cowards who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
The Standard of Green
In front would be seen—

Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You 'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet!

The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light, to the last!—

And thus, Erin, my country! though broken thou art,
There 's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay;

* This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's Birth-Day, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's Day!

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

AIR—*The Song of Sorrow.*

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past,
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled,
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;—
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!

Weep on—perhaps in after days
They'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed shall wake in praise
That now must sleep in blame!
And, when they tread the ruin'd aisle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wond'ring ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave.

“'T was fate,” they'll say; “a wayward fate
Your web of discord wove;
And, while your tyrants join'd in hate,
You never join'd in love!
But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
And man profaned what God hath given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
Where others knelt to Heaven!”

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

AIR—*Nora Creina.*

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth!
Sweeter 't is to gaze upon
My Nora's lid, that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!

My gentle, bashful Nora Creina!
 Beauty lies
 In many eyes,
 But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
 Not a charm of Beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where Nature placed it!
 Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell, as Heaven pleases!
 Yes, my Nora Creina, dear!
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness—
 The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
 But, when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely or to wound us?
 Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
 In safer slumber Love reposes—
 Bed of peace! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath not the light
 That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

AIR—*Domhnall.*

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
 Nor thought that pale decay
 Would steal before the steps of time,
 And waste its bloom away, Mary!
 Yet still thy features wore that light
 Which fleets not with the breath;
 And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
 Than in thy smile of death, Mary!
 As streams that run o'er golden mines,
 Yet humbly, calmly glide,
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines

Within their gentle tide, Mary!
 So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
 Thy radiant genius shone,
 And that which charm'd all other eyes
 Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
 Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
 Or, could we keep the souls we love,
 We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
 Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet
 Than to remember thee, Mary!

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.²

AIR—*The Brown Irish Girl.*

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
 Sky-lark never warbles o'er,³
 Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
 Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
 "Here at least," he calmly said,
 "Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
 Ah! the good saint little knew
 What that wily sex can do.

'T was from Kathleen's eyes he flew—
 Eyes of most unholy blue!
 She had loved him well and long,
 Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
 Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,
 Still he heard her light foot nigh;
 East or west, where'er he turn'd,
 Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
 Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
 Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
 Woman's smile can haunt him there.
 But nor earth nor heaven is free
 From her power, if fond she be:

¹ I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's,
 "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

² This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

³ There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, etc.

Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave;
Soon the saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"
Round the lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR—*Open the Door.*

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking,—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him,
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West,
From her own loved Island of Sorrow!

I have here made a feeble effort to translate that exquisite description of Stendhal's "Red and White" which you will find in the "Gleanings of Europe." This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow. There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in Glendalough, Colgan, &c.

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

AIR—*Dennis, don't be threatening.*

NAY, tell me not, dear! that the goblet drowns
 One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
 Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
 Are all I 've sunk in its bright wave yet.
 Ne'er hath a beam
 Been lost in the stream
 That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
 The balm of thy sighs,
 The light of thine eyes,
 Still float on the surface and hallow my bowl!
 Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me!
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
 Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
 He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
 But bathed the other with mantling wine.
 Soon did the buds,
 That drank of the floods
 Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
 While those which the tide
 Of ruby had dyed
 All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
 Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AIR—*Crooghan a Venée.*

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of Erin¹
 On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!—

¹ The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story, called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr O'Flanagan (see vol. 4 of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr O'Flanagan) has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The death of the children of Touran;' 'The death of the children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans); and this, 'The death of

For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,¹
When Ulad's² three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed;
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

AIR—*The Yellow Horse.*

He.—WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I 'll be to you!

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they 're going,
That I 'll be to you, my dear!

She.—But they say, the bee's a rover,
That he 'll fly when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on!

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'T is but right that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

the children of Usnach," which is a Milesian story." In No. II of these Melodies there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear, or Lir; "Silent, oh Moyle!" etc.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

¹ "Oh Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."—Deirdri's Song.

² Ulster.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

AIR—*Cean Dubh Delish.*

“ HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
 Where angels of light o’er our orisons bend;
 Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
 To Heaven in mingled odour ascend!
 Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
 So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
 It well might deceive such hearts as ours.”

Love stood near the Novice and listen’d,
 And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
 His laughing blue eyes now with piety glisten’d;
 His rosy wing turn’d to heaven’s own tint.
 “ Who would have thought,” the urchin cries,
 “ That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
 His wandering wings and wounding eyes? ”

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
 Young Novice; to him all thy orisons rise:
 He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
 He brightens the censer’s flame with his sighs.
 Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
 And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
 If he came to them clothed in Piety’s vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER’D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

AIR—*The Bunch of Green Rushes that grew at the Brim.*

THIS life is all chequer’d with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another, like waves of the deep,—
 Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep.
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can be dried;
 And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-feathers of Folly can turn it aside.
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
 With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
 Be ours the light Grief that is sister to Joy,
 And the short brilliant Folly that flashes and dies!
 When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
 Through fields full of sunshine, with heart full of play,
 Light rambl’d the boy over meadow and mount,

And neglected his task for the flowers on the way. '
 Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have tasted
 The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine!
 But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
 Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
 One bright drop or two, that has fallen on the leaves
 From her fountain divine, 't is sufficient for me!

No. V.

It is but fair to those who take an interest in this VWork, to state that it is now very near its termination, and that the Sixth Number, which shall speedily appear, will, most probably, be the last of the series.

It is not so much from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close; but we feel so proud, for our country's sake and our own, of the interest which this purely Irish VWork has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost by any ill-judged protraction of its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavour is yet, we trust, fresh and sweet, than to risk any longer trial of the charm, or give so much as not to leave some wish for more. In speaking thus I allude entirely to the *Airs*, which are, of course, the main attraction of these Volumes; and, though we have still many popular and delightful Melodies to produce,² yet it cannot be denied that we should soon experience some difficulty in equalling the richness and novelty of the earlier Numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The Poetry, too, would be sure to sympathize with the decline of the Music, and however feebly my words have kept pace with the *excellence* of the *Airs*, they would follow their *falling off*, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. So that, altogether, both pride and prudence counsel us to stop, while the VWork is yet, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and, in the imperial attitude, "*stantes mori*," before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or, what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg, however, to say, it is only in the event of our failing to find *Airs* as exquisite as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution, like those Indians who put their relatives to death when they become feeble.

T. M.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
 December, 1813.

¹ Proposito florem prætulit officio.—PROPERT. lib. i, eleg. 20.

² Among these is *Savourna Deelish*, which I have hitherto only withheld, from the diffidence I feel in treading upon the same ground with Mr Campbell, whose beautiful words to this fine air have taken too strong possession of all ears and hearts, for me to think of producing any impression after him. I suppose, however, I must attempt it for the next Number.

OH, THE SHAMROCK!

AIR—*Alley Croker.*

THROUGH Erin's Isle
 To sport awhile,
 As Love and Valour wander'd,
 With Wit, the sprite,
 Whose quiver bright
 A thousand arrows squander'd;
 Where'er they pass,
 A triple grass¹
 Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
 As softly green
 As emeralds, seen
 Through purest crystal gleaming!
 Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock,
 Chosen leaf
 Of bard and chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!
 Says Valour, "See,
 They spring for me,
 Those leafy gems of morning!"
 Says Love, "No, no,
 For *me* they grow,
 My fragrant path adorning!"
 But Wit perceives
 The triple leaves,
 And cries, "Oh! do not sever
 A type that blends
 Three god-like friends,
 Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
 Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 Chosen leaf
 Of bard and chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!
 So, firmly fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together,
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather!
 May Love, as shoot
 His flowers and fruit,

¹ Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, in Ireland called the Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. HOPE, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand."

Of thorny falsehood weed 'em !
 May Valour ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom !
 Oh, the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of bard and chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AIR—*Molly, my dear.*

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we loved when life was warm in thine eye,
 And I think that if spirits can steal from the regions of air
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
 And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky !

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,
 When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the ear ;
 And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
 I think, oh, my love ! 't is thy voice from the kingdom of souls,
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

AIR—*Moll Roe in the Morning.*

ONE bumper at parting !—though many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest of any
 Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
 The sweetness that pleasure has in it
 Is always so slow to come forth,
 That seldom, alas, till the minute
 It dies, do we know half its worth !
 But fill—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up ;
 They 're born on the bosom of pleasure,
 They die midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit awhile
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,

“ There are countries,” says Montaigne, “ where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields ; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo.”

That mid the dull wilderness smile !
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries, "Onward !" and spurs the gay hours ;
 And never does Time travel faster
 Than when his way lies among flowers.
 But, come,—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up ;
 They 're born on the bosom of pleasure,
 They die midst the tears of the cup.

This evening, we saw the sun sinking
 In waters his glory made bright—
 Oh ! trust me, our farewell of drinking
 Should be like that farewell of light.
 You saw how he finish'd, by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
 So fill up !—let 's shine, at our parting,
 In full liquid glory, like him.
 And, oh ! may our life's happy measure
 Of moments like this be made up ;
 'T was born on the bosom of pleasure,
 It dies mid the tears of the cup !

'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR—*Groves of Blarney.*

'T is the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone ;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone ;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh !

I 'll not leave thee, thou lone one !
 To pine on the stem ;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away !

When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

THE YOUNG MAY-MOON.

AIR—*The Dandy O!*

THE young May-moon is beaming, love!
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love!
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,
 While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
 Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear!
 'T is never too late for delight, my dear!
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days,
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love!
 But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love!
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love!
 Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear!
 'The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear!
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

AIR—*The Moreen.*

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

* "Steals silently to Morna's Grove."

See a translation from the Irish, in Mr Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under!
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.*

AIR—*The pretty Girl milking her Cow.*

THE valley lay smiling before me,
 Where lately I left her behind;
 Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me
 That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
 I look'd for the lamp, which she told me
 Should shine when her pilgrim return'd;
 But, though darkness began to infold me,
 No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber—'t was lonely
 As if the loved tenant lay dead!—
 Ah! would it were death, and death only!
 But no—the young false one had fled.
 And there hung the lute, that could soften
 My very worst pains into bliss,
 While the hand that had waked it so often
 Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
 When Breffni's good sword would have sought
 That man, through a million of foemen,
 Who dared but to doubt thee *in thought*!
 While now—oh, degenerate daughter

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland, if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran. "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The Monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

Of ERIN!—how fall'n is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain!
But, onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN!
On *theirs* is THE SAXON and GUILT.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN!

AIR—*Sheela na Guira.*

OH! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give!

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there!
With affection, as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with Hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night!

FAREWELL!—BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

AIR—*Moll Roone.*

FAREWELL!—but, whenever you welcome the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.

His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his path-way of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you!

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
Too bless'd, if it tells me that, mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

AIR—*Yellow Wat and the Fox.*

OH! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,—
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.

Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.

And though my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.

Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
 And now the vestal Reason
 Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

AIR—*Were I a Clerk.*

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
 How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
 When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly cot.
 Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
 Till William at length, in sadness, said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains;"
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
 The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"—
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
 And the porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth,—
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."
 She believed him wild, but his words were truth,
 For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What William the stranger woo'd and wed:
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

I 'D MOURN THE HOPES.

AIR—*The Rose-Tree.*

I 'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If thy smiles had left me too;
 I 'd weep when friends deceive me,
 If thou wert, like them, untrue.
 But, while I 've thee before me,

* This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain noble family in England.

With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me, —
 That smile turns them all to light !

'T is not in fate to harm me,
 While fate leaves thy love to me ;
 'T is not in joy to charm me,
 Unless joy be shared with thee.
 One minute's dream about thee
 Were worth a long, an endless year
 Of waking bliss without thee,
 My own love, my only dear !

And, though the hope be gone, love,
 That long sparkled o'er our way,
 Oh ! we shall journey on, love,
 More safely without its ray.
 Far better lights shall win me
 Along the path I 've yet to roam, —
 The mind that burns within me,
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
 The traveller, at first goes out,
 He feels awhile benighted,
 And looks round, in fear and doubt.
 But soon, the prospect clearing,
 By cloudless star-light on he treads,
 And thinks no lamp so cheering
 As that light which Heaven sheds !

No. VI.

IN presenting this Sixth Number as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that it may not prove, after all, to be only one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes of his mistress occasionally. Our only motive indeed for discontinuing the Work was a fear that our treasures were beginning to be exhausted, and an unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-pearl, after the very valuable gems it has been our lot to string together. But this intention, which we announced in our Fifth Number, has excited an anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flattering, but highly useful to us ; for the various contributions we have received in consequence have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful Airs, that, if we keep to our resolution of publishing no more, it will certainly be an instance of forbearance and self-command unexampled in the history of poets and musicians. T. M.

*Mayfield, Ashbourne,
 March, 1813.*

COME O'ER THE SEA.

AIR—*Cuishlih ma Chree.*

COME o'er the sea,
 Maiden! with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows!
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
 'T is life where *thou* art, 't is death where thou art not!
 Then, come o'er the sea,
 Maiden! with me,
 Come wherever the wild wind blows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Is not the sea
 Made for the free,
 Land for courts and chains alone?
 Here we are slaves,
 But, on the waves,
 Love and Liberty's all our own!
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us!—
 Then, come o'er the sea,
 Maiden! with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows!
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

AIR—*Sly Patrick.*

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
 Does Time with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear?—
 Then, child of misfortune! come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
 Been like our Lagenian mine,

Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine?—
 But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allured by the gleam that shone,
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.¹

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,²
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?
 On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the sweet hours have fled,
 When Sorrow herself look'd bright;
 If thus the fond hope has cheated,
 That led thee along so light;
 If thus, too, the cold world wither
 Each feeling that once was dear—
 Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

AIR—*Luggelaw.*

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
 When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
 He thinks the full quire of Heaven is near,—
 Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
 This heart long had sleeping lain,
 Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
 To such benign, bless'd sounds again.
 Sweet voice of comfort! 't was like the stealing
 Of summer wind through some wreathed shell—
 Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
 Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
 'T was whisper'd balm—'t was sunshine spoken!—
 I'd live years of grief and pain,

¹ Our Wicklow Gold-Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

² "The bird having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The Prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it: but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," etc.—*Arabian Nights*, Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.

To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, bless'd sounds again!

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

AIR—*O Patrick! fly from me.*

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go—
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

When every tongue thy follies named,
I fled the unwelcome story;
Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou 'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few who loved thee once have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!
Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,

On her thou 'st lost for ever !
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still received thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believed thee.
 Go—go—'t is vain to curse,
 'T is weakness to upbraid thee ;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

AIR—*Paddy Whack.*

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
 Beside her the Genius of ERIN stood weeping,
 For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
 But, oh ! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
 She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light
 That illumed all the volume, her WELLINGTON's name !

“ Hail, Star of my Isle ! ” said the Spirit, all sparkling
 With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies,
 “ Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 I 've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
 For, though heroes I 've number'd, unblest'd was their lot,
 And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame ;—
 But, oh ! there is not
 One dishonouring blot
 On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON's name ! ”

“ Yet, still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 The grandest, the purest even *thou* hast yet known ;
 Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
 At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
 Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
 And, bright o'er the flood
 Of her tears and her blood,
 Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON's name ! ”

THE TIME I 'VE LOST IN WOOING.

AIR—*Peas upon a Trencher.*

THE time I 've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies
 In Woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
 My only books
 Were Woman's looks,
 And folly 's all they 've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him, the Sprite,¹
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that 's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me,
 But while her eyes were on me—
 If once their ray
 Was turn'd away,
 Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No—vain, alas! the endeavour
 From bonds so sweet to sever;—
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever!

WHERE IS THE SLAVE?

AIR—*Sios agus sios liom.*

WHERE is the slave, so lowly,
 Condemn'd to chains unholy,

¹ This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dusk :—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power : but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprochaun ; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan (in a note upon her national and interesting novel O'Donnel), has given a very different account of that goblin.

Who, could he burst
 His bonds at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly?
 What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
 Would wait till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing
 At once may spring
 To the throne of Him who made it?
 Farewell, Erin!—farewell all
 Who live to weep our fall!
 Less dear the laurel growing,
 Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
 Than that whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade
 The brows with victory glowing!
 We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us!
 Farewell, Erin!—farewell all
 Who live to weep our fall!

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

AIR—*Lough Sheeling.*

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
 Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
 Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!
 Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
 Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame?
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!
 Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
 And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, or—perish there too!

'T IS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

AIR—*Savournah Deelish.*

'T is gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
 Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—

When man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
 Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled !
 'T is gone—and the gleams it has left of its burning
 But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
 That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
 And, darkest of all, hapless Erin ! o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
 Around thee, through all the gross clouds of the world ;
 When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
 At once, like a sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.*
 Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid !
 Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
 The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
 The first note of Liberty, Erin ! from thee.

But, shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing !
 And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
 Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing
 The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood !
 Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
 Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
 Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright and elysian,
 As first it arose, my lost Erin ! on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

AIR—*Miss Molly.*

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
 I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining,—
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone !

Ah ! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known :
 Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone !

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;—
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
 And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
 Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame !

* "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the royal banner.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR!

AIR—*Bob and Joan.*

FILL the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care,
 Smoothes away a wrinkle.
 Wit's electric flame
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,
 As when through the frame
 It shoots from brimming glasses.

Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care,
 Smoothes away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,
 And bring down its ray
 From the starr'd dominions :—
 So we, sages, sit,
 And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
 From the heaven of wit
 Draw down all its lightning!
 Fill the bumper, etc.

Wouldst thou know what first
 Made our souls inherit
 This ennobling thirst
 For wine's celestial spirit?
 It chanced upon that day,
 When, as bards inform us,
 Prometheus stole away
 The living fires that warm us.
 Fill the bumper, etc.

The careless Youth, when up
 To Glory's fount aspiring,
 Took nor urn nor cup
 To hide the pilfer'd fire in :—
 But oh his joy! when, round
 The halls of heaven spying,
 Amongst the stars he found
 A bowl of Bacchus lying.
 Fill the bumper, etc.

Some drops were in that bowl,
 Remains of last night's pleasure,
 With which the Sparks of Soul
 Mix'd their burning treasure!

Hence the goblet's shower
 Hath such spells to win us—
 Hence its mighty power
 O'er that flame within us.
 Fill the bumper, etc.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY!

AIR—*New Langolee.*

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee;
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
 That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
 Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throb'd at our lay, 't is thy glory alone;
 I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

No. VII.

IF I had consulted only my own judgment, this Work would not have been extended beyond the Six Numbers already published; which contain, perhaps, the flower of our National Melodies, and have attained a rank in public favour, of which I would not willingly risk the forfeiture by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve (and it will be seen, I trust, that they are numerous and valuable), I would gladly have left to future poets to glean; and, with the ritual words "*tibi trado*," would have delivered up the torch into other hands before it had lost

* In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep!

The chain of silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the Ode to Gaul, the son of Morni, in Miss BROOKE'S *Relics of Irish Poetry*.

much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I understand from the Publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful airs, ¹ (the suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would resemble too much the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices), that I have been persuaded, though not without considerable diffidence in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

MY GENTLE HARP!

AIR—*The Coima, or Dirge.*

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But—like those harps, whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping harp! from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When even the wreaths in which I dress thee
Are sadly mix'd—half flowers, half chains!

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy—oh, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How gaily, even 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—

¹ One gentleman, in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us near forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions, current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present Number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task.

Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
Mid desolation, tuneful still! †

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

AIR—*The Girl I left behind me.*

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 't was leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

When round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming,—
With smiles, that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet 's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

† Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.

JUVENAL.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

AIR—*The little Harvest Rose.*

IN the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
 When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
 And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
 Oh, it is not, believe me, in that happy time
 We can love as in hours of less transport we may:—
 Of our smiles, of our hopes, 't is the gay sunny prime,
 But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
 Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
 When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
 First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
 Then, then is the moment affection can sway
 With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew:
 Love nursed among pleasures is faithless as they,
 But the Love born of sorrow, like sorrow, is true!

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
 Yet faint is the odour the flowers shed about;
 'T is the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies
 That call the full spirit of fragrancy out.
 So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
 But 't is only in grief true affection appears;—
 And, even though to smiles it may first owe its birth,
 All the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

AIR—*Limerick's Lamentation.*

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
 Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
 Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,
 Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
 And, oh! if 't is pain to remember how far
 From the path-ways of light he was tempted to roam,
 Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
 That arose on his darkness and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
 The revealings, that taught him true Love to adore,
 To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
 From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
 O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
 Thou camest, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea:

And, if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

And though sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood soon vanish'd away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE!

AIR—*Castle Tirowen.*

REMEMBER thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee,—great, glorious, and free—
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,—
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

WREATH THE BOWL.

AIR—*Noran Kista.*

WREATH the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid
That Joy, the enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near—
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then wreath the bowl

With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us ;
We 'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !

'T was nectar fed
Of old, 't is said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt 's as follows :
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there 's your nectar, splendid !

So, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us ;
We 'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly ?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we 'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever !
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us !
We 'll take a flight,
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us !

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

AIR—*Father Quinn.*

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
All fill'd with hope, and joy, and light,

As if no cloud could ever rise
 To dim a heaven so purely bright—
 I sigh to think how soon that brow
 In grief may lose its every ray,
 And that light heart, so joyous now,
 Almost forget it once was gay.

For Time will come with all his blights,
 The ruin'd hope—the friend unkind—
 The love that leaves, where'er it lights,
 A chill'd or burning heart behind!
 While youth, that now like snow appears,
 Ere sullied by the darkening rain,
 When once 't is touch'd by sorrow's tears,
 Will never shine so bright again!

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

AIR—*The Winnowing Sheet.*

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
 Of earth and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
 Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
 Or in Hope's sweet music is most sweet,
 Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
 A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
 The stars shall look like worlds of love,
 And this earth be all one beautiful dream
 In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
 Like streams that come from heaven-ward hills,
 Shall keep our hearts—like meads, that lie
 To be bathed by those eternal rills—
 Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
 Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;
 That heaven, which forms his home above,
 He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
 And he *will*—if thou wilt be mine, love!

TO LADIES' EYES.

AIR—*Fague a Ballagh.*

To ladies' eyes a round, boy,
 We can't refuse, we can't refuse;

Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
 'T is hard to chuse, 't is hard to chuse.
 For thick as stars that lighten
 Yon airy bowers, yon airy bowers,
 The countless eyes that brighten
 This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We 're sure to find Love there, boy;
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are so holy,
 They seem but given, they seem but given,
 As splendid beacons solely,
 To light to heaven, to light to heaven.
 While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
 Would lead us (God forgive them!)
 The other way, the other way.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We 're sure to find Love there, boy;
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mirror,
 Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
 But shun the flattering error,
 'T is but his shade, 't is but his shade.
 Himself has fix'd his dwelling
 In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
 And lips—but this is telling,
 So here they go! so here they go!
 Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We 're sure to find Love there, boy;
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

AIR—*The Lamentation of Aughrim.*

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
 The truest, the last of the brave,
 All gone—and the bright hope they cherish'd
 Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
 Those hearts, as they bounded before,

In the face of high Heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 't is not in Man nor in Heaven
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 't is past—and, though blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accursed is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruins to fame!

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

AIR—*Noch bonin shin doe.*

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I 've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I 'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,¹
They 've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we 've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.²
But, though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,

¹ Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs.—*Pluralité des Mondes.*

² La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous.—*Ib.*

As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
Why,—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

AIR—*Name Unknown.*

Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them!

When pure yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.

Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them!

Oh for the kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!

When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.

Oh for the kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!

No. VIII.

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

AIR—*My Husband's a Journey to Portugal gone.*

NE'ER ask the hour—what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?

The golden moments lent us thus
 Are not *his* coin, but Pleasure's.
 If counting them over could add to their blisses,
 I 'd number each glorious second;
 But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's kisses,
 Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
 Then fill the cup—what is it to us
 How Time his circle measures?
 The fairy hours we call up thus
 Obey no wand but Pleasure's !

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
 Till Care, one summer's morning,
 Set up among his smiling flowers
 A dial, by way of warning.
 But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
 As long as its light was glowing,
 Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on,
 And how fast that light was going.
 So fill the cup—what is it to us
 How Time his circle measures?
 The fairy hours we call up thus
 Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

AIR—*The Humming of the Ban.*

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
 Wherever blows the welcome wind,
 It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
 More sad, than those we leave behind.
 Each wave that passes seems to say,
 "Though death beneath our smile may be,
 Less cold we are, less false than they
 Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."
 Sail on, sail on—through endless space—
 Through calm—through tempest—stop no more ;
 The stormiest sea's a resting-place
 To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
 Or—if some desert land we meet,
 Where never yet false-hearted men
 Profaned a world, that else were sweet—
 Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

THE PARALLEL.

AIR—I would rather than Ireland.

YES, sad one of Sion,¹—if closely resembling,
 In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart—
 If drinking deep, deep, of the same “cup of trembling”
 Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
 And fallen from her head is the once royal crown;
 In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
 And “while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down.”²

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
 Die far from the home it were life to behold;
 Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
 Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old!

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, “the Forsaken :”³
 Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
 And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
 Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow
 That shines out at last on the longest dark night,
 When the sceptre that smote thee with slavery and sorrow
 Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City⁴
 Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,
 And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
 The howl in her halls and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
 Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
 And—a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover—⁵
 The Lady of Kingdoms⁶ lay low in the dust.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

AIR—Paddy O'Rafferty.

DRINK of this cup—you 'll find there 's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—

¹ These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

² “Her sun is gone down while it was yet day.”—Jer. xv, 9.

³ “Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken.”—Isaiah, lxii, 4.

⁴ “How hath the oppressor ceased! the Golden City ceased.”—Isaiah, xiv, 4.

⁵ “Thy pomp is brought down to the grave—and the worms cover thee.”—Isaiah, xiv, 11.

⁶ “Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms.”—Isaiah, xlvii, 5.

Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
 Would you forget the dark world we are in,
 Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
 But would you rise above earth, till akin
 To immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it.
 Send round the cup—for oh! there 's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter form'd with such power
 To charm and bewilder, as this we are quaffing;
 Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
 As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
 There having, by Nature's enchantment, been fill'd
 With the balm and the bloom of her kindest weather,
 This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
 To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!
 Then drink of the cup—you 'll find there 's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
 Like caldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
 In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
 Yet—'t is n't less potent for being unlawful.
 What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame
 Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—
 Fill up—there 's a fire in some hearts I could name,
 Which may work too its charm, though now lawless and hidden.
 So drink of the cup—for oh! there 's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

AIR—*Open the Door softly.*

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
 And I 'll tell you your fortune, truly
 As ever 't was told, by the new moon's light,
 To young maidens, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
 Lest haply the stars should deceive me;

These secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heavens be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition—the image of him
Whose destiny 't is to adore you.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
And round you so fondly he 'll hover,
You 'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
He 'll kneel, with a warmth of emotion—
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
You 'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in Destiny's book I 've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

OH, YE DEAD.

AIR—Plough Tune.

OH, ye dead! oh, ye dead! whom we know by the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves,
In far off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
To haunt this spot where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that bewail'd you, like your own, lie dead?

It is true—it is true—we are shadows cold and wan;
It is true—it is true—all the friends we loved are gone.

But, oh! thus even in death,
So sweet is still the breath
Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wander'd o'er,
That, ere condemn'd we go
To freeze 'mid Hecla's¹ snow,

We would taste it awhile, and dream we live once more!

¹ Paul Zeland mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.^{*}AIR—*The Little and Great Mountain.*

OF all the fair months, that round the sun
 In light-link'd dance their circles run,
 Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me!
 For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
 That youth who beneath the blue lake lies,
 Sweet May, sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the smooth lakes, where daylight leaves
 His lingering smile on golden eves,
 Fair lake, fair lake, thou 'rt dear to me;
 For when the last April sun grows dim,
 Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
 Who dwells, who dwells, bright lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
 Young plumed chiefs on sea or shore,
 White steed, white steed, most joy to thee,
 Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
 From under that glorious lake dost bring,
 Proud steed, proud steed, my love to me:

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
 When newly launch'd, thy long mane^a curls,
 Fair steed, fair steed, as white and free;
 And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
 Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
 Fair steed, around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
 Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
 Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
 Which under the next May-evening's light,
 When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
 Dear love, dear love, I'll die for thee.

^{*} The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his white horse, may be found in Mr Weld's Account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen, on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet, unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring-flowers in his path.

Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning, threw herself into the lake.

^a The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

ECHO.

AIR—*The Wren.*

How sweet the answer Echo makes
 To music at night,
 When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
 And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
 Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
 And far more sweet,
 Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
 Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
 The songs repeat.

'T is when the sigh in youth sincere,
 And only then,—
 The sigh, that 's breathed for one to hear,
 Is by that one, that only dear,
 Breathed back again !

OH ! BANQUET NOT.

AIR—*Planxty Irwine.*

OH ! banquet not in those shining bowers
 Where youth resorts—but come to me,
 For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
 More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
 And there we shall have our feast of tears—
 And many a cup in silence pour—
 Our guests, the shades of former years—
 Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
 Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
 We 'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
 To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
 Or, as some blighted laurel waves
 Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
 We 'll drink to those neglected graves
 Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot !

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

AIR—*The Market-Stake.*

THE dawning of morn, the day-light's sinking,
 The night's long hours, still find me thinking

Of thee, thee, only thee.
 When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
 And smiles are near that once enchanted,
 Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
 My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
 By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
 My spirit once, is now forsaken
 For thee, thee, only thee.
 Like shores, by which some headlong bark
 To the ocean hurries—resting never—
 Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
 I know not, heed not, hastening ever
 To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
 And pain itself seems sweet, when springing
 From thee, thee, only thee.
 Like spells that nought on earth can break,
 Till lips that know the charm have spoken,
 This heart, howe'er the world may wake
 Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
 By thee, thee, only thee.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

AIR—*Macfarlane's Lamentation.*

SHALL the Harp then be silent when he, who first gave
 To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
 Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
 Where the first, where the last of her patriots lies?¹

No—faint though the death-song may fall from his lips,
 Though his harp, like his soul, may with shadows be cross'd,
 Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
 And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost!²

What a union of all the affections and powers,
 By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
 Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
 While its mighty circumference circled mankind!

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see,
 Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
 Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he
 And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!—

¹ The celebrated Irish orator and patriot, GRATTAN.—*Editor.*

² It is only these two first verses, that are either fitted or intended to be sung.

That one lucid interval snatch'd from the gloom
 And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
 A nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
 And, for *one* sacred instant, touch'd liberty's goal!

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the source
 Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
 In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
 And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown:

An eloquence, rich—wheresoever its wave
 Wander'd free and triumphant—with thoughts that shone through
 As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
 With the flash of the gem, its solidity too;—

Who, that ever approach'd him, when, free from the crowd,
 In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
 'Mong the trees, which a nation had given, and which bow'd,
 As if each brought a new civic crown for his head,—

That home, where—like him who, as fable hath told,¹
 Put the rays from his brow, that his child might come near—
 Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
 Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear;—

Is there one who has thus, through his orbit of life,
 But at distance observed him—through glory, through blame,
 In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
 Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same?

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
 Of the sweetness we love and the greatness we praise,
 As that type of simplicity blended with power,
 A child with a thunderbolt, only portrays.—

Oh no—not a heart that e'er knew him but mourns,
 Deep, deep, o'er the grave where such glory is shrined—
 O'er a monument Fame will preserve 'mong the urns
 Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

AIR—*Planxty Sudley.*

OH, the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing!

¹ Apollo, in his interview with Phaëton, as described by Ovid:—"Deposuit radios propiusque accedere jussit."

When hearts are all high beating,
 And the trumpet's voice repeating
 That song, whose breath
 May lead to death,
 But never to retreating!
 Oh, the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing!

Yet 't is not helm or feather—
 For ask yon despot whether
 His plumed bands
 Could bring such hands
 And hearts as ours together.
 Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
 Adorn but Man with freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves
 That crawl where monarchs lead 'em,
 The sword may pierce the beaver,
 Stone walls in time may sever;
 'T is heart alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
 That keeps men free for ever!
 Oh, that sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files, array'd
 With helm and blade,
 And in Freedom's cause advancing!

No. IX.

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

AIR—*The Captivating Youth.*

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 May calm and sunshine long be thine!
 How fair thou art let others tell,
 While but to *feel* how fair is mine!

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 And long may light around thee smile,
 As soft as on that evening fell
 When first I saw thy fairy isle!

Thou wert too lovely then for one
 Who had to turn to paths of care—

Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
 And leave thee bright and silent there :
 No more along thy shores to come,
 But on the world's dim ocean tost,
 Dream of thee sometimes as a home
 Of sunshine he had seen and lost !

Far better in thy weeping hours
 To part from thee, as I do now,
 When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
 Like Sorrow's veil on Beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
 Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
 But, in thy shadows, seem'st a place
 Where weary man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
 A gloom like Eden's, on the day
 He left its shade, when every tree,
 Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way !

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle !
 And still the lovelier for thy tears—
 For though but rare thy sunny smile,
 'T is heaven's own glance, when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
 But, when *indeed* they come, divine—
 The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
 Is lifeless to one gleam of thine !

'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

AIR—*The Song of the Woods.*

'T WAS one of those dreams that by music are brought,
 Like a light summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought—
 When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
 And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
 To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,
 And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
 From Dinis' green isle to Glena's wooded shore.

He listen'd—while high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
 The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest ;
 And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
 As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seem'd as if every sweet note that died here
 Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
 Some heaven in those hills where the soul of the strain,
 That had ceased upon earth, was awaking again!

Oh forgive if, while listening to music, whose breath
 Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
 He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim—
 "Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

"Even so, though thy memory should now die away,
 'T will be caught up again in some happier day,
 And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
 Through the answering future, thy name and thy song!"

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

AIR—*Cummilum.*

FAIREST! put on awhile
 These pinions of light I bring thee,
 And o'er thy own green isle
 In fancy let me wing thee.
 Never did Ariel's plume,
 At golden sunset, hover
 O'er such scenes of bloom
 As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
 And fearlessly meets the ardour
 Of the warm Summer's gaze,
 With but her tears to guard her.
 Rocks, through myrtle boughs,
 In grace majestic frowning—
 Like some warrior's brows,
 That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets so freshly fair
 That never hath bird come nigh them,
 But, from his course through air,
 Hath been won downward by them—
 Types, sweet maid, of thee,
 Whose look, whose blush inviting,
 Never did Love yet see
 From heaven, without alighting.

* In describing the Skeligs (islands of the Barony of Forth) Dr Keating says, "there is a certain attractive virtue in the soil, which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

Lakes where the pearl lies hid,¹
 And caves where the diamond's sleeping,
 Bright as the gems that lid
 Of thine lets fall in weeping.

Glens,² where Ocean comes,
 To 'scape the wild wind's rancour;
 And harbours, worthiest homes
 Where Freedom's sails could anchor.

Then if, while scenes so grand,
 So beautiful, shine before thee,
 Pride for thy own dear land
 Should haply be stealing o'er thee;
 Oh! let grief come first,
 O'er pride itself victorious—
 To think how man hath curst
 What Heaven had made so glorious!

QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

AIR—*Paddy Snap.*

QUICK! we have but a second,
 Fill round the cup, while you may;
 For, Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
 And we must away, away!
 Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
 For, oh! not Orpheus' strain
 Could keep sweet hours from dying,
 Or charm them to life again.
 Then quick! we have but a second,
 Fill round, fill round, while you may;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
 And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,
 Like some young Hebe's lip,
 And half meets thine, and blushes
 That thou shouldst delay to sip.
 Shame, oh shame unto thee,
 If ever thou seest the day,
 When a cup or a lip shall woo thee,
 And turn untouch'd away!

Then, quick! we have but a second,
 Fill round, fill round, while you may;

¹ Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears; and this we find confirmed by a present made A. C. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls."—O'HALLORAN.

² Glengariff.

For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

AIR—*Unknown.*

AND doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wandering away?
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
'As smiling and kind as in that happy day!
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

And thus, as in Memory's bark we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew—
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
'That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.¹

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.²

¹ Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans,
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans;
Et mon cœur enchanté sur sa rive fleurie,
Respire encor l'air pur du matin de la vie.

² The same thought has been happily expressed by my friend, Mr Washington Irving, in his *St. Mark's Eve* (see *Bracebridge Hall*, vol. i, p. 460 of Baudry's Paris edition). The pleasure which I feel in calling this gentleman my friend, is enhanced by the reflection that he is too good an American to have admitted me so readily to such a distinction, if he had not known that my feelings towards the great and free country that gave him birth have

But come—the more rare such delights to the heart,
 The more we should welcome, and bless them the more :
 They 're ours when we meet—they are lost when we part,
 Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 't is o'er.
 Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink
 Let sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
 That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
 Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

AIR—*The Mountain Sprite.*

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
 A youth, whose life all had calmly flown,
 Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
 He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

As he, by moonlight, went wandering o'er
 The golden sands of that island shore,
 A foot-print sparkled before his sight,
 'T was the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite.

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
 As, looking down on the stream, he lay,
 Behind him stole two eyes of light,
 And he saw in the clear wave the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd—but lo! like a startled bird,
 The Spirit fled—and he only heard
 Sweet music, such as marks the flight
 Of a journeying star, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, pursued by that dazzling look,
 The youth, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
 And, guided only by memory's light,
 Drew the fairy form of the Mountain Sprite.

“O thou, who lovest the shadow,” cried
 A gentle voice, whispering by his side,
 “Now turn and see”—here the youth's delight
 Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

“Of all the Spirits of land and sea,”
 Exclaim'd he then, “there is none like thee;
 And oft, oh oft, may thy shape alight
 In this lonely arbour, sweet Mountain Sprite.”

long been such as every real lover of the liberty and happiness of the human race must entertain.

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

AIR—*The Boyne Water.*

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
 The Boyne's ill-fated river,
 She saw where Discord, in the tide,
 Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
 "Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
 Where mortal eye may shun you;
 Lie hid—for, oh! the stain of hearts
 That bled for me is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain—
 As Time too well hath taught her :
 Each year the fiend returns again,
 And dives into that water :
 And brings triumphant, from beneath,
 His shafts of desolation,
 And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
 Throughout her maddening nation.

Alas! for her who sits and mourns,
 Even now beside that river—
 Unwearied still the fiend returns,
 And stored is still his quiver.
 "When will this end? ye Powers of Good!"
 She weeping asks for ever;
 But only hears, from out that flood,
 The demon answer, "Never!"

DESMOND'S SONG.¹AIR—*Unknown.*²

By the Feal's wave benighted,
 Not a star in the skies,
 To thy door by Love lighted,
 I first saw those eyes.
 Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
 As the threshold I cross'd,
 There was ruin before me,
 If I loved, I was lost.

¹ "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependants, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her; and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family."
 —LELAND, vol. 2.

² This air has been already so successfully supplied with words by Mr Bayly, that I should have left it untouched, if we could have spared so interesting a melody out of our collection.

Love came, and brought sorrow
 Too soon in his train;
 Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
 'T would be welcome again.
 Were misery's full measure
 Pour'd out to me now,
 I would drain it with pleasure,
 So the Hebe were thou.

You who call it dishonour
 To bow to this flame,
 If you've eyes, look but on her,
 And blush while you blame.
 Hath the pearl less whiteness
 Because of its birth?
 Hath the violet less brightness
 For growing near earth?

No—Man, for his glory,
 To history flies;
 While Woman's bright story
 Is told in her eyes.
 While the monarch but traces
 Through mortals his line,
 Beauty, born of the Graces,
 Ranks next to divine!

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

AIR—Coolon Das.

THEY know not my heart, who believe there can be
 One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;
 Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
 As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower,
 I could harm what I love—as the sun's wanton ray
 But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away!

No—beaming with light as those young features are,
 There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
 It is not that cheek—'t is the soul dawning clear
 Through its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear—
 As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
 Is look'd up to the more, because heaven is there!

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

AIR—*I wish I was on yonder Hill.*

I WISH I was by that dim lake,^{*}
 Where sinful souls their farewells take
 Of this vain world, and half-way lie
 In Death's cold shadow, ere they die.
 There, there, far from thee,
 Deceitful world, my home should be—
 Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
 False hope should ne'er deceive again!

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
 Of unseen waters, falling round—
 The dry leaves quivering o'er my head,
 Like man, unquiet even when dead—
 These—ay—these should wean
 My soul from Life's deluding scene,
 And turn each thought, each wish I have,
 Like willows, downward towards the grave.

As they who to their couch at night
 Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,
 So must the hopes that keep this breast
 Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
 Cold, cold my heart must grow,
 Unchanged by either joy or woe,
 Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
 Within their current turns to stone.

SHE SANG OF LOVE.

AIR—*The Munster Man.*

SHE sang of love—while o'er her lyre
 The rosy rays of evening fell,
 As if to feed with their soft fire
 The soul within that trembling shell.

^{*} These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition called Patrick's Purgatory. "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegall (says Dr Campbell) lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the lake were several islands; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims, from almost every country in Europe.

"It was," as the same writer tells us, "one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is from strange association wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes."—*Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*

The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
 And play'd around those lips that sung
 And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
 If love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
 Each rosy ray from heaven withdrew ;
 And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
 The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
 As if *her* light and heaven's were one,
 The glory all had left that frame ;
 And from her glimmering lips the tone,
 As from a parting spirit, came.¹

Who ever loved, but had the thought
 That he and all he loved must part ?
 Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
 That fading image to my heart—
 And cried, “ Oh Love ! is this thy doom ?
 Oh light of youth's resplendent day !
 Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
 And thus, like sunshine, die away ? ”

SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

AIR—*The Humours of Ballamaguiry, or the Old Langoolee.*

SING—sing—Music was given
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving ;
 Souls here, like planets in heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
 Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
 But love from the lips his true archery wings ;
 And she who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
 At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.

Then sing—sing—Music was given
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving ;
 Souls here, like planets in heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
 Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,

¹ The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in Mr Rogers's Poem of *Human Life*, beginning—

Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
 Less and less earthly.

I would quote the entire passage, but that I fear to put my own humble imitation of it out of countenance.

"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
 Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
 Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while,
 Till faint from his lips a soft melody broke,
 And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
 While Love to his own sweet singing awoke!
 Then sing—sing—Music was given
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
 Souls here, like planets in heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

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THE

LOVES OF THE ANGELS

PREFACE.

[The figures between parentheses () refer to notes placed at the end of the poem; the others refer to notes in the margin.—EDITOR.]

THIS Poem, somewhat different in form, and much more limited in extent, was originally designed as an episode for a work about which I have been, at intervals, employed during the last two years. Some months since, however, I found that my friend Lord Byron had, by an accidental coincidence, chosen the same subject for a drama; and as I could not but feel the disadvantage of coming after so formidable a rival, I thought it best to publish my humble sketch immediately, with such alterations and additions as I had time to make, and thus, by an earlier appearance in the literary horizon, give myself a chance of what astronomers call an *Heliacal rising*, before the luminary, in whose light I was to be lost, should appear.

As objections may be made, by persons whose opinions I respect, to the selection of a subject of this nature from the Scripture, I think it right to remark that, in point of fact, the subject is *not* scriptural—the notion upon which it is founded (that of the love of angels for women) having originated in an erroneous translation by the LXX, of that verse in the sixth chapter of Genesis, upon which the sole authority for the fable rests(1). The foundation of my story, therefore, has as little to do with Holy Writ as have the dreams of the later Platonists, or the reveries of the Jewish divines; and, in appropriating the notion thus to the uses of poetry, I have done no more than establish it in that region of fiction, to which the opinions of the most rational Fathers, and of all other Christian theologians, have long ago consigned it.

In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories) the fall of the soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this

world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments, both from conscience and divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of God, are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of “veiled meaning,” and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate the same *moral* interest to the following pages.

PREFACE

[The words between parentheses refer to notes placed at the end of the poem; the others refer to notes in the margin.]

This poem, somewhat different in form, and much more limited in extent, was originally designed as an epistle for a work about which I have been, at intervals, employed during the last two years. Some months since, however, I found that my friend Lord Byron had, by an accidental coincidence, chosen the same subject for a drama; and as I could not but feel the disadvantage of coming after so formidable a rival, I thought it best to publish my humble sketch immediately, with such alterations and additions as I had time to make, and thus, by an earlier appearance in the literary bazaar, give myself a chance of what satirists call an "elliptical rising" before the tempest, in whose light I was to be lost, should appear.

As objections may be made, by persons whose opinions I respect, to the selection of a subject of this nature for the Scripture, I think it right to remark that, in point of fact, the subject is not scriptural—the notion upon which it is founded (that of the love of angels for women) having originated in an erroneous translation by the LXX, of that verse in the sixth chapter of Genesis, upon which the sole authority for the tale rests. The foundation of my story, therefore, has as little to do with Holy Writ as have the dreams of the later Platonists, or the versions of the Jewish divines; and, in appropriating the notion thus to the use of poetry, I have done no more than establish it in that region of fiction, to which the opinions of the most rational Fathers, and of all other Christian theologians, have long ago consigned it.

In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavored to do in the following story) the fall of the soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

'T WAS when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birth-days by the sun ;
When, in the light of Nature's dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—
Ere Sorrow came, or Sin had drawn
'Twixt man and Heaven her curtain yet !
When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid air, angelic eyes
Gazing upon this world below.
Alas, that passion should profane,
Even then, that morning of the earth !
That, sadder still, the fatal stain
Should fall on hearts of heavenly birth—
And oh, that stain so dark should fall
From woman's love, most sad of all !

One evening, in that time of bloom,
On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,
Three noble youths conversing lay ;
And as they look'd, from time to time,
To the far sky, where Day-light furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world—
Creatures of light, such as still play,
Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of his luminous word (2) !

Of heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,
 Of the bright eyes that charm'd them thence;
 Till, yielding gradual to the soft
 And balmy evening's influence—
 The silent breathing of the flowers—
 The melting light that beam'd above,
 As on their first fond erring hours—
 Each told the story of his love,
 The history of that hour unblest,
 When, like a bird, from its high nest
 Won down by fascinating eyes,
 For woman's smile he lost the skies.

The First who spoke was one, with look
 The least celestial of the three—
 A Spirit of light mould, that took
 The prints of earth most yieldingly;
 Who, even in heaven, was not of those
 Nearest the throne, but held a place
 Far off, among those shining rows
 That circle out through endless space,
 And o'er whose wings the light from Him
 In the great centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shone
 Among those youths the unheavenliest one—
 A creature to whom light remain'd
 From Eden still, but alter'd, stain'd,
 And o'er whose brow not Love alone
 A blight had, in his transit, sent,
 But other, earthlier joys had gone,
 And left their foot-prints as they went.

Sighing, as through the shadowy Past,
 Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
 Lifting each shroud that Time had cast
 O'er buried hopes, he thus began:—

FIRST ANGEL'S STORY.

'T was in a land, that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not Night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies.
One morn, on earthly mission sent,
And midway chusing where to light,
I saw from the blue element—
Oh beautiful, but fatal sight!—
One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrined
In the clear crystal of a brook (5);
Which, while it hid no single gleam
Of her young beauties, made them look
More spirit-like, as they might seem
Through the dim shadowing of a dream.

Pausing in wonder I look'd on,
While, playfully around her breaking
The waters, that like diamonds shone,
She moved in light of her own making.
At length, as slowly I descended
To view more near a sight so splendid,
The tremble of my wings all o'er
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore
Of that small lake—her mirror still—
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.
Never shall I forget those eyes!—
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face, when in the air
Uplooking, she beheld me there.
It seem'd as if each thought and look,
And motion, were that minute chain'd
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And—like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturn'd—so still remain'd!

In pity to the wondering maid,
 Though loth from such a vision turning,
 Downward I bent, beneath the shade
 Of my spread wings, to hide the burning
 Of glances which—I well could feel—
 For me, for her, too warmly shone;
 But ere I could again unseal
 My restless eyes, or even steal
 One side-long look, the maid was gone—
 Hid from me in the forest leaves,
 Sudden as when, in all her charms
 Of full-blown light, some cloud receives
 The moon into his dusky arms.

'T is not in words to tell the power,
 The despotism, that, from that hour,
 Passion held o'er me;—day and night
 I sought around each neighbouring spot,
 And, in the chase of this sweet light,
 My task, and Heaven, and all forgot—
 All but the one, sole, haunting dream
 Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side
 I found myself whole happy days,
 Listening to words, whose music vied
 With our own Eden's seraph lays,
 When seraph lays are warm'd by love,
 But wanting *that*, far, far above!—
 And looking into eyes where, blue
 And beautiful, like skies seen through
 The sleeping wave, for me there shone
 A heaven more worshipp'd than my own.
 Oh what, while I could hear and see
 Such words and looks, was heaven to me?
 Though gross the air on earth I drew,
 'T was blessed, while she breathed it too;
 Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
 Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
 Throughout creation I but knew
 Two separate worlds—the *one*, that small,
 Beloved, and consecrated spot
 Where *Lea was*—the other, all
 The dull wide waste, where she was *not*!

But vain my suit, my madness vain;
 Though gladly, from her eyes to gain
 One earthly look, one stray desire,
 I would have torn the wings that hung
 Furl'd at my back, and o'er that Fire
 Unnamed in heaven their fragments flung;—
 'T was hopeless all—pure and unmoved
 She stood, as lilies in the light
 Of the hot noon but look more white;—
 And though she loved me, deeply loved,
 'T was not as man, as mortal—no,
 Nothing of earth was in that glow—
 She loved me but as one, of race
 Angelic, from that radiant place
 She saw so oft in dreams—that heaven,
 To which her prayers at morn were sent,
 And on whose light she gazed at even,
 Wishing for wings, that she might go
 Out of this shadowy world below,
 To that free glorious element!

Well I remember, by her side—
 Sitting at rosy even-tide,
 When,—turning to the star, whose head
 Look'd out, as from a bridal bed,
 At that mute blushing hour,—she said,
 “ Oh! that it were my doom to be
 The Spirit of yon beauteous star (4),
 Dwelling up there in purity,
 Alone, as all such bright things are;—
 My sole employ to pray and shine,
 To light my censer at the sun,
 And fling its fire towards the shrine
 Of Him in Heaven, the Eternal One!”

So innocent the maid—so free
 From mortal taint in soul and frame,
 Whom 't was my crime—my destiny—
 To love, ay, burn for, with a flame,
 To which earth's wildest fires are tame.
 Had you but seen her look, when first
 From my mad lips the avowal burst;
 Not angry—no—the feeling had
 No touch of anger, but most sad—

It was a sorrow, calm as deep,
 A mournfulness that could not weep,
 So fill'd the heart was to the brink,
 So fix'd and frozen there—to think
 That angel natures—even I,
 Whose love she clung to, as the tie
 Between her spirit and the sky—
 Should fall thus headlong from the height

Of such pure glory into sin—
 The sin of all most sure to blight,—
 The sin, of all, that the soul's light

Is soonest lost, extinguish'd in !
 That, though but frail and human, she
 Should, like the half-bird of the sea,
 Try with her wing sublimer air,
 While I, a creature born up there,
 Should meet her, in my fall from light,
 From heaven and peace, and turn her flight
 Downward again, with me to drink
 Of the salt tide of sin, and sink !

That very night—my heart had grown
 Impatient of its inward burning ;
 The term, too, of my stay was flown,
 And the bright Watchers (5) near the throne
 Already, if a meteor shone

Between them and this nether zone,
 Thought 't was their herald's wing returning :—

Oft did the potent spell-word, given
 To envoys hither from the skies,
 To be pronounced, when back to heaven

It is their hour or wish to rise,
 Come to my lips that fatal day ;

And once, too, was so nearly spoken,
 That my spread plumage in the ray
 And breeze of heaven began to play—

When my heart fail'd—the spell was broken—
 The word unfinish'd died away,
 And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,
 Fell slack and lifeless as before.

How could I leave a world which she,
 Or lost or won, made all to me,
 Beyond home—glory—every thing?

How fly, while yet there was a chance,
 A hope—ay, even of perishing
 Utterly by that fatal glance?
 No matter where my wanderings were,
 So there she look'd, moved, breathed about—
 Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
 Than all heaven's proudest joys without!

But, to return—that very day
 A feast was held, where, full of mirth,
 Came, crowding thick as flowers that play
 In summer winds, the young and gay
 And beautiful of this bright earth.
 And she was there, and 'mid the young
 And beautiful stood first, alone;
 Though on her gentle brow still hung
 The shadow I that morn had thrown—
 The first that ever shame or woe
 Had cast upon its vernal snow.
 My heart was madden'd—in the flush
 Of the wild revel I gave way
 To all that frantic mirth—that rush
 Of desperate gaiety, which they,
 Who never felt how pain's excess
 Can break out thus, think happiness :
 Sad mimicry of mirth and life,
 Whose flashes come but from the strife
 Of inward passions—like the light
 Struck out by clashing swords in fight.

Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane (6)
 And blessing of man's heart and brain—
 That draught of sorcery, which brings
 Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—
 Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
 Upon the mists that circle man,
 Brightening not only earth, the while,
 But grasping heaven, too, in their span!—
 Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd (7)
 Its dews of darkness through my lips,
 Casting whate'er of light remain'd
 To my lost soul into eclipse,
 And filling it with such wild dreams,
 Such fantasies and wrong desires,

As, in the absence of heaven's beams,
 Haunt us for ever—like wild-fires
 That walk this earth, when day retires.

Now hear the rest—our banquet done,
 I sought her in the accustom'd bower,
 Where late we oft, when day was gone,
 And the world hush'd, had met alone,
 At the same silent moonlight hour.

I found her—oh, so beautiful !
 Why, why have hapless angels eyes (8)?
 Or why are there not flowers to cull,
 As fair as woman, in yon skies?
 Still did her brow, as usual, turn
 To her loved star, which seem'd to burn
 Purer than ever on that night ;
 While she, in looking, grew more bright,
 As though that planet were an urn
 From which her eyes drank liquid light.

There was a virtue in that scene,
 A spell of holiness around,
 Which would have—had my brain not been
 Thus poison'd, madden'd—held me bound,
 As though I stood on God's own ground.
 Even as it was, with soul all flame,
 And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,
 I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—
 The memory of Eden came
 Full o'er me when I saw those eyes ;
 And though too well each glance of mine
 To the pale shrinking maiden proved
 How far, alas ! from aught divine,
 Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
 Was the wild love with which I loved,
 Yet must she, too, have seen—oh yes,
 'T is soothing but to *think* she saw—
 The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
 The homage of an angel's awe
 To her, a mortal, whom pure love
 Then placed above him—far above—
 And all that struggle to repress
 A sinful spirit's mad excess,
 Which work'd within me at that hour,

When—with a voice where Passion shed
 All the deep sadness of her power,
 Her melancholy power—I said,
 “Then be it so—if back to heaven
 I must unloved, unpitied fly, —
 Without one blest memorial given
 To soothe me in that lonely sky—
 One look like those the young and fond
 Give when they ’re parting—which would be,
 Even in remembrance, far beyond
 All heaven hath left of bliss for me!

“ Oh, but to see that head recline
 A minute on this trembling arm,
 And those mild eyes look up to mine
 Without a dread, a thought of harm!
 To meet but once the thrilling touch
 Of lips that are too fond to fear me—
 Or, if that boon be all too much,
 Even thus to bring their fragrance near me!
 Nay, shrink not so—a look—a word—
 Give them but kindly, and I fly;
 Already, see, my plumes have stirr’d,
 And tremble for their home on high.
 Thus be our parting—cheek to cheek—
 One minute’s lapse will be forgiven,
 And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
 The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!”

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
 Of me and of herself afraid,
 Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath
 The scorching of the south wind’s breath;
 But when I named—alas! too well
 I now recall, though wilder’d then,—
 Instantly, when I named the spell,
 Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
 And, with an eagerness that spoke
 The sudden light that o’er her broke,
 “ The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,
 And I will bless thee!” she exclaim’d—
 Unknowing what I did, inflamed,
 And lost already, on her brow
 I stamp’d one burning kiss, and named

The mystic word, till then ne'er told
 To living creature of earth's mould !
 Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
 Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
 The holy sound—her hands and eyes
 Were instant lifted to the skies,
 And thrice to heaven she spoke it out,
 With that triumphant look Faith wears
 When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
 A vapour from this vale of tears,
 Between her and her God appears !
 That very moment her whole frame
 All bright and glorified became,
 And at her back I saw uncloset
 Two wings magnificent as those
 That sparkle round the eternal throne,
 Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
 Above me, in the moon-beam shone
 With a pure light, which—from its hue,
 Unknown upon this earth—I knew
 Was light from Eden, glistening through !
 Most holy vision ! ne'er before
 Did aught so radiant—since the day
 When Lucifer, in falling, bore
 The third of the bright stars away (9)—
 Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
 That loss of light and glory there (10) !

But did I tamely view her flight ?
 Did not I, too, proclaim out thrice
 The powerful words that were, that night,—
 Oh even for Heaven too much delight !—
 Again to bring us eyes to eyes,
 And soul to soul, in Paradise ?
 I did—I spoke it o'er and o'er—
 I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain ;
 For me the spell had power no more,
 There seem'd around me some dark chain,
 Which still, as I essay'd to soar,
 Baffled, alas ! each wild endeavour :
 Dead lay my wings, as they have lain
 Since that sad hour, and will remain—
 So wills the offended God—for ever !

It was to yonder star I traced
 Her journey up the illumined waste—
 That isle in the blue firmament,
 To which so oft her fancy went
 In wishes and in dreams before,
 And which was now—such, Purity,
 Thy blest reward—ordain'd to be
 Her home of light for evermore!

Once—or did I but fancy so?—
 Even in her flight to that fair sphere,
 'Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,
 A pitying look she turn'd below
 On him who stood in darkness here;
 Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret
 Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet;
 And oft, when looking to this dim
 And distant world, remembers him.

But soon that passing dream was gone;
 Farther and farther off she shone,
 Till lessen'd to a point as small

As are those specks that yonder burn—
 Those vivid drops of light, that fall

The last from day's exhausted urn.

And when at length she merged, afar,
 Into her own immortal star,

And when at length my straining sight

Had caught her wing's last fading ray,

That minute from my soul the light

Of heaven and love both pass'd away;

And I forgot my home, my birth,

Profaned my spirit, sunk my brow,

And revell'd in gross joys of earth,

Till I became—what I am now!

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame;

A shame that of itself would tell—

Were there not even those breaks of flame,

Celestial, through his clouded frame—

How grand the height from which he fell!

That holy Shame which ne'er forgets

What clear renown it used to wear ;
 Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,
 To show her sunshine *has* been there.
 Once only, while the tale he told,
 Were his eyes lifted to behold
 That happy stainless star, where she
 Dwelt in her bower of purity !—
 One minute did he look, and then—
 As though he felt some deadly pain
 From its sweet light through heart and brain—
 Shrunk back, and never look'd again.

Who was the Second Spirit?—he
 With the proud front and piercing glance—
 Who seem'd, when viewing heaven's expanse,
 As though his far-sent eye could see
 On, on into the Immensity
 Behind the veils of that blue sky,
 Where God's sublimest secrets lie?—
 His wings, the while, though day was gone,
 Flashing with many a various hue
 Of light they from themselves alone,
 Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew—
 A breathing forth of beams at will,
 Of living beams, which, though no more
 They kept their early lustre, still
 Were such, when glittering out all o'er,
 As mortal eyelids wink'd before.

'T was Rubi (41)—once among the prime
 And flower of those bright creatures, named
 Spirits of Knowledge (42), who o'er Time,
 And Space and Thought an empire claim'd,
 Second alone to Him, whose light
 Was, even to theirs, as day to night—
 'Twixt whom and them was distance far
 And wide, as would the journey be
 To reach from any island star
 The vague shores of infinity !
 'T was Rubi, in whose mournful eye

1 The Cherubim.

Slept the dim light of days gone by;
 Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear
 Like echoes in some silent place,
 When first awaked for many a year;
 And when he smiled—if o'er his face
 Smile ever shone—'t was like the grace
 Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,
 The sunny life, the glory gone.
 Even o'er his pride, though still the same,
 A softening shade from sorrow came;
 And though at times his spirit knew
 The kindlings of disdain and ire,
 Short was the fitful glare they threw—
 Like the last flashes, fierce but few,
 Seen through some noble pile on fire!

Such was the Angel, who now broke
 The silence that had come o'er all,
 When he, the Spirit that last spoke,
 Closed the sad history of his fall;
 And, while a sacred lustre, flown
 For many a day, relumed his cheek,
 And not those sky-tuned lips alone,
 But his eyes, brows, and tresses, roll'd
 Like sunset waves, all seem'd to speak—
 Thus his eventful story told:

SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

You both remember well the day
When unto Eden's new-made bowers,
He, whom all living things obey,
Summon'd his chief angelic powers
To witness the one wonder yet (13),
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world as done—
To see that last perfection rise,
That crowning of creation's birth,
When, 'mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
First open'd upon heaven and earth;
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went,
Like first light through the firmament!

Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh awaken'd breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?
Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
The progress of the noon-tide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
And varying heaven's reflections there—
Or, like the light of evening, stealing
O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.

Can you forget her blush, when round
Through Eden's lone enchanted ground
She look'd—and at the sea—the skies—

And heard the rush of many a wing,
 By God's command then vanishing,
 And saw the last few angel eyes,
 Still lingering—mine among the rest,—
 Reluctant leaving scene so blest?

From that miraculous hour, the fate
 Of this new glorious Being dwelt
 For ever, with a spell-like weight,
 Upon my spirit—early, late,

Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,
 The thought of what might yet befall
 That splendid creature mix'd with all;—
 Nor she alone, but her whole race,

Through ages yet to come—whate'er
 Of feminine, and fond, and fair,
 Should spring from that pure mind and face,

All waked my soul's intensest care :
 Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
 God's most disturbing mystery !

It was my doom—even from the first,
 When summon'd with my cherub peers,
 To witness the young vernal burst

Of nature through those blooming spheres,
 Those flowers of light, that sprung beneath
 The first touch of the Eternal's breath—

It was my doom still to be haunted
 By some new wonder, some sublime
 And matchless work, that, for the time,
 Held all my soul enchain'd, enchanted,
 And left me not a thought, a dream,
 A word, but on that only theme !

The wish to know—that endless thirst,
 Which even by quenching is awaked,
 And which becomes or bless'd or cursed,

As is the fount whereat 't is slaked—
 Still urged me onward, with desire
 Insatiate, to explore, inquire—
 Whate'er the wondrous things might be
 That waked each new idolatry—

Their cause, aim, source from whence they sprung,
 Their inmost powers, as though for me
 Existence on that knowledge hung.

Oh! what a vision were the stars,
 When first I saw them burn on high,
 Rolling along, like living cars
 Of light, for gods to journey by!—
 They were my heart's first passion—days
 And nights, unwearied, in their rays
 Have I hung floating, till each sense
 Seem'd full of their bright influence.
 Innocent joy! alas, how much
 Of misery had I shunn'd below,
 Could I have still lived blest with such;
 Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to know
 The knowledge that brings guilt and woe!

Often—so much I loved to trace
 The secrets of this starry race—
 Have I at morn and evening run
 Along the lines of radiance, spun,
 Like webs, between them and the sun,
 Untwisting all the tangled ties
 Of light into their different dyes—
 Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest
 Of those, the farthest, loneliest,
 That watch, like winking sentinels,
 The void, beyond which Chaos dwells;
 And there, with noiseless plume, pursued
 Their track through that grand solitude,
 Asking intently all and each
 What soul within their radiance dwelt,
 And wishing their sweet light were speech,
 That they might tell me all they felt.

Nay, oft, so passionate my chase
 Of these resplendent heirs of space,
 Oft did I follow—lest a ray
 Should 'scape me in the farthest night—
 Some pilgrim Comet, on his way
 To visit distant shrines of light,
 And well remember how I sung
 Exulting out, when on my sight
 New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
 As if just born of darkness, sprung!

Such was my pure ambition then,
 My sinless transport, night and morn ;
 Ere this still newer world of men,
 And that most fair of stars was born,
 Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise
 Among the flowers of Paradise !
 Thenceforth my nature all was changed,
 My heart, soul, senses turn'd below ;
 And he, who but so lately ranged
 Yon wonderful expanse, where glow
 Worlds upon worlds, yet found his mind
 Even in that luminous range confined,
 Now blest the humblest, meanest sod
 Of the dark earth where Woman trod !
 In vain my former idols glisten'd
 From their far thrones ; in vain these ears
 To the once-thrilling music listen'd,
 That hymn'd around my favourite spheres—
 To earth, to earth each thought was given,
 That in this half-lost soul had birth ;
 Like some high mount, whose head 's in heaven,
 While its whole shadow rests on earth !

Nor was it Love, even yet, that thrall'd
 My spirit in his burning ties ;
 And less, still less could it be call'd
 That grosser flame, round which Love flies
 Nearer and nearer, till he dies—
 No, it was wonder, such as thrill'd
 At all God's works my dazzled sense ;
 The same rapt wonder, only fill'd
 With passion more profound, intense,—
 A vehement, but wandering fire,
 Which, though nor love, nor yet desire,
 Though through all womankind it took
 Its range, as vague as lightnings run,
 Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
 To fix it burning upon *One*.

Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,
 The insatiate curiosity
 To know what shapes, so fair, must feel—
 To look, but once, beneath the seal
 Of so much loveliness, and see

What souls belong'd to those bright eyes—
 Whether, as sun-beams find their way
 Into the gem that hidden lies,
 Those looks could inward turn their ray,
 To make the soul as bright as they!
 All this impell'd my anxious chase,
 And still the more I saw and knew
 Of Woman's fond, weak, conquering race,
 The intenser still my wonder grew.

I had beheld their First, their EVE (14),
 Born in that splendid Paradise,
 Which God made solely to receive
 The first light of her waking eyes.

I had seen purest angels lean
 In worship o'er her from above;
 And man—oh yes, had envying seen
 Proud man possess'd of all her love.

I saw their happiness, so brief,
 So exquisite—her error, too (15),
 That easy trust, that prompt belief
 In what the warm heart wishes true;
 That faith in words, when kindly said,
 By which the whole fond sex is led—
 Mingled with (what I durst not blame,
 For 't is my own) that wish to *know*,
 Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe;
 Which, though from Heaven all pure it came,
 Yet stain'd, misused, brought sin and shame
 On her, on me, on all below!

I had seen this; had seen Man—arm'd
 As his soul is with strength and sense—
 By her first words to ruin charm'd;
 His vaunted reason's cold defence,
 Like an ice-barrier in the ray
 Of melting summer, smiled away!
 Nay—stranger yet—spite of all this—
 Though by her counsels taught to err,
 Though driven from Paradise for her
 (And *with* her—*that*, at least, was bliss),
 Had I not heard him, ere he cross'd

The threshold of that earthly heaven,
 Which by her wildering smile he lost—
 So quickly was the wrong forgiven—
 Had I not heard him, as he press'd
 The frail fond trembler to a breast
 Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,
 Call her—think what—his Life! his Life! (16)
 Yes—such the love-taught name—the first

That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,
 Even in his out-cast hour, when curst,
 By her fond witchery, with that worst
 And earliest boon of love—the grave!
 She, who brought death into the world,
 There stood before him, with the light
 Of their lost Paradise still bright
 Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd
 Down her white shoulders to her feet—
 So beautiful in form, so sweet
 In heart and voice, as to redeem
 The loss, the death of all things dear,
 Except herself—and make it seem
 Life, endless life, while she was near!

Could I help wondering at a creature,
 Enchanted round with spells so strong—
 One, to whose every thought, word, feature,
 In joy and woe, through right and wrong,
 Such sweet omnipotence Heaven gave,
 To bless or ruin, curse or save?

Nor did the marvel cease with her—
 New Eves in all her daughters came,
 As strong to charm, as weak to err,
 As sure of man through praise and blame,
 Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
 Their still unreasoning worshipper—
 And, wheresoe'er they smiled, the same
 Enchantresses of soul and frame,
 Into whose hands, from first to last,
 This world, with all its destinies,

1 Chavah, the name by which Adam called the woman after their transgression, means "Life."

Devotedly by Heaven seems cast,
To save or damn it as they please!

Oh, 't is not to be told how long,
How restlessly I sigh'd to find
Some *one*, from out that shining throng,
Some abstract of the form and mind
Of the whole matchless sex, from which,
In my own arms beheld, possess'd,
I might learn all the powers to witch,
To warm, and (if my fate unblest'd
Would have it) ruin, of the rest!
Into whose inward soul and sense
I might descend, as doth the bee
Into the flower's deep heart, and thence
Rifle, in all its purity,
The prime, the quintessence, the whole
Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer,—
(For such—oh! what will tongues not dare,
When hearts go wrong?—this lip preferr'd)—
At length my ominous prayer was heard—
But whether heard in heaven or hell,
Listen—and you will know *too* well.

There was a maid, of all who move
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
Herself so bright, so exquisite!
The pride, too, of her step, as light
Along the unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one, born with a right
To walk some heavenlier element,
And tread in places where her feet
A star at every step should meet.
'T was not alone that loveliness
By which the wilder'd sense is caught—
Of lips, whose very breath could bless—
Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
But luminous escapes of thought—
Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word

Of tenderness, all soft became,
As though they could, like the sun's bird,
Dissolve away in their own flame—
Of form, as pliant as the shoots
Of a young tree, in vernal flower;
Yet round and glowing as the fruits
That drop from it in summer's hour—
'T was not alone this loveliness
That falls to loveliest woman's share,
Though, even here, her form could spare
From its own beauty's rich excess
Enough to make all others fair,—
But 't was the Mind, sparkling about
Through her whole frame—the soul, brought out
To light each charm, yet independent
Of what it lighted, as the sun,
That shines on flowers, would be resplendent
Were there no flowers to shine upon—
'T was this, all this, in one combined,
The unnumber'd looks and arts that form
The glory of young woman-kind
Taken in their first fusion, warm,
Ere time had chill'd a single charm,
And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
As gave to beauties, that might be
Too sensual else, too unrefined,
The impress of divinity!
'T was this—a union, which the hand
Of Nature kept for her alone,
Of every thing most playful, bland,
Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,
In angel-natures and her own—
Oh! this it was that drew me nigh
One, who seem'd kin to Heaven as I,
My bright twin-sister of the sky—
One, in whose love, I felt, were given
The mixed delights of either sphere,
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
And all the senses burn for here!

Had we—but hold—hear every part
Of our sad tale—spite of the pain
Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart
Is stirr'd thus in the wound again—

Hear every step, so full of bliss,
 And yet so ruinous, that led
 Down to the last dark precipice,
 Where perish'd both—the fall'n, the dead!

From the first hour she caught my sight,
 I never left her—day and night
 Hovering unseen around her way,
 And 'mid her loneliest musings near,
 I soon could track each thought that lay,
 Gleaming within her heart, as clear
 As pebbles within brooks appear!
 And there, among the countless things
 That keep young hearts for ever glowing,
 Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
 Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing—
 Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,
 And rainbow joys that end in weeping,
 And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
 Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping—
 'Mong all these feelings—felt where'er
 Young hearts are beating—I saw there
 Proud thoughts, aspirings high—beyond
 Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—
 Glimpses of glory, far away
 Into the bright vague future given;
 And fancies, free and grand, whose play,
 Like that of eaglets, is near heaven!
 With this, too—(what a soul and heart
 To fall beneath the tempter's art!)—
 A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er
 Enshrined itself in form so fair,
 Since that first fatal hour, when EVE,
 With every fruit of Eden bless'd,
 Save only *one*, rather than leave
 That one unknown, lost all the rest.

It was in dreams that first I stole
 With gentle mastery o'er her mind—
 In that rich twilight of the soul,
 When Reason's beam, half hid behind
 The clouds of sense, obscurely gilds
 Each shadowy shape that Fancy builds;—

'T was then, by that soft light, I brought
 Vague, glimmering visions to her view—
 Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
 Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,
 And vistas with a void seen through—
 Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
 Then closed, dissolved, and left no trace—
 All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
 But give her wing no resting-place ;
 Myself the while, with brow, as yet,
 Pure as the young moon's coronet,
 Through every dream still in her sight,
 The enchanter of each mocking scene,
 Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,
 Who said, " Behold yon world of light,"
 Then sudden dropp'd a veil between !

At length, when I perceived each thought,
 Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought
 But these illusive scenes, and me,
 The phantom, who thus came and went,
 In half revealments, only meant—
 To madden curiosity—
 When by such various arts I found
 Her fancy to its utmost wound,
 One night—'t was in a holy spot,
 Which she for prayer had chosen—a grot
 Of purest marble, built below
 Her garden beds, through which a glow
 From lamps invisible then stole,
 Brightly pervading all the place—
 Like that mysterious light the soul,
 Itself unseen, sheds through the face,—
 There, at her altar while she knelt,
 And all that woman ever felt,
 When God and man both claim'd her sighs—
 Every warm thought that ever dwelt,
 Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,
 Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
 Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes,
 Thus, by the tender light, which lay
 Dissolving round, as if its ray
 Was breathed from her, I heard her say :—

“ Oh, idol of my dreams ! whate’er
 Thy nature be—human, divine,
 Or but half heavenly (17)—still too fair,
 Too heavenly to be ever mine !

“ Wonderful Spirit, who dost make
 Slumber so lovely, that it seems
 No longer life to live awake,
 Since Heaven itself descends in dreams !

“ Why do I ever lose thee ? why—
 When on thy realms and thee I gaze—
 Still drops that veil, which I could die,
 Oh gladly, but one hour to raise ?

“ Long ere such miracles as thou
 And thine came o’er my thoughts, a thirst
 For light was in this soul, which now
 Thy looks have into passion nursed.

“ There ’s nothing bright above, below,
 In sky—earth—ocean, that this breast
 Doth not intensely burn to know,
 And thee, thee, thee, o’er all the rest !

“ Then come, O Spirit, from behind
 The curtains of thy radiant home ;
 Whether thou wouldst as God be shrined,
 Or loved and clasp’d as mortal, come !

“ Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
 That I may waking know and see—
 Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
 Thy heaven or—ay, even *that* with thee !

“ Demon or God, who hold’st the book
 Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,
 Give me, with thee, but one bright look
 Into its leaves, and let me die !

“ By those ethereal wings, whose way
 Lies through an element, so fraught

With floating Mind, that, as they play,
Their every movement is a thought !

“ By that most precious hair, between
Whose golden clusters the sweet wind
Of Paradise so late hath been,
And left its fragrant soul behind !

“ By those impassion'd eyes, that melt
Their light into the inmost heart,
Like sunset in the waters, felt
As molten fire through every part,—

“ I do implore thee, O most bright
And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er
My waking wondering eyes this night,
This one bless'd night—I ask no more ! ”

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
These burning words, her languid head
Upon the altar's steps she cast,
As if that brain-throb were its last—
Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,
Of lips that echoed back her sigh,
Sudden her brow again she raised,

And there, just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me—not as I had blazed

Around her, full of light divine,
In her late dreams, but soften'd down
Into more mortal grace—my crown
Of flowers, too radiant for this world,

Left hanging on yon starry steep ;
My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,
When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep ;
Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
Their lightnings sheathed, rather than mar
The dawning hour of some young star—
And nothing left but what beseem'd

The accessible, though glorious mate
Of mortal woman—whose eyes beam'd

Back upon hers, as passionate :
Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,

Whose sin, whose madness was the same,
 And whose soul lost, in that one hour,
 For her and for her love—oh! more
 Of Heaven's light than even the power
 Of Heaven itself could now restore!

And yet that hour!—

The Spirit here
 Stopped in his utterance, as if words
 Gave way beneath the wild career
 Of his then rushing thoughts—like chords,
 Midway in some enthusiast's song,
 Breaking beneath a touch too strong—
 While the clench'd hand upon the brow
 Told how remembrance throb'd there now!
 But soon 't was o'er—that casual blaze
 From the sunk fire of other days,
 That relic of a flame, whose burning
 Had been too fierce to be relumed,
 Soon pass'd away, and the youth, turning
 To his bright listeners, thus resumed:—

Days, months elapsed, and, though what most
 On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all,—
 Yet—was I happy? God, thou know'st,
 Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,
 What happiness is theirs, who fall!
 'T was bitterest anguish—made more keen
 Even by the love, the bliss, between
 Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell
 In agonizing cross-light given
 Athwart the glimpses they who dwell
 In purgatory catch of heaven!
 The only feeling that to me
 Seem'd joy, or rather my sole rest
 From aching misery, was to see
 My young, proud, blooming LILIS bless'd—
 She, the fair fountain of all ill
 To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst
 Fervidly panted after still,
 And found the charm fresh as at first!—
 To see *her* happy—to reflect

Whatever beams still round me play'd
 Of former pride, of glory wreck'd,
 On her, my Moon, whose light I made,
 And whose soul worshipp'd even my shade—
 This was, I own, enjoyment—this
 My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.
 And proud she was, bright creature!—proud,

Beyond what even most queenly stirs
 In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd
 That beautiful young brow of hers
 To aught beneath the First above,
 So high she deem'd her Cherub's love (18)!

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing
 Stronger and stronger—to which even
 Her love, at times, gave way—of knowing
 Every thing strange in earth and heaven;
 Not only what God loves to show,
 But all that He hath seal'd below
 In darkness for man not to know—
 Even this desire, alas, ill-starr'd

And fatal as it was, I sought
 To feed each minute, and unbarr'd
 Such realms of wonder on her thought,
 As ne'er, till then, had let their light
 Escape on any mortal's sight!
 In the deep earth—beneath the sea—

Through caves of fire—through wilds of air—
 Wherever sleeping Mystery
 Had spread her curtain, we were there—
 Love still beside us, as we went,
 At home in each new element,
 And sure of worship every where!

Then first was Nature taught to lay
 The wealth of all her kingdoms down
 At woman's worshipp'd feet, and say,
 “Bright creature, this is all thine own!”
 Then first were diamonds caught (19)—like eyes
 Shining in darkness—by surprise,
 And made to light the conquering way
 Of proud young Beauty with their ray.
 Then, too, the pearl from out its shell,

Unsightly in the sunless sea
 (As 't were a spirit forced to dwell
 In form unlovely), was set free,
 And round the neck of woman threw
 A light it lent and borrow'd too.
 For never did this maid—whate'er
 The ambition of the hour—forget
 Her sex's pride in being fair,
 Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,
 Which makes the mighty magnet, set
 In Woman's form (20), more mighty yet.
 Nor was there aught within the range
 Of my swift wing, in sea or air,
 Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,
 That, quickly as her wish could change,
 I did not seek with such fond care,
 That when I've seen her look above
 At some bright star admiringly,
 I've said, "Nay, look not there, my love; (21)
 Alas, I *cannot* give it thee!"

But not alone the wonders found
 Through Nature's realm—the unveil'd, material,
 Visible glories that hang round,
 Like lights, through her enchanted ground—
 But whatsoe'er unseen, ethereal,
 Dwells far away from human sense,
 Wrapp'd in its own intelligence—
 The mystery of that Fountain-head,
 From which all vital spirit runs,
 All breath of life, where'er 't is shed,
 Through men or angels, flowers or suns—
 The workings of the Almighty Mind,
 When first o'er Chaos he design'd
 The outlines of this world, and through
 That spread of darkness—like the bow,
 Call'd out of rain-clouds, hue by hue—
 Saw the grand gradual picture grow!—
 The covenant with human kind
 Which God has made—the chains of Fate
 He round himself and them hath twined,
 Till his high task he consummate—
 Till good from evil, love from hate,
 Shall be work'd out through sin and pain,

And Fate shall loose her iron chain,
And all be free, be bright again !

Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,
And some, perhaps, even more profound,
More wildering to the mind than these,
Which—far as woman's thought could sound,
Or a fallen outlaw'd spirit reach—
She dared to learn, and I to teach.
Till—fill'd with such unearthly lore,

And mingling the pure light it brings
With much that Fancy had, before,
Shed in false tinted glimmerings—
The enthusiast girl spoke out, as one
Inspired, among her own dark race,
Who from their altars, in the sun
Left standing half adorned, would run
To gaze upon her holier face ;

And, though but wild the things she spoke,
Yet, 'mid that play of error's smoke

Into fair shapes by fancy curl'd,
Some gleams of pure religion broke—
Glimpses that have not yet awcke,

But startled the still dreaming world !
Oh ! many a truth, remote, sublime,

Which God would from the minds of men
Have kept conceal'd, till his own time,

Stole out in these revealments then—
Revealments dim, that have fore-run,
By ages, the bright, Saving One * (22) !
Like that imperfect dawn, or light

Escaping from the Zodiac's signs (23),
Which makes the doubtful east half bright
Before the real morning shines !

Thus did some moons of bliss go by—
Of bliss to her, who saw but love
And knowledge throughout earth and sky ;
To whose enamour'd soul and eye

* It is the opinion of some of the Fathers, that the knowledge which the heathens possessed of the Providence of God, a future state, and other sublime doctrines of Christianity, was derived from the premature revelations of these fallen angels to the women of earth.

I seem'd, as is the sun on high,
 The light of all below, above,
 The spirit of sea, land, and air,
 Whose influence, felt every where,
 Spread from its centre, her own heart,
 Even to the world's extremest part—
 While through that world her reinless mind
 Had now career'd so fast and far,
 That earth itself seem'd left behind,
 And her proud fancy, unconfined,
 Already saw heaven's gates a-jar!

Happy enthusiast! still, oh still,
 Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
 Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,
 Which looks at once before and back,
 Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
 And sees both comfortless, both black—
 Spite of all this, I could have still
 In her delight forgot all ill;
 Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,
 At least have borne and murmur'd not.
 When thoughts of an offended Heaven,
 Of sinfulness, which I—even I,
 While down its steep most headlong driven,—
 Well knew could never be forgiven,
 Came o'er me with an agony
 Beyond all reach of mortal woe,—
 A torture kept for those who know,
 Know every thing, and, worst of all,
 Know and love virtue while they fall!—
 Even then her presence had the power
 To soothe, to warm,—nay, even to bless—
 If ever bliss could graft its flower
 On stem so full of bitterness—
 Even then her glorious smile to me
 Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm,
 Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
 Brightening the storm it cannot calm.
 Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,
 Which all who love beneath the sky
 Feel, when they gaze on what is dear—
 The dreadful thought that it must die!
 That desolating thought, which comes

Into men's happiest hours and homes ;
 Whose melancholy boding flings
 Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,
 Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads
 The grave beneath young lovers' heads !
 This fear, so sad to all—to me

Most full of sadness, from the thought
 That I must still live on when she
 Would, like the snow that on the sea

Fell yesterday, in vain be sought—
 That Heaven to me the final seal

Of all earth's sorrow would deny,
 And I eternally must feel

The death-pang, without power to die !
 Even this, her fond endearments—fond
 As ever twisted the sweet bond

'Twixt heart and heart—could charm away :
 Before her look no clouds would stay,
 Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,
 Their darkness put a glory on !

There seem'd a freshness in her breath,
 Beyond the reach, the power of death !

And then, her voice—oh, who could doubt
 That 't would for ever thus breathe out
 A music, like the harmony

Of the tuned orbs, too sweet to die !
 While in her lip's awakening touch

There thrill'd a life ambrosial—such
 As mantles in the fruit steep'd through
 With Eden's most delicious dew—

Till I could almost think, though known
 And loved as human, they had grown
 By bliss, celestial as my own !

But 't is not, 't is not for the wrong,
 The guilty, to be happy long ;

And she too, now, had sunk within
 The shadow of a tempter's sin—

Shadow of death, whose withering frown
 Kills whatsoe'er it lights upon—

Too deep for even *her* soul to shun
 The desolation it brings down !

Listen, and if a tear there be
 Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

'T was on the evening of a day,
 Which we in love had dream'd away;
 In that same garden, where, beneath
 The silent earth, stripp'd of my wreath,
 And furling up those wings, whose light
 For mortal gaze were else too bright,
 I first had stood before her sight;
 And found myself—oh, ecstasy,

Which even in pain I ne'er forget—
 Worshipp'd as only God should be,
 And loved as never man was yet!

In that same garden we were now,
 Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
 Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow
 With its own silent fancies shining.

It was an evening bright and still
 As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
 Smiling from Heaven, as if nought ill
 Could happen in so sweet an hour.

Yet, I remember, both grew sad
 In looking at that light—even she,
 Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
 Felt the mute hour's solemnity,
 And thought she saw, in that repose,
 The death-hour not alone of light,
 But of this whole fair world—the close
 Of all things beautiful and bright—
 The last grand sun-set, in whose ray
 Nature herself died calm away!

At length, as if some thought, awaking
 Suddenly, sprung within her breast—
 Like a young bird, when day-light breaking
 Startles him from his dreamy nest—
 She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,
 Dilated into that full shape
 They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
 As if to let more soul escape,
 And, playfully as on my head
 Her white hand rested, smiled and said :—

“ I had, last night, a dream of thee,
 Resembling those divine ones, given,

Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
Before thou camest, thyself, from heaven.

“ The same rich wreath was on thy brow,
Dazzling as if of star-light made ;
And these wings, lying darkly now,
Like meteors round thee flash'd and play'd.

“ All bright as in those happy dreams
Thou stood'st, a creature to adore
No less than love, breathing out beams,
As flowers do fragrance, at each pore!

“ Sudden I felt thee draw me near
To thy pure heart, where, fondly placed,
I seem'd within the atmosphere
Of that exhaling light embraced ;

“ And, as thou held'st me there, the flame
Pass'd from thy heavenly soul to mine,
Till—oh, too blissful—I became,
Like thee, all spirit, all divine.

“ Say, why did dream so bright come o'er me,
If, now I wake, 't is faded, gone?
When will my Cherub shine before me
Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone?

“ When shall I, waking, be allow'd
To gaze upon those perfect charms,
And hold thee thus, without a cloud,
A chill of earth, within my arms?

“ Oh, what a pride to say—this, this
Is my own Angel—all divine,
And pure, and dazzling as he is,
And fresh from heaven, he 's mine, he 's mine!

“ Think'st thou, were LILIS in thy place,
A creature of yon lofty skies,

She would have hid one single grace,
One glory from her lover's eyes ?

“ No, no—then, if thou lovest like me,
Shine out, young Spirit, in the blaze
Of thy most proud divinity,
Nor think thou 'lt wound this mortal gaze.

“ Too long have I look'd doating on
Those ardent eyes, intense even thus—
Too near the stars themselves have gone,
To fear aught grand or luminous.

“ Then doubt me not—oh, who can say
But that this dream may yet come true,
And my blest spirit drink thy ray
Till it becomes all heavenly too ?

“ Let me this once but feel the flame
Of those spread wings, the very pride
Will change my nature, and this frame
By the mere touch be deified ! ”

Thus spoke the maid, as one not used
To be by man or God refused—
As one, who felt her influence o'er
All creatures, whatsoe'er they were,
And, though to heaven she could not soar,
At least would bring down heaven to her !

Little did she, alas, or I—
Even I, whose soul, but half-way yet
Immerged in sin's obscurity,
Was as the planet where we lie,
O'er half whose disk the sun is set—
Little did we foresee the fate,
The dreadful—how can it be told ?
Oh God ! such anguish to relate
Is o'er again to feel, behold !
But, charged as 't is, my heart must speak
Its sorrow out, or it will break !

Some dark misgivings *had*, I own,
 Pass'd for a moment through my breast—
 Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,
 To one, or both—something unblest'd
 To happen from this proud request.

But soon these boding fancies fled;
 Nor saw I aught that could forbid
 My full revealment, save the dread
 Of that first dazzle, that unhid
 And bursting glory on a lid

Untried in heaven—and even this glare
 She might, by love's own nursing care,
 Be, like young eagles, taught to bear.
 For well I knew the lustre shed
 From my rich wings, when proudest spread,
 Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,

And innocent as is the light
 The glow-worm hangs out to allure
 Her mate to her green bower at night.

Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept
 Through clouds in which the lightning slept,
 As in his lair, ready to spring,
 Yet waked him not—though from my wing
 A thousand sparks fell glittering!
 Oft, too, when round me from above

The feather'd snow (which, for its whiteness,
 In my pure days I used to love)
 Fell like the moultings of Heaven's DOVE—

So harmless, though so full of brightness,
 Was my brow's wreath, that it would shake
 From off its flowers each downy flake
 As delicate, unmelted, fair,
 And cool as they had fallen there!
 Nay even with LILIS—had I not

Around her sleep in splendour come—
 Hung o'er each beauty, nor forgot

To print my radiant lips on some?
 And yet, at morn, from that repose,

Had she not waked, unscathed and bright,
 As doth the pure, unconscious rose,

Though by the fire-fly kiss'd all night?
 Even when the rays I scatter'd stole
 Intensest to her dreaming soul,
 No thrill disturb'd the insensate frame—

So subtle, so refined that flame,
Which, rapidly as lightnings melt
The blade within the unharm'd sheath,
Can, by the outward form unfelt,
Reach and dissolve the soul beneath!

Thus having (as, alas! deceived
By my sin's blindness, I believed)
No cause for dread, and those black eyes
There fix'd upon me, eagerly
As if the unlocking of the skies
Then waited but a sign from me—
How was I to refuse? how say
One word that in her heart could stir
A fear, a doubt, but that each ray
I brought from heaven belong'd to her?
Slow from her side I rose, while she
Stood up, too, mutely, tremblingly,
But not with fear—all hope, desire,
She waited for the awful boon,
Like priestesses, with eyes of fire
Watching the rise of the full moon,
Whose beams—they know, yet cannot shun—
Will madden them when look'd upon!
Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heaven came down,
I left—see, where those clouds afar
Sail through the west—there hangs it yet,
Shining remote, more like a star
Than a fallen angel's coronet—
Of all my glories, this alone
Was wanting—but the illumined brow,
The curls, like tendrils that had grown
Out of the sun—the eyes, that now
Had love's light added to their own,
And shed a blaze, before unknown
Even to themselves—the unfolded wings,
From which, as from two radiant springs,
Sparkles fell fast around, like spray—
All I could bring of heaven's array,
Of that rich panoply of charms
A cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;
And, proud that in her eyes I shone

Thus glorious, glided to her arms,
Which still (though at a sight so splendid
Her dazzled brow had instantly
Sunk on her breast) were wide extended
To clasp the form she durst not see!

Great God! how *could* thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright?
How could the hand, that gave such charms,
Blast them again, in love's own arms?
Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,

When—oh, most horrible!—I felt
That every spark of that pure flame—

Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
Was now by my transgression turn'd
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye

Could follow the fierce ravening flashes,
Till there—oh God, I still ask why
Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie

Blackening within my arms to ashes!
Those cheeks, a glory but to see—

Those lips, whose touch was what the first
Fresh cup of immortality

Is to a new-made angel's thirst!
Those arms, within whose gentle round,
My heart's horizon, the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!
Which, even in this dread moment, fond

As when they first were round me cast,
Loosed not in death the fatal bond,

But, burning, held me to the last—
That hair, from under whose dark veil,

The snowy neck, like a white sail
At moonlight seen 'twixt wave and wave,
Shone out by gleams—that hair, to save
But one of whose long glossy wreaths
I could have died ten thousand deaths!—

All, all, that seem'd, one minute since,
So full of love's own redolence,
Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;

And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,
From which this desolation came—

And I the fiend, whose foul caress
Had blasted all that loveliness !

'T was madd'ning, 't was—but hear even worse—
Had death, death only, been the curse
I brought upon her—had the doom
But ended here, when her young bloom
Lay in the dust, and did the spirit
No part of that fell curse inherit,
'T were not so dreadful,—but, come near—
'Too shocking 't is for earth to hear,—
Just when her eyes, in fading, took
Their last, keen, agonized farewell,
And look'd in mine with—oh, that look !

Avenging Power, whate'er the hell
Thou may'st to human souls assign,
The memory of that look is mine!—
In her last struggle, on my brow
Her ashy lips a kiss impress'd,
So withering !—I feel it now—

'T was fire—but fire, even more unblest'd
Than was my own, and like that flame
The angels shudder but to name,
Hell's everlasting element !

Deep, deep it pierced into my brain,
Madd'ning and torturing as it went ;

And here, see here, the mark, the stain
It left upon my front—burnt in
By that last kiss of love and sin—
A brand, which even the wreathed pride
Of these bright curls, still forced aside
By its foul contact, cannot hide !

But is it thus, dread Providence—

Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,
Who, but for one proud, fond offence,
Had honour'd Heaven itself, should be
Now doom'd—I cannot speak it—no,
Merciful God ! it is not so—

Never could lips divine have said
The fiat of a fate so dread.

And yet, that look—that look, so fraught
With more than anguish, with despair—

That new, fierce fire, resembling nought
 In heaven or earth—this scorch I bear !—
 Oh,—for the first time that these knees
 Have bent before thee since my fall,
 Great Power, if ever thy decrees
 Thou couldst for prayer like mine recall,
 Pardon that spirit, and on me,
 On me, who taught her pride to err,
 Shed out each drop of agony
 Thy burning phial keeps for her !
 See, too, where low beside me kneel
 Two other outcasts, who, though gone
 And lost themselves, yet dare to feel
 And pray for that poor mortal one.
 Alas ! too well, too well they know
 The pain, the penitence, the woe
 That Passion brings down on the best,
 The wisest and the loveliest.—
 Oh, who is to be saved, if such
 Bright erring souls are not forgiven ?
 So loth they wander, and so much
 Their very wanderings lean tow'rd's heaven !
 Again I cry, Just God, transfer
 That creature's sufferings all to me—
 Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be—
 To save one minute's pain to her,
 Let mine last all eternity !

He paused, and to the earth bent down
 His throbbing head ; while they, who felt
 That agony as 't were their own,
 Those angel youths, beside him knelt,
 And, in the night's still silence there,
 While mournfully each wandering air
 Play'd in those plumes, that never more
 To their lost home in heaven must soar,
 Breathed inwardly the voiceless prayer,
 Unheard by all but Mercy's ear—
 And which if Mercy *did not* hear,
 Oh ! God would not be what this bright
 And glorious universe of his,

This world of beauty, goodness, light,
And endless love, proclaims He is !

Not long they knelt, when, from a wood
That crown'd that airy solitude,
They heard a low, uncertain sound,
As from a lute, that just had found
Some happy theme, and murmur'd round
The new-born fancy—with fond tone,
Like that of ring-dove o'er her brood—
Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own !
Till soon a voice that match'd as well

That gentle instrument, as suits
The sea-air to an ocean-shell
(So kin its spirit to the lute's),
Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain,
Interpreting its joy, its pain,
And lending the light wings of words
To many a thought that else had lain
Unfledged and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound—but chief
The third young Angel, in whose face,
Though faded like the others, grief
Had left a gentler, holier trace ;
As if, even yet, through pain and ill,
Hope had not quit him—as if still
Her precious pearl in sorrow's cup,
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again, when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away.
Chiefly did he, though in his eyes
There shone more pleasure than surprise,
Turn to the wood, from whence that sound
Of solitary sweetness broke,
Then, listening, look delighted round
To his bright peers, while thus it spoke :—

“Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
My angel-lord, come pray with me ;
In vain to-night my lip hath strove
To send one holy prayer above—

The knee may bend, the lip may move,
But pray I cannot without thee!

“I’ve fed the altar in my bower
With droppings from the incense-tree;
I’ve shelter’d it from wind and shower,
But dim it burns the livelong hour,
As if, like me, it had no power
Of life or lustre, without thee!

“A boat at midnight sent alone
To drift upon the moonless sea,
A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
A wounded bird, that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Are like what I am without thee!

“Then ne’er, my spirit-love, divide,
In life or death, thyself from me;
But when again, in sunny pride,
Thou walk’st through Eden, let me glide,
A prostrate shadow, by thy side—
Oh, happier thus than without thee!”

The song had ceased, when from the wood—
Where, curving down that airy height,
It reach’d the spot on which they stood—
There suddenly shone out a light
From a clear lamp, which, as it blazed
Across the brow of one who raised
The flame aloft (as if to throw
Its light upon that group below),
Display’d two eyes, sparkling between
The dusky leaves, such as are seen
By fancy only, in those faces
That haunt a poet’s walk at even,
Looking from out their leafy places
Upon his dreams of love and heaven.
’T was but a moment—the blush, brought
O’er all her features at the thought
Of being seen thus late, alone,
By any but the eyes she sought,

Had scarcely for an instant shone
 Through the dark leaves, when she was gone—
 Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead
 Suddenly shines, and, ere we 've said,
 "Look, look, how beautiful!"—'t is fled.

Yet, ere she went, the words, "I come,
 I come, my Nama," reach'd her ear,
 In that kind voice, familiar, dear,
 Which tells of confidence, of home,—
 Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,
 Till they grow *one*—of faith sincere,
 And all that Love most loves to hear!
 A music, breathing of the past,
 The present, and the time to be,
 Where Hope and Memory, to the last,
 Lengthen out life's true harmony!

Nor long did he, whom call so kind
 Summon'd away, remain behind;
 Nor did there need much time to tell
 What they—alas, more fallen than he,
 From happiness and heaven—knew well,
 His gentler love's short history!

Thus did it run—not as he told
 The tale himself, but as 't is graved
 Upon the tablets that, of old,
 By Cham were from the deluge saved (24),
 All written over with sublime
 And saddening legends of the unblest
 But glorious spirits of that time,
 And this young Angel's 'mong the rest (25).

THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

AMONG the Spirits, of pure flame,
 That round the Almighty Throne abide—
 Circles of light, that, from the same
 Eternal centre sweeping wide,
 Carry its beams on every side (26)
 (Like spheres of air that waft around
 The undulations of rich sound),
 Till the far-circling radiance be
 Diffused into infinity!
 First and immediate near the Throne,
 As if peculiarly God's own,
 The Seraphs^{*} stand—this burning sign
 Traced on their banner, "Love Divine!"
 Their rank, their honours, far above
 Even those to high-brow'd Cherubs given,
 Though knowing all—so much doth Love
 Transcend all knowledge, even in heaven!
 'Mong these was Zaraph once—and none
 E'er felt affection's holy fire,
 Or yearn'd towards the Eternal One,
 With half such longing, deep desire.
 Love was to his impassion'd soul
 Not, as with others, a mere part
 Of its existence, but the whole—
 The very life-breath of his heart!

Often, when from the Almighty brow
 A lustre came too bright to bear,
 And all the seraph ranks would bow
 Their heads beneath their wings, nor dare
 To look upon the effulgence there—
 This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze
 (Such pride he in adoring took),
 And rather lose, in that one gaze,

^{*} The Seraphim are the Spirits of Divine Love.

The power of looking than *not* look !
 Then too, when angel voices sung
 The mercy of their God, and strung
 Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
 The moment, watch'd for by all eyes,
 When some repentant sinner's feet
 First touch'd the threshold of the skies,
 Oh then how clearly did the voice
 Of Zaraph above all rejoice !
 Love was in every buoyant tone,
 Such love as only could belong
 To the blest angels, and alone
 Could, even from angels, bring such song !

Alas ! that it should e'er have been
 The same in heaven as it is here,
 Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
 But it hath pain and peril near—
 Where right and wrong so close resemble,
 That what we take for virtue's thrill
 Is often the first downward tremble
 Of the heart's balance into ill—
 Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
 So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
 In moments even the most secure,
 Beneath his altar may glide in !

So was it with that Angel—such
 The charm that sloped his fall along,
 From good to ill, from loving much,
 Too easy lapse, to loving wrong.—
 Even so that amorous Spirit, bound
 By beauty's spell, where'er 't was found,
 From the bright things above the moon,
 Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,
 Till love for the Creator soon
 In passion for the creature ended !

'T was first at twilight, on the shore
 Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
 And voice of her he loved steal o'er
 The silver waters, that lay mute,
 As loth, by even a breath, to stay

The pilgrimage of that sweet lay ;
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off beyond the ocean's brim—

There, where the rich cascade of day
Had, o'er the horizon's golden rim,
Into Elysium roll'd away !

Of God she sung, and of the mild
Attendant Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever smiled,

Ready, with her white hand, to guide
His bolts of vengeance to their prey—

That she might quench them on the way !
Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,

The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd
So fond, that with her every tear

The light of that love-star is mix'd !—
All this she sung, and such a soul

Of piety was in that song,
That the charm'd Angel, as it stole

Tenderly to his ear, along
Those lulling waters, where he lay
Watching the day-light's dying ray,

Thought 't was a voice from out the wave,
An echo that some spirit gave

To Eden's distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea !

Quickly, however, to its source
Tracking that music's melting course,

He saw upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore a maiden stand,

Before whose feet the expiring waves
Flung their last tribute with a sigh—

As, in the East, exhausted slaves
Lay down the far-brought gift, and die—

And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,
As if unequal to the tide

Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
She raised, like one beatified,

Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given

To be adored than to adore—
Such eyes as may have look'd *from* heaven,
But ne'er were raised to it before!

O Love, Religion, Music—all
That 's left of Eden upon earth—
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
A trace of their high glorious birth—
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
When time or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
Too oft, entranced Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
They *both* still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could Zaraph fail to feel
That moment's witcheries?—one so fair
Breathing out music that might steal
Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
That seraphs might be proud to share!
Oh, he *did* feel it—far too well—
With warmth that much too dearly cost—
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
To which attraction, to which spell,
Love, Music, or Devotion, most
His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,
And pure, as aught of earth could be,
For then first did the glorious sun
Before Religion's altar see
Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie
Self-pledged, in love to live and die—
Then first did woman's virgin brow
That hymeneal chaplet wear,
Which, when it dies, no second vow
Can bid a new one bloom out there (27)—
Bless'd union! by that angel wove,

And worthy from such hands to come;
Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
When fallen or exiled from above,
In this dark world can find a home.

And, though the Spirit had transgress'd,
Had, from his station 'mong the bless'd
Won down by woman's smile, allow'd

Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
The mirror of his heart, and cloud

God's image, there so bright before—

Yet never did that God look down

On error with a brow so mild;

Never did justice launch a frown

That, ere it fell, so nearly smiled.

For gentle was their love, with awe

And trembling like a treasure kept,

That was not theirs by holy law,

Whose beauty with remorse they saw,

And o'er whose preciousness they wept.

Humility, that low, sweet root,

From which all heavenly virtues shoot,

Was in the hearts of both—but most

In Nama's heart, by whom alone

Those charms, for which a heaven was lost,

Seem'd all unvalued and unknown;

And when her Seraph's eyes she caught,

And hid hers glowing on his breast,

Even bliss was humbled by the thought,

“What claim have I to be so bless'd?”

Still less could maid so meek have nursed

Desire of knowledge—that vain thirst,

With which the sex hath all been cursed,

From luckless Eve to her who near

The Tabernacle stole, to hear

The secrets of the Angels (28)—no—

To love as her own seraph loved,

With Faith, the same through bliss and woe—

Faith that, were even its light removed,

Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,

And wait till it shone out again—

With Patience that, though often bow'd

By the rude storm, can rise anew ;
 And Hope that, even from Evil's cloud,
 Sees sunny Good half breaking through !
 This deep, relying Love, worth more
 In heaven than all a cherub's lore—
 This Faith, more sure than aught beside,
 Was the sole joy, ambition, pride,
 Of her fond heart—the unreasoning scope
 Of all its views, above, below—
 So true she felt it that to *hope*,
 To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.

And thus in humbleness they trod,
 Abash'd, but pure before their God ;
 Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
 So meekly beautiful as they,
 When, with the altar's holy light
 Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,
 Hand within hand, and side by side,
 Two links of love, awhile untied
 From the great chain above, but fast
 Holding together to the last—
 Two fallen Splendors (29) from that tree
 Which buds with such eternally' (30),
 Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
 Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment (as wrong,
 However sweet, must bear its brand),
 Their only doom was this—that, long
 As the green earth and ocean stand,
 They both shall wander here—the same
 Throughout all time, in heart and frame—
 Still looking to that goal sublime,
 Whose light, remote but sure, they see,
 Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
 Whose home is in Eternity !
 Subject, the while, to all the strife
 True love encounters in this life—
 The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain ;
 The chill, that turns his warmest sighs

† An allusion to the Sephiroths or Splendors of the Jewish Cabbala, represented as a trees of which God is the crown or summit.

To earthly vapour, ere they rise ;
The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
That in his very sweetness lies ;
Still worse, the illusions that betray
His footsteps to their shining brink ;
That tempt him on his desert way
Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
Where nothing meets his lips, alas !
But he again must sighing pass
On to that far-off home of peace,
In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear, but, not the less,
Have moments rich in happiness—
Blest meetings after many a day
Of widowhood past far away,
When the loved face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between—
Confidings frank, without control,
Pour'd mutually from soul to soul ;
As free from any fear or doubt
As is that light from chill or stain,
The sun into the stars sheds out,
To be by them shed back again !—
That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed as chymic compounds are,
Each with its own existence parts,
To find a new one, happier far !
Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When, happy and no more to fall,
Their spirits shall, with freshen'd power,
Rise up rewarded for their trust
In Him from whom all goodness springs,
And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
From their emancipated wings,
Wander for ever through those skies
Of radiance, where Love never dies !

In what lone region of the earth
These pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and the Angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.

But should we, in our wanderings,
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings,
To look like heaven's inhabitants—
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,
As is the way-side violet,
That shines unseen, and, were it not
For its sweet breath, would be forgot—
Whose hearts in every thought are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills,
Answering as Echo doth some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself, we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain—
Whose piety is love—whose love,
Though close as 't were their souls' embrace,
Is not of earth, but from above—
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
Whose light, from one to the other thrown,
Is heaven's reflection, not their own—
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure
There is but *one* such pair below ;
And, as we bless them on their way
Through the world's wilderness, may say,
“There Zaraph and his Nama go.”

NOTES.

Note 1, PREFACE, page 1.

An erroneous translation by the LXX, of that verse in the sixth chapter of Genesis, etc.

THE error of these interpreters (and, it is said, of the old Italic version also) was in making it οἱ Ἀγγελοὶ τοῦ Θεοῦ, "the *Angels* of God," instead of "the *Sons*"—a mistake which, assisted by the allegorizing comments of Philo, and the rhapsodical fictions of the Book of Enoch,¹ was more than sufficient to affect the imaginations of such half-Pagan writers as Clemens Alexandrinus, Tertullian, and Lactantius, who, chiefly, among the Fathers, have indulged themselves in fanciful reveries upon the subject. The greater number, however, have rejected the fiction with indignation. Chrysostom, in his twenty-second Homily upon Genesis, earnestly exposes its absurdity;² and Cyril accounts such a supposition as ἐγγυς μωρίας, "bordering on folly³." According to these Fathers (and their opinion has been followed by all the theologians, down from St Thomas to Caryl and Lightfoot⁴) the term "Sons of God" must be understood to mean the descendants of Seth, by Enos—a family peculiarly favoured by Heaven, because with them men first began to "call upon the name of the Lord,"—while, by "the daughters of men," they suppose that the corrupt race of Cain is designated. The probability, however, is, that the words in question ought to have been translated "the sons of the nobles or great men," as we find them interpreted in the Targum of Onkelos (the most ancient and accurate of all the Chaldaic paraphrases), and as, it appears from Cyril, the version of Symmachus also rendered them. This translation of the passage removes all difficulty, and at once relieves the Sacred History of an extravagance, which, however it may suit the imagination of the poet, is inconsistent with all our notions, both philosophical and religious.

Note 2, page 3.

Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of his luminous word!

Dionysius (*De Cœlest. Hierarch.*) is of opinion, that when Isaiah represents the Seraphim as crying out "one unto the other," his intention is to describe those communica-

¹ It is lamentable to think that this absurd production, of which we now know the whole from Dr Laurence's translation, should ever have been considered as an inspired or authentic work. See the Preliminary Dissertation, prefixed to the Translation.

² One of the arguments of Chrysostom is, that Angels are no where else, in the Old Testament, called "Sons of God,"—but his commentator, Montfaucon, shows that he is mistaken, and that in the Book of Job they are so designated (c. i, v. 6), both in the original Hebrew and the Vulgate, though not in the Septuagint, which alone, he says, Chrysostom read.

³ Lib. ii Glaphyrorum.—Philæstrius, in his enumeration of heresies, classes this story of the Angels among the number, and says it deserves only to be ranked with those fictions about gods and goddesses, to which the fancy of the Pagan poets gave birth:—"Sicuti et Paganorum et Poetarum mendacia asserunt deos deasque transformatos nefanda conjugia commisisse."—*De Hæres.* Edit. Basil. p. 101.

⁴ Lightfoot says, "The sons of God, or the members of the Church, and the progeny of Seth, marrying carelessly and promiscuously with the daughters of men, or brood of Cain," etc. I find in Pole that, according to the Samaritan version, the phrase may be understood as meaning "the Sons of the Judges."—So variously may the Hebrew word, Elohim, be interpreted.

tions of the divine thought and will, which are continually passing from the higher orders of the angels to the lower :—οἷα καὶ αὐτοὺς τοὺς θεοτάτους Σεραφίμ οἱ θεολογοὶ φασιν ἕτερον πρὸς τὸν ἕτερον κεκραγεῖναι, σαφῶς ἐν τούτῳ, καθάπερ οἱμαί, δηλοῦντες, ὅτι τῶν θεολογικῶν γνώσεων οἱ πρῶτοι τοῖς δευτεροῖς μεταδίδουσι.—See also, in the Paraphrase of Pachymer upon Dionysius, cap. 2, rather a striking passage, in which he represents all living creatures as being, in a stronger or fainter degree, “echoes of God.”

Note 3, page 5.

One of earth's fairest womankind
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrined
In the clear crystal of a brook.

This is given upon the authority, or rather according to the fancy, of some of the Fathers, who suppose that the women of earth were first seen by the angels in this situation; and St Basil has even made it the serious foundation of rather a rigorous rule for the toilet of his fair disciples; adding, ἵκανον γὰρ ἐστὶ ταραγμυνομένου καλλὸς καὶ υἱοὺς θεοῦ πρὸς ἡδονὴν γοητεῦσαι, καὶ ὡς ἀνθρώπους διὰ ταύτην ἀποθνήσκοντας, θνητοὺς ἀποδείξει.—*De Vera Virginitat.* tom. i, p. 747, edit. Paris. 1618.

Note 4, page 7.

The Spirit of yon beauteous star.

It is the opinion of Kircher, Ricciolus, etc. (and was, I believe, to a certain degree, that of Origen), that the stars are moved and directed by intelligences or angels who preside over them. Among other passages from Scripture in support of this notion, they cite those words of the Book of Job, “When the morning stars sang together.”—Upon which Kircher remarks, “Non de materialibus intelligitur.” *Itin.* 4. *Isagog. Astronom.* See also CARYL's most wordy Commentary on the same text.

Note 5, page 8.

And the bright Watchers near the throne.

“The Watchers, the offspring of Heaven.”—*Book of Enoch.* In Daniel also the angels are called watchers.—“And behold a watcher and an holy one came down from heaven.” iv, 13.

Note 6, page 9.

Then, too, that juice of earth, etc. etc.

For all that relates to the character and attributes of angels, the time of their creation, the extent of their knowledge, and the power which they possess, or can occasionally assume, of performing such human functions as eating, drinking, etc. etc., I shall refer those who are inquisitive upon the subject to the following works :—The *Treatise upon the Celestial Hierarchy*, written under the name of Dionysius the Areopagite, in which, among much that is heavy and trifling, there are some sublime notions concerning the agency of these spiritual creatures—The questions *de Cognitione Angelorum* of St Thomas, where he examines most prolixly into such puzzling points as “whether angels illuminate each other,” “whether they speak to each other,” etc. etc.—The *Treasaurus of Cocceius*, containing extracts from almost every theologian that has written on the subject—The 9th, 10th, and 11th chapters, sixth book, of “*l'Histoire des Juifs*,” where all the extraordinary reveries of the Rabbins about angels and demons are enu-

1 The following may serve as specimens :—“Les anges ne savent point la langue chaldaïque; c'est pourquoi ils ne portent point à Dieu les oraisons de ceux qui prient dans cette langue. Ils se trompent souvent; ils font des erreurs dangereuses; car l'Ange de la mort, qui est chargé de faire mourir un homme, en prend quelquefois un autre, ce qui cause de grands désordres. Ils sont chargés

merated—The Questions attributed to St Athanasius—The treatise of Bonaventure upon the Wings of the Seraphim¹—and, lastly, the ponderous folio of Suarez *de Angelis*, where the reader will find all that has ever been fancied or reasoned, upon a subject which only *such* writers could have contrived to render so dull.

Note 7, page 9.

Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd, etc.

Some of the circumstances of this story were suggested to me by the Eastern legend of the two angels, Harut and Marut, as it is given by Mariti, who says, that the author of the Taalim founds upon it the Mahometan prohibition of wine. The Bahardanush tells the story differently.

Note 8, page 10.

Why, why have hapless angels eyes?

Tertullian imagines that the words of St Paul, "Woman ought to have a veil on her head," *on account of the angels*,² have an evident reference to the fatal effects which the beauty of women once produced upon these spiritual beings. See the strange passage of this Father (*de Virgin. Velandis*), beginning, "Si enim propter angelos," etc., where his editor Pamelius endeavours to save his morality, at the expense of his latinity, by substituting the word "excussat" for "excusat." Such instances of indecorum, however, are but too common throughout the Fathers; in proof of which I need only refer to some passages in the same writer's treatise, *De Anima*,—to the Second and Third Books of the *Pædagogus* of Clemens Alexandrinus, and to the instances which La Mothe le Vayer has adduced from Chrysostom in his *Hexaméron Rustique, Journée seconde*.

Note 9, page 12.

When Lucifer, in falling, bore
The third of the bright stars away.

"And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth." *Rev. xii, 4*.—"Docent sancti (says Suarez) supremum angelum traxisse secum tertiam partem stellarum." *Lib. 7, cap. 7*.

Note 10, page 12.

Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

The idea of the Fathers was, that the vacancies occasioned in the different orders of angels by the fall were to be filled up from the human race. There is, however, another opinion, backed by papal authority, that it was only the tenth order of the Celestial Hierarchy that fell, and that, therefore, the promotions which occasionally take place from earth are intended for the completion of that *grade* alone: or, as it is explained by Salonius (*Dial. in Eccl.*)—"Decem sunt ordines angelorum, sed unus cecidit per super-

de chanter devant Dieu le cantique, *Saint, Saint est le Dieu des armées*; mais ils ne remplissent cet office qu'une fois le jour, dans une semaine, dans un mois, dans un an, dans un siècle, ou dans l'éternité. L'Ange qui luttait contre Jacob le pressa de le laisser aller, lorsque l'aurore parut, parce que c'était son tour de chanter le cantique ce jour-là, ce qu'il n'avait encore jamais fait."

¹ This work (which, notwithstanding its title, is, probably, quite as dull as the rest) I have not, myself, been able to see, having searched for it in vain through the King's Library at Paris, though assisted by the zeal and kindness of M. Langlès and M. Vanpradt, whose liberal administration of that most liberal establishment entitles them—not only for the immediate effect of such conduct, but for the useful and civilizing example it holds forth—to the most cordial gratitude of the whole literary world.

² *Corinth. xi, 10*, Dr Macknight's Translation.

biam, et idcirco boni angeli semper laborant, ut de hominibus numerus adimpleatur, et proveniat ad perfectum numerum, id est, denarium." According to some theologians, virgins alone are admitted "ad collegium angelorum;" but the author of the *Speculum Peregrinarum Quæstionum* rather questions this exclusive privilege:—"Hoc non videtur verum, quia multi, non virgines, ut Petrus et Magdalena, multis etiam virginibus eminentiores sunt." Decad. 2, cap. 40.

Note 11, page 14.

'T was Rubi.

I might have chosen, perhaps, some better name, but it is meant (like that of Zaraph in the following story) to define the particular class of spirits to which the angel belonged. The author of the Book of Enoch, who estimates at 200 the number of angels that descended upon Mount Hermon, for the purpose of making love to the women of earth, has favoured us with the names of their leader and chiefs—Samyaza, Urakahameel, Akibeel, Tamiel, etc. etc.

In that heretical worship of angels which prevailed to a great degree, during the first ages of Christianity, to name them seems to have been one of the most important ceremonies; for we find it expressly forbidden in one of the canons (53th) of the council of Laodicea, *ονομαζειν τους αγγελους*. Josephus, too, mentions, among the religious rites of the Essenes, their swearing "to preserve the names of the angels,"—*συντηρησειν τα των αγγελων ονοματα*. *Bell. Jud. lib. 2, cap. 8.*—See upon this subject VAN DALE, *de Orig. et Progress. Idololat. cap. 9.*

Note 12, page 14.

—those bright creatures, named
Spirits of Knowledge.

The word cherub signifies knowledge—*το γνωσικον αυτων και θεοπτικον*, says Dionysius. Hence it is that Ezekiel, to express the abundance of their knowledge, represents them as "full of eyes."

Note 13, page 16.

Summon'd his chief angelic powers
To witness, etc.

St Augustine, upon Genesis, seems rather inclined to admit that the angels had some share ("aliquod ministerium") in the creation of Adam and Eve.

Note 14, page 20.

I had beheld their First, their EVE,
Born in that splendid Paradise.

Whether Eve was created *in* Paradise or not is a question that has been productive of much doubt and controversy among the theologians. With respect to Adam, it is agreed on all sides that *he* was created *outside*; and it is accordingly asked, with some warmth, by one of the commentators, "why should woman, the ignobler creature of the two, be created *within*?"^a Others, on the contrary, consider this distinction as but a fair tribute to the superior beauty and purity of women; and some, in their zeal, even seem to think that, if the scene of her creation was not already Paradise, it became so, immediately upon that event, in compliment to her. Josephus is one of those who think that Eve was formed outside; Tertullian, too, among the Fathers—and, among the Theologians, Rupertus, who, to do him justice, never misses an opportunity of putting on record his ill-will to the sex.

^a F. Bartholomæus Sibylla.

^a "Cur denique Evam, quæ Adamo ignobilior erat, formavit *intra* Paradisum?"

Pererius, however (and his opinion seems to be considered the most orthodox), thinks it much more consistent with the order of the Mosaic narration, as well as with the sentiments of Basil and other Fathers, to conclude that Eve was created *in Paradise*.

Note 15, page 20.

Her error, too.

The comparative extent of Eve's delinquency, and the proportion which it bears to that of Adam, is another point which has exercised the tiresome ingenuity of the Commentators; and they seem generally to agree (with the exception always of Rupertus) that, as she was not yet created when the prohibition was issued, and therefore could not have heard it (a conclusion remarkably confirmed by the inaccurate way in which she reports it to the serpent),¹ her share in the crime of disobedience is considerably lighter than that of Adam.² In corroboration of this view of the matter, Pererius remarks that it is to Adam alone the Deity addresses his reproaches for having eaten of the forbidden tree, because to Adam alone the order had been originally promulgated. So far, indeed, does the gallantry of another commentator, Hugh de St Victor, carry him, that he looks upon the words "I will put enmity between thee and the woman," as a proof that the sex was from that moment enlisted into the service of Heaven, as the chief foe and obstacle which the Spirit of Evil would have to contend with in his inroads on this world:—"si deinceps Eva inimica Diabolo, ergo fuit grata et amica Deo."

Note 16, page 21.

Call her—think what—his Life! his Life!

Chavah (or, as it is in the Latin version, Eva) has the same signification as the Greek, Zoe.

Epiphanius, among others, is not a little surprised at the application of such a name to Eve, so immediately, too, after that awful denunciation of death, "dust thou art," etc. etc.³ Some of the commentators think that it was meant as a sarcasm, and spoken by Adam, in the first bitterness of his heart,—in the same spirit of irony (says Pererius) as that of the Greeks in calling their Furies, Eumenides, or Gentle.⁴ But the Bishop of Chalon rejects this supposition:—"Explodendi sane qui id nominis ab Adamo per ironiam inditum uxor suæ putant; atque quod mortis causa esset, amaro joco vitam appellasse."⁵

With a similar feeling of spleen against women, some of these "distillateurs des Saintes Lettres" (as Bayle calls them), in rendering the text "I will make him a help meet for him," translate these last words "*against or contrary* to him" (a meaning which, it appears, the original will bear), and represent them as prophetic of those contradictions and perplexities which men experience from women in this life.

It is rather strange that these two instances of perverse commentatorship should have escaped the researches of Bayle, in his curious article upon Eve. He would have found another subject of discussion, equally to his taste, in Gataker's whimsical dissertation upon Eve's knowledge of the τέχνη ὑφαντική, and upon the notion of Epiphanius that it was taught her in a special revelation from Heaven.—*Miscellan.* lib. ii, cap. 3, p. 200.

¹ Rupertus considers these *variantes* as intentional and prevaricatory, and as the first instance upon record of a wilful vitiation of the words of God, for the purpose of suiting the corrupt views and propensities of human nature.—*De Trinitat.* lib. iii, cap. 5.

² Caietanus, indeed, pronounces it to be "minimum peccatum."

³ Καὶ μετὰ τὸ ἀκουσά, γῆ εἰ, καὶ εἰς γῆν ἀπελευσῇ, μετὰ τὴν παραβάσιν καὶ ἐν θανάτῳ ὅτι μετὰ τὴν παραβάσιν ταυτην τὴν μεγάλην ἐσχεν ἐπὶ πᾶσι.—*Hæres.* 78, sec. 18, tom. i, edit. Paris. 1622.

⁴ Lib. 6, p. 234.

⁵ Pontus Tyard. de recta nominum Impositione, p. 14.

Note 17, page 26.

Oh, idol of my dreams! whate'er
Thy nature be—human, divine,
Or but half heavenly.

In an article upon the Fathers, which appeared, some years since, in the *Edinburgh Review* (No XLVII), and of which I have made some little use in these notes (having that claim over it—as “quiddam notum propriumque”—which Lucretius gives to the cow over the calf), there is the following remark:—“The belief of an intercourse between angels and women, founded upon a false version of a text in Genesis, is one of those extravagant notions of St Justin and other Fathers, which show how little they had yet purified themselves from the grossness of heathen mythology, and in how many respects their heaven was but Olympus, with other names. Yet we can hardly be angry with them for this one error, when we recollect that possibly to their enamoured angels we owe the fanciful world of sylphs and gnomes, and that at this moment we might have wanted Pope's most exquisite poem, if the version of the LXX had translated the Book of Genesis correctly.”

The following is one among many passages, which may be adduced from the Comte de Gabalis, in confirmation of this remark:—“Ces enfans du ciel engendrèrent les géans fameux, s'étant fait aimer aux filles des hommes; et les mauvais cabalistes Joseph et Philo (comme tous les Juifs sont ignorans), et après eux tous les auteurs que j'ai nommés tout à l'heure, ont dit que c'était des anges, et n'ont pas su que c'était les sylphes et les autres peuples des élémens, qui, sous le nom d'enfans d'Eloim, sont distingués des enfans des hommes.”—See *Entret. Second*.

Note 18, page 29.

So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

“Nihil plus desiderare potuerint quæ angelos possidebant—magno scilicet nupserant.”
TERTULL. *de Habitu Mulieb.* cap. 2.

Note 19, page 29.

Then first were diamonds caught, etc.

“Quelques gnomes, désireux de devenir immortels, avaient voulu gagner les bonnes grâces de nos filles, et leur avaient apporté des pierreries dont ils sont gardiens naturels: et ces auteurs ont cru, s'appuyant sur le livre d'Énoch mal entendu, que c'étaient des pièges que les anges amoureux,” etc. etc.—COMTE DE GABALIS.

Tertullian traces all the chief luxuries of female attire, the neck-laces, armlets, rouge, and the black powder for the eye-lashes, to the researches of these fallen angels into the inmost recesses of nature, and the discoveries they were, in consequence, enabled to make, of all that could embellish the beauty of their earthly favourites. The passage is so remarkable that I shall give it entire:—“Nam et illi qui ea constituerant, damnati in pœnam mortis deputantur: illi scilicet angeli, qui ad filias hominum de cœlo ruerunt, ut hæc quoque ignominia fœminæ accedat. Nam cum et materias quasdam bene occultas et artes plerasque non bene revelatas, sæculo multo magis imperito prodidissent (siquidem et metallorum opera nudaverant, et herbarum ingenia traduxerant, et incantationum vires provulgaverant, et omnem curiositatem usque ad stellarum interpretationem designaverant) proprie et quasi peculiariter fœminis instrumentum istud muliebris gloriæ contulerunt: lumina lapillorum quibus monilia variantur, et circulos ex auro quibus brachia arctantur, et medicamenta ex fuco quibus lanæ colorantur, et illum ipsum nigrum pulverem quo oculorum exordia producuntur.”—*De Habitu Mulieb.* cap. 2.—See him also *De Cultu Fœm.* cap. 10.

Note 20, page 30.

— the mighty magnet, set
In Woman's form.

The same figure, as applied to female attractions, occurs in a singular passage of St Basil—of which the following is the conclusion:—*Δια την ενουσαν κατὰ του ἀρρένουσ αυτής φυσικὴν δύναμειαν, ὡς σιδηρὸς, φημι, πορρωθεν μαγνέτις, τουτο πρὸς ἑαυτον μαγγανευι.* *De Vera Virginitat.* tom. i, p. 727. It is but fair, however, to add, that Hermant, the biographer of Basil, has pronounced this most unsanctified treatise to be spurious.

Note 21, page 30.

I've said, "Nay, look not there, my love," etc.

I am aware that this happy saying of Lord Albemarle's loses much of its grace and playfulness, by being put into the mouth of any but a human lover.

Note 22, page 31.

Clemens Alexandrinus is one of those who suppose that the knowledge of such sublime doctrines was derived from the disclosure of the angels. *Stromat.* lib. v, p. 48. To the same source Cassianus and others trace all impious and daring sciences, such as magic, alchemy, etc. "From the fallen angels (says Zosimus) came all that miserable knowledge which is of no use to the soul."—*Πάντα τὰ πονηρὰ καὶ μηδὲν ὠφελοῦντα τὴν ψυχὴν.*—*Ap. Photium.*

Note 23, page 31.

— light
Escaping from the Zodiac's signs.

"La lumière zodiacale n'est autre chose que l'atmosphère du soleil."—LALANDE.

Note 24, page 44.

— as 't is graved
Upon the tablets that, of old,
By Cham were from the Deluge saved.

The pillars of Seth are usually referred to as the depositories of antediluvian knowledge; but they were inscribed with none but astronomical secrets. I have, therefore, preferred here the tablets of Cham as being, at least, more miscellaneous in their information. The following account of them is given in Jablonski from Cassianus:—"Quantum enim antiquæ traditiones ferunt Cham filius Noë, qui superstitionibus ac profanis fuerit artibus institutus, sciens nullum se posse superbis memorialem librum in arcam inferre, in quam erat ingressurus, sacrilegas artes ac profana commenta durissimis insculpsit lapidibus."

Note 25, page 44.

And this young Angel's 'mong the rest.

Pachymer, in his Paraphrase on the Book *de Divinis Nominibus* of Dionysius, speaking of the incarnation of Christ, says, that it was a mystery ineffable from all time, and "unknown even to the first and oldest angel,"—justifying this last phrase by the authority of St John in the Revelation.

Note 26, page 43.

Circles of light, that, from the same
Eternal centre sweeping wide,
Carry its beams on every side.

See the 15th chapter of Dionysius for his notions of the manner in which God's ray is communicated, first to the Intelligences near him, and then to those more remote, gradually losing its own brightness as it passes into a denser medium:—*προσβαλλούσα δὲ τὰς παχυτεραὶς ὕλαις, ἀμυδροτέρα ν ἐχει τὴν διαδοτικὴν ἐπιφανείαν.*

Note 27, page 48.

Then first did woman's virgin brow
That hymeneal chaplet wear,
Which, when it dies, no second yow
Can bid a new one bloom out there.

In the Catholic church, when a widow is married, she is not, I believe, allowed to wear flowers on her head. The ancient Romans honoured with a "corona pudicitiae," or crown of modesty, those who entered but once into the marriage state.

Note 28, page 49.

—her who near
The Tabernacle stole, to hear
The secrets of the Angels.

Sara.

Note 29, page 489.

Two fallen Splendors.

The Sephiroths are the higher orders of emanative being, in the strange and incomprehensible system of the Jewish Cabbala. They are called by various names, Pity, Beauty, etc. etc.; and their influences are supposed to act through certain canals, which communicate with each other. The reader may judge of the rationality of the system by the following explanation of part of the machinery:—"Les canaux qui sortent de la Miséricorde et de la Force, et qui vont aboutir à la Beauté, sont chargés d'un grand nombre d'Ange. Il y en a trente-cinq sur le canal de la Miséricorde, qui récompensent et qui couronnent la vertu des Saints," etc. etc. For a concise account of the Cabalistic Philosophy, see Enfield's very useful compendium of Brucker.

Note 30, page 50.

—from that tree
Which buds with such eternally.

"On les représente quelquefois sous la figure d'un arbre. . . . l'Ensoph, qu'on met au-dessus de l'arbre Séphirothique ou des Splendeurs divines, est l'Infini."—*L'Histoire des Juifs*, liv. ix, 44.

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PREFACE.

THE name of the country town, in England—a well-known fashionable watering-place—in which the events that gave rise to the following correspondence occurred, is, for obvious reasons, suppressed. The interest attached, however, to the facts and personages of the story, renders it independent of all time and place; and when it is recollected that the whole train of romantic circumstances so fully unfolded in these Letters has passed during the short period which has now elapsed since the great Meetings in Exeter Hall, due credit will, it is hoped, be allowed to the Editor for the rapidity with which he has brought the details before the Public; while, at the same time, any errors that may have been the result of such haste will, he trusts, with equal consideration, be pardoned.

THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

LETTER I.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD —, CURATE OF —,
IN IRELAND.

WHO d' ye think we' ve got here?—quite reform'd from the giddy
Fantastic young thing, that once made such a noise—
Why, the famous Miss Fudge—that delectable Biddy,
Whom you and I saw once at Paris, when boys,
In the full blaze of bonnets, and ribands, and airs,—
Such a thing as no rainbow hath colours to paint;
Ere time had reduced her to wrinkles and prayers,
And the Flirt found a decent retreat in the Saint.
Poor “Pa” hath popp'd off—gone, as Charity judges,
To some choice Elysium reserved for the Fudges;
And Miss, with a fortune, besides expectations
From some much-revered and much-palsied relations,
Now wants but a husband, with requisites meet,—
Age thirty, or thereabouts—stature six feet,
And warranted godly,—to make all complete.
Nota bene—a Churchman would suit, if he's *high*,
But Socinians or Catholics need not apply.
What say you, Dick? does n't this tempt your ambition?
The whole wealth of Fudge, that renown'd man of pith,
All brought to the hammer, for Church competition,—
Sole encumbrance, Miss Fudge to be taken therewith.
Think, my boy, for a curate how glorious a catch!
While, instead of the thousands of souls you *now* watch,
To save Biddy Fudge's is all you need do;
And her purse will, meanwhile, be the saving of you.
You may ask, Dick, how comes it that I, a poor elf,
Wanting substance ev'n more than your spiritual self,
Should thus generously lay my own claims on the shelf,
When, God knows! there ne'er was young gentleman yet
So much lack'd an old spinster to rid him from debt,
Or had cogenter reasons than mine to assail her
With tender love-suit,—at the suit of his tailor.

But thereby there hangs a soft secret, my friend,
Which thus to your reverend breast I commend :—

Miss Fudge hath a niece—such a creature!—with eyes
Like those sparklers that peep out from summer-night skies
At astronomers royal, and laugh with delight
To see elderly gentlemen spying all night.
While her figure—oh, bring all the gracefulest things
That are borne through the light air by feet or by wings,
Not a single new grace to that form could they teach,
Which combines in itself the perfection of each ;
While, rapid or slow, as her fairy feet fall,
The mute music of symmetry modulates all.

In short, ne'er was there creature more form'd to bewilder
A gay youth like me, who of castles aerial
(And *only* of such) am, God help me! a builder ;
Still peopling each mansion with lodgers ethereal,
And now, to this nymph of the seraph-like eye,
Letting out, as you see, my first floor next the sky.
But, alas! nothing's perfect on earth,—even she,
This divine little gipsy, does odd things sometimes ;
Talks learning—looks wise (rather painful to see),
Prints already in two county papers her rhymes ;
And raves—the sweet, charming, absurd little dear !
About Amulets, Bijous, and Keepsakes, next year,
In a manner which plainly bad symptoms portends
Of that Annual *blue* fit, so distressing to friends ;
A fit which, though lasting but one short edition,
Leaves the patient long after in sad inanition.

However, let's hope for the best,—and, meanwhile,
Be it mine still to bask in the niece's warm smile ;
While you, if you're wise, Dick, will play the gallant
(Uphill work, I confess) to her Saint of an Aunt.
Think, my boy, for a youngster like you, who've a lack,
Not indeed of rupees, but of all other specie,
What luck thus to find a kind witch at your back,
An old goose with gold eggs, from all debts to release ye !
Never mind, though the spinster be reverend and thin,
What are all the Three Graces to her Three per Cents. ?
While her acres!—oh Dick, it don't matter one pin
How she touches the affections, so *you* touch the rents ;
And Love never looks half so pleased as when, bless him, he
Sings to an old lady's purse “Open, Sesame.”

By the way, I've just heard, in my walks, a report,
Which, if true, will ensure for your visit some sport.
'T is rumour'd our Manager means to bespeak
The Church tumblers from Exeter Hall for next week :

* That floor which a facetious garreteer called “Le premier en descendant du ciel.”

And certainly ne'er did a queerer or rummer set
 Throw, for the amusement of Christians, a summerset.
 'T is fear'd their chief "Merriman," C—ke, cannot come,
 Being call'd off, at present, to play Punch at home,¹
 And the loss of so practised a wag in divinity,
 Will grieve much all lovers of jokes on the Trinity;—
 His pun on the name Unigenitus, lately
 Having pleased Robert Taylor, the *Reverend*, greatly.²

'T will prove a sad drawback, if absent he be,
 As a wag Presbyterian 's a thing quite to see;
 And, among the Five Points of the Calvinists, none of 'em
 E'er thought of making a point of wit one of 'em.
 But ev'n though deprived of this comical elf,
 We 've a host of *buffoni* in Murtagh himself,
 Who, of all the whole troop is chief mummer and mime,
 As C—ke takes the *Ground Tumbling*, *he the Sublime*;³
 And of him we're quite certain, so, pray, come in time.

LETTER II.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MRS. ELIZABETH———.

JUST in time for the post, dear, and monstrously busy,
 With godly concernments,—and worldly ones, too;
 Things carnal and spiritual mix'd, my dear Lizzy,
 In this little brain till, bewilder'd and dizzy,
 'Twixt heaven and earth, I scarce know what I do.
 First, I've been to see all the gay fashions from town,
 Which our favourite Miss Gimp for the spring has had down.
 Sleeves *still* worn (which I think is wise) *à la folle*,
 Charming hats, *pou de soie*,—though the shape rather droll.
 But you can't think how nicely the caps of *tulle* lace,
 With the *mentonnières*, look on this poor sinful face:
 And I mean, if the Lord in his mercy thinks right,
 To wear one at Mrs. Fitzwigram's to-night.

The silks are quite heavenly :—I'm glad, too, to say,
 Gimp herself grows more godly and good every day;
 Hath had sweet experience—yea, ev'n doth begin
 To turn from the Gentiles, and put away sin,—
 And all since her last stock of goods was laid in.

¹ See the Dublin Evening Post, of the 9th of this month (July), for an account of a scene which lately took place at a meeting of the Synod of Ulster, in which the performance of the above-mentioned part by the personage in question appears to have been worthy of all his former reputation in that line.

² "All are punsters if they have wit to be so; and therefore when an Irishman has to commence with a Bull, you will naturally pronounce it a *bull*. (A laugh.) Allow me to bring before you the famous Bull that is called Unigenitus, referring to the only-begotten Son of God."—*Report of the Rev. Doctor's Speech, June 20, in the Record Newspaper.*

³ In the language of the play-bills, "Ground and *Lofty* Tumbling."

What a blessing one's milliner, careless of pelf,
Should thus "walk in newness" as well as one's self!

So much for the blessings, the comforts of Spirit
I've had since we met, and they're more than I merit!—
Poor, sinful, weak creature in every respect,
Though ordain'd (God knows why) to be one of the Elect.
But now for the picture's reverse.—You remember
That footman and cook-maid I hired last December;
He, a Baptist Particular,—*she*, of some sect
Not particular, I fancy, in any respect;
But desirous, poor thing, to be fed with the Word,
And "to wait," as she said, "on Miss Fudge and the Lord."

Well, my dear, of all men, that Particular Baptist
At preaching a sermon, off hand, was the aptest;
And, long as he staid, to do him justice, more rich in
Sweet savours of doctrine, there never was kitchen.
He preach'd in the parlour, he preach'd in the hall,
He preach'd to the chambermaids, scullions, and all.

All heard with delight his reprovings of sin,
But above all, the cook-maid;—oh, ne'er would she tire,—
Though, in learning to save sinful souls from the fire,

She would oft let the soles she was frying fall in.
(God forgive me for punning on points thus of piety!—
A sad trick I've learn'd in Bob's heathen society.)
But ah! there remains still the worst of my tale;
Come, asterisks, and help me the sad truth to veil,—
Conscious stars, that at ev'n your own secret turn pale!

* * * * *

In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-singing pair,
Chosen "vessels of mercy," as I thought they were,
Have together this last week eloped; making bold
To whip off as much goods as both vessels could hold,—
Not forgetting some scores of sweet Tracts from my shelves,
Two Family Bibles as large as themselves,
And besides, from the drawer,—I neglecting to lock it—
My neat "Morning Manna, done up for the pocket."¹
Was there e'er known a case so distressing, dear Liz?
It has made me quite ill:—and the worst of it is,
When rogues are *all* pious, 't is hard to detect
Which rogues are the reprobate, *which* the elect.

¹ "Morning Manna, or British Verse-book, neatly done up for the pocket," and chiefly intended to assist the members of the British Verse Association, whose design is, we are told, "to induce the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland to commit one and the same verse of Scripture to memory every morning. Already, it is known, several thousand persons in Scotland, besides tens of thousands in America and Africa, are *every morning* learning the same verse."

This man "had a *call*," he said,—impudent mockery!
What call had he to *my* linen and crockery?

I'm now, and have been for this week past, in chase
Of some godly young couple this pair to replace.
The inclosed two announcements have just met my eyes,
In that venerable Monthly where Saints advertise
For such temporal comforts as this world supplies;¹
And the fruits of the Spirit are properly made
An essential in every craft, calling, and trade.
Where the attorney requires for his 'prentice some youth
Who has "learn'd to fear God and to walk in the truth;"
Where the sempstress, in search of employment, declares,
That pay is no object, so she can have prayers;
And the Establish'd Wine Company proudly gives out
That the whole of the firm, Co. and all, are devout.

Happy London! one feels, as one reads o'er the pages,
Where Saints are so much more abundant than sages;
Where Parsons may soon be all laid on the shelf,
As each Cit can cite chapter and verse for himself,
And the *serious* frequenters of market and dock
All lay in religion as part of their stock.²
Who can tell to what lengths we may go on improving,
When thus through all London the Spirit keeps moving,
And heaven's so in vogue, that each shop advertisement
Is now not so much for the earth as the skies meant?

P. S.

Have mislaid the two paragraphs—can't stop to look,
But both described charming,—both footman and cook.
She, "decidedly pious,"—with pathos deplores

¹ The Evangelical Magazine.—A few specimens taken at random from the wrapper of this highly-esteemed periodical will fully justify the character which Miss Fudge has here given of it. "Wanted, in a pious pawn-broker's family, an active lad as an apprentice." "Wanted, as housemaid, a young female who has been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth." "Wanted immediately, a man of decided piety, to assist in the baking business." "A gentleman who understands the Wine Trade is desirous of entering into partnership, etc. etc. He is not desirous of being connected with any one whose system of business is not of the strictest integrity as in the sight of God, and seeks connexion only with a truly pious man, either Churchman or Dissenter."

² According to the late Mr. Irving, there is even a peculiar form of theology, got up expressly for the money-market. "I know how far wide," he says, "of the mark my views of Christ's work in the flesh will be viewed by those who are working with the stock-jobbing theology of the religious world." "Let these preachers," he adds, "(for I will not call them theologians,) cry up, broker-like, their article." *Morning Watch*, No 3, 442—3.

From the statement of another writer, in the same publication, it would appear that the stock-brokers have even set up a new Divinity of their own. "This shows," says the writer in question, "that the doctrine of the union between Christ and his members is quite as essential as that of substitution, by taking which latter alone the *Stock-Exchange Divinity* has been produced."—No 40, p. 373.

Among the ancients, we know the money-market was provided with more than one presiding Deity—"Deæ Pecuniæ (says an ancient author) commendabantur ut pecuniosi essent."

The increase of French cookery and sin on our shores;
 And adds—(while for further accounts she refers
 To a great Gospel preacher, a cousin of hers),
 That “though *some* make their sabbaths mere matter-of-fun days,
 She asks but for tea and the Gospel, on Sundays.”
 The footman, too, full of the true saving knowledge,—
 Has late been to Cambridge,—to Trinity College;
 Served last a young gentleman, studying divinity,
 But left,—not approving the morals of Trinity.

P. S.

I inclose, too, according to promise, some scraps
 Of my Journal,—that day-book I keep of my heart;
 Where, at some little items (partaking, perhaps,
 More of earth than of heaven), thy prudery may start,
 And suspect something tender, sly girl as thou art.
 For the present, I'm mute—but, whate'er may befall,
 Recollect, dear, in Hebrews, xiii. 4, St. Paul
 Hath himself declared, “marriage is honourable in all.”

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Monday.

Tried a new châl  gown on—pretty!
 No one to see me in it—pity!
 Flew in a passion with Friz, my maid:—
 The Lord forgive me!—she look'd dismay'd;
 But got her to sing the 100th Psalm,
 While she curl'd my hair, which made me calm.
 Nothing so soothes a Christian heart
 As sacred music—heavenly art!

Tuesday.

At two, a visit from Mr. Magan,—
 A remarkably handsome nice young man;
 And, all Hibernian though he be,
 As civilized, strange to say, as we!

I own this young man's spiritual state
 Hath much engross'd my thoughts of late;
 And I mean, as soon as my niece is gone,
 To have some talk with him thereupon.

At present, I nought can do or say,
 But that troublesome child is in the way:
 Nor is there, I think, a doubt that he

Would also her absence much prefer,
 As oft, while listening intent to me,
 He's forced, from politeness, to look at her.

Heigho!—what a blessing should Mr. Magan
 Turn out, after all, a “renew'd” young man;

And to me should fall the task, on earth,
 To assist at the dear youth's second birth.
 Blest thought! and, ah, more blest the tie,
 Were it Heaven's high will, that he and I—
 But I blush to write the nuptial word,—
 Should wed, as St Paul says, "in the Lord;"
 Not *this* world's wedlock—gross, gallant,
 But pure,—as when Amram married his aunt.

Our ages differ—but who would count
 One's natural sinful life's amount,
 Or look in the register's vulgar page
 For a regular twice-born Christian's age,
 Who, blessed privilege! only then
 Begins to live when he's born again.
 And, counting in *this* way,—let me see,—
 I myself but five years old shall be,
 And dear Magan, when the event takes place,
 An actual new-born child of grace,—
 Should Heaven in mercy so dispose,—
 A six-foot baby, in *swaddling* clothes.

Wednesday.

Finding myself, by some good fate,
 With Mr. Magan left *tête-à-tête*,
 Had just begun,—having stirr'd the fire,
 And drawn my chair near his,—to inquire
 What his notions were of Original Sin,
 When that naughty Fanny again bounced in;
 And all the sweet things I had got to say
 Of the Flesh and the Devil, were whisk'd away!

Much grieved to observe that Mr. Magan
 Is actually pleased and amused with Fan!
 What charms any sensible man can see
 In a child so foolishly young as she,—
 But just eighteen, come next May-day,
 With eyes, like herself, full of nothing but play,—
 Is, I own, an exceeding puzzle to me.

LETTER III.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY — —.

STANZAS

(INCLOSED)

TO MY SHADOW;

OR,

WHY?—WHAT?—HOW?

Dark comrade of my path! while earth and sky
 Thus wed their charms, in bridal light array'd,
 Why, in this bright hour, walk'st thou ever nigh,
 Blackening my footsteps with thy length of shade—
 Dark comrade, WHY?

Thou mimic Shape that, 'mid these flowery scenes,
 Glidest beside me o'er each sunny spot,
 Sadd'ning them as thou goest,—say, what means
 So dark an adjunct to so bright a lot,—
 Grim goblin, WHAT?

Still, as to pluck sweet flowers I bend my brow,
 Thou bendest, too,—then risest when I rise;—
 Say, mute mysterious Thing! how is't that thou
 Thus comest between me and those blessed skies,—
 Dim shadow, How?

(ADDITIONAL STANZA, BY ANOTHER HAND.)

Thus said I to that Shape, far less in grudge
 Than gloom of soul, while, as I eager cried,
 Oh why? what? how?—a Voice, that one might judge
 To be some Irish echo's, faint replied
 All fudge, fudge, fudge!

You have here, dearest Coz, my last lyric effusion;
 And, with it, that odious "additional stanza,"
 Which Aunt *will* insist I must keep, as conclusion,
 And which, you'll *at once* see, is Mr. Magan's;—a
 Mere part of that plot in which he and my Aunt are
 To stifle the flights of my genius by banter.

Just so 't was with Byron's young eagle-eyed strain,
 Just so did they taunt him;— but vain, critics, vain
 All your efforts to saddle Wit's fire with a chain!
 To blot out the splendour of Fancy's young stream,
 Or crop, in its cradle, her newly-fledged beam!!!
 Thou perceivest, dear, that, ev'n while these lines I indite,
 Thoughts burn, brilliant fancies break out, wrong or right,
 And I'm all over poet, in Criticism's spite!

That my Aunt, who deals only in Psalms, and regards
 Messrs. Sternhold and Co. as the first of all bards,—
 That *she* should make light of my works I can't blame;
 But that nice, handsome, odious Magan—what a shame!
 Do you know, dear, that, high as on most points I rate him,
 I'm really afraid—after all, I—*must* hate him,
 He is so provoking—nought's safe from his tongue,
 He spares no one authoress, ancient or young.
 Were you Sappho herself, and in Keepsake or Bijou
 Once shone as contributor, lord how he'd quiz you!
 He laughs at *all* Monthlies,—I've actually seen
 A sneer on his brow at the Court Magazine!—
 While of Weeklies, poor things, there's but one he peruses,
 And buys every book which that Weekly abuses.
 But I care not how others such sarcasm may fear,
 One spirit, at least, will not bend to his sneer;
 And though tried by the fire, my young genius shall burn as
 Uninjured as crucified gold in the furnace!
 (I suspect the word “crucified” must be made “crucible,”
 Before this fine image of mine is producible.)

And now, dear—to tell you a secret which, pray
 Only trust to such friends as with safety you may—
 You know, and, indeed the whole country suspects
 (Though the editor often my best things rejects),
 That the verses signed so,  which you now and then see
 In our County Gazette (*vide last*) are by me.
 But 't is dreadful to think what provoking mistakes
 The vile country press in one's prosody makes.
 For you know, dear,—I may, without vanity, hint—
 Though an angel should write, still 't is *devils* must print;
 And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes
 Choose to make of one's sense, and, what's worse, of one's rhymes.
 But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,
 Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful thing,
 Where I talk'd of the “dewdrops from freshly-blown roses,”
 The nasty things made it “from freshly-blown noses!”
 And once when, to please my cross Aunt, I had tried
 To commem'rate some saint of her *clique*, who'd just died,
 Having said he “had taken up in heaven his position,”
 They made it, he'd “taken up to heaven his physician!”
 This is very disheartening;—but brighter days shine,
 I rejoice, love, to say, both for me and the Nine;
 For, what do you think?—so delightful! next year,
 Oh, prepare, dearest girl, for the grand news prepare,—
 I'm to write in the Keepsake—yes, Kitty, my dear,
 To write in the Keepsake, as sure as you're there!!
 T' other night, at a ball, 't was my fortunate chance
 With a very nice elderly Dandy to dance,
 Who, 't was plain, from some hints which I now and then caught,

Was the author of *something*—one could n't tell what ;
 But his satisfied manner left no room to doubt
 It was something that Colburn had lately brought out.

We conversed of *belles-lettres* through all the quadrille,—
 Of poetry, dancing, of prose, standing still ;
 Talk'd of Intellect's march—whether right 't was or wrong,—
 And then settled the point in a bold *en avant*.
 In the course of this talk 't was that, having just hinted
 That *I* too had Poems which—long'd to be printed,
 He protested, kind man ! he had seen, at first sight,
 I was actually *born* in the Keepsake to write.
 “In the Annals of England let some,” he said, “shine,
 But a place in her Annuals, lady, be thine !
 Even now future Keepsakes seem brightly to rise,
 Through the visa of years, as I gaze on those eyes,—
 All letter'd and press'd, and of large paper size !”
 How unlike that Magan, who my genius would smother,
 And how we, true geniuses, find out each other !

This, and much more, he said, with that fine frenzied glance
 One so rarely now sees, as we slid through the dance ;
 Till between us 't was finally fix'd that, next year,
 In this exquisite task I my pen should engage ;
 And, at parting, he stoop'd down and lisp'd in my ear
 These mystical words, which I could but *just* hear,
 “Terms for rhyme,—if it 's *prime*,— ten and sixpence per page.”
 Think, Kitty my dear, if I heard his words right,
 What a mint of half-guineas this small head contains ;
 If for nothing to write is itself a delight,
 Ye Gods, what a bliss to be paid for one's strains !

Having dropp'd the dear fellow a curtesy profound,
 Off at once, to inquire all about him, I ran ;
 And from what I could learn, do you know, dear, I 've found
 That he's quite a new species of literary man ;
 One, whose task is,—to what will not fashion accustom us ?
 To *edit* live authors, as if they were posthumous.
 For instance,—the plan, to be sure, is the oddest !—
 If any young he or she author feels modest
 In venturing abroad, this kind gentleman-usher
 Lends promptly a hand to the interesting blusher ;
 Indites a smooth preface, brings merit to light,
 Which else might, by accident, shrink out of sight,
 And, in short, renders readers and critics polite.
 My Aunt says,—though scarce on such points one can credit her,—
 He was Lady Jane Thingumbob's last novel's editor.
 'T is certain the fashion's but newly invented ;
 And, quick as the change of all things and all names is,
 Who knows but, as authors, like girls, are *presented*,
 We, girls, may be *edited* soon at St. James's ?

I must now close my letter—there 's Aunt, in full screech,
 Wants to take me to hear some great Irvingite preach.
 God forgive me, I 'm not much inclined, I must say,
 To go and sit still to be preach'd at, to-day.
 And, besides—'t will be all against dancing, no doubt,
 Which my poor Aunt abhors, with such hatred devout,
 That, so far from presenting young nymphs with a head,
 For their skill in the dance, as of Herod is said,
 She 'd wish their own heads in the platter, instead.
 There, again—coming, Ma'am!—I 'll write more, if I can,
 Before the post goes—

Your affectionate Fan.

Four o'clock.

Such a sermon!—though *not* about dancing, my dear;
 'T was only on the end of the world being near.
 Eighteen Hundred and Forty's the year that some state
 As the time for that accident,—some Forty Eight :¹
 And I own, of the two, I 'd prefer much the latter,
 As then I shall be an old maid, and 't won't matter.
 Once more, love, good bye,—I've to make a new cap;
 But am now so dead tired with this horrid mishap
 Of the end of the world, that I *must* take a nap.

LETTER IV.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD ——. .

He comes from Erin's speechful shore,
 Like fervid kettle, bubbling o'er
 With hot effusions,—hot and weak;
 Sound, Humbug, all your hollowest drums,
 He comes, of Erin's martyrdoms
 To Britain's well-fed Church to speak.
 Puff him, ye Journals of the Lord,²
 Twin prozers, Watchman and Record!
 Journals reserved for realms of bliss,
 Being much too good to sell in this.
 Prepare, ye wealthier Saints, your dinners;
 Ye spinsters, spread your tea and crumpets;
 And you, ye countless Tracts for Sinners,
 Blow all your little penny trumpets.
 He comes, the reverend man, to tell
 To all who still the Church's part take,
 Tales of parsonic woe, that well

¹ With regard to the exact time of this event, there appears to be a difference only of about two or three years among the respective calculators. M. Alphonse Nicole, Docteur en droit et Avocat, merely doubts whether it is to be in 1846, or 1847. "A cette époque," he says, "les fidèles peuvent espérer de voir s'effectuer la purification du Sanctuaire."

² "Our anxious desire is to be found on the side of the Lord."—*Record Newspaper*.

Might make ev'n grim Dissenter's heart ache :—
 Of ten whole bishops snatch'd away
 For ever from the light of day;
 (With God knows, too, how many more,
 For whom that doom is yet in store)—
 Of rectors cruelly compell'd

From Bath and Cheltenham to haste home,
 Because the tithes, by Pat withheld,

Will *not* to Bath or Cheltenham come;
 Nor will the flocks consent to pay
 Their parsons thus to stay away;—
 Though, with *such* parsons, one may doubt
 If 't is n't money well laid out;—
 Of all, in short, and each degree
 Of that once happy hierarchy,

Which used to roll in wealth so pleasantly;
 But now, alas, is doom'd to see

Its surplus brought to nonplus presently!

Such are the themes this man of pathos,
 Priest of prose and lord of bathos,

Will preach and preach t' ye, till you're dull again!
 Then, hail him, Saints, with joint acclaim,
 Shout to the stars his tuneful name,
 Which Murtagh *was*, ere known to fame,
 But now is *Mortimer* O'Mulligan!

All true, Dick, true as you're alive—
 I've seen him, some hours since, arrive.

Murtagh is come, the great Itinerant,

And Tuesday, in the Market-place,
 Intends, to every saint and sinner in 't,

To state what *he* calls Ireland's Case;
 Meaning thereby the case of *his* shop,—

Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop,

And all those other grades seraphic,

That make men's souls their special traffic,

Though seldom minding much *which* way

The erratic souls go, so they *pay*.

Just as some roguish country nurse,

Who takes a foundling babe to suckle,

First pops the payment in her purse,

Then leaves poor dear to—suck its knuckle:

Ev'n so these reverend rigmaroles

Pocket the money—starve the souls.

Murtagh, however, in his glory,

Will tell, next week, a different story;

Will make out all these men of barter,

As each a saint, a downright martyr,

Brought to the *stake*—i. e. a *beef* one,

Of all their martyrdoms the chief one;

Though try them ev'n at this, they'll bear it,
If tender and wash'd down with claret.

Meanwhile Miss Fudge, who loves all lions,
Your saintly, *next* to great and high 'uns,
(A Viscount, be he what he may,
Would cut a Saint out, any day),
Has just announced a godly rout,
Where Murtagh's to be first brought out,
And shown in his tame *week-day* state :—
“Prayers, half-past seven, tea at eight.”
Ev'n so the circular missive orders,—
Pink cards, with cherubs round the borders.

Haste, Dick—you're lost, if you lose time,—
Spinsters at forty-five grow giddy,
And Murtagh, with his tropes sublime,
Will surely carry off old Biddy,
Unless some spark at once propose,
And distance him by downright prose.
That sick rich squire, whose wealth and lands
All pass, they say, to Biddy's hands,
(The patron, Dick, of three fat rectories!)
Is dying of *angina pectoris* :—
So that, unless you're stirring soon,
Murtagh, that priest of puff and pelf,
May come in for a honey-moon,
And be the *man* of it himself!
As for *me*, Dick, —'t is whim, 't is folly,
But this young niece absorbs me wholly.
'T is true, the girl's a vile verse-maker,—
Would rhyme all nature, if you'd let her ;—
But ev'n her oddities, plague take her,
But make me love her all the better.
Too true it is, she's bitten sadly
With this new rage for rhyming badly,
Which late hath seized all ranks and classes,
Down to that new Estate, “the masses ;”
Till one pursuit all tastes combines,—
One common rail-road o'er Parnassus,
Where, sliding in those tuneful grooves,
Call'd couplets, all creation moves,
And the whole world runs mad in *lines*.
Add to all this—what's ev'n still worse,
As rhyme itself, though still a curse,
Sounds better to a chinking purse,—
Scarce sixpence hath my charmer got,
While I can muster just a groat ;
So that, computing self and Venus,
Tenpence would clear the amount between us.

However, things may yet prove better :—
 Meantime, what awful length of letter !
 And how, while heaping thus with gibes
 The Pegasus of modern scribes,
 My own small hobby of farrago
 Hath beat the pace at which ev'n *they* go !

LETTER V.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, IN ENGLAND, TO HIS WIFE JUDY, AT MULLINAFAD.

DEAR JUDY, I sind you this bit of a letther,
 By mail-coach conveyance,—for want of a betther,—
 To tell you what luck in this world I have had
 Since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullinafad.
 Och, Judy, that night !—when the pig which we meant
 To dry-nurse in the parlour, to pay off the rent,
 Julianna, the craythur,—that name was the death of her, '—
 Gave us the shlip, and we saw the last breath of her !
 And *there* were the childher, six innocent sowls,
 For their nate little play-fellow tuning up howls ;
 While yourself, my dear Judy (though grievin 's a folly),
 Stud over Julianna's remains, melancholy,—
 Cryin', half for the craythur, and half for the money,
 “ Arrah, why did ye die till we 'd sowl'd you, my honey ?”

But God's will be done !—and then, faith, sure enough,
 As the pig was desaiiced, 't was high time to be off.
 So we gother'd up all the poor duds we could catch,
 Lock'd the owld cabin-door, put the kay in the thatch,
 Then tuk lave of each other's sweet lips in the dark,
 And set off, like the Chrishtians turn'd out of the ark ;
 The six childher with you, my dear Judy, ochone !
 And poor I wid myself, left condolin' alone.
 How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er lands,
 And what cruel hard walkin' I 've had on my hands,
 Is, at this present writin', too tadioous to speak,
 So I 'll mintion it all in a postscript, next week :—
 Only starved I was, surely, as thin as a lath,
 Till I came to an up-and-down place they call Bath,
 Where, as luck was, I managed to make a meal's meat,
 By dhraggin' owld ladies all day through the street,—
 Which their docthors (who pocket, like fun, the pound starlins),
 Have brought into fashion to plase the owld darlins.
 Div'l a boy in all Bath, though *I* say it, could carry
 The grannies up hill half so handy as Larry ;

• The Irish peasantry are very fond of giving fine names to their pigs. I have heard of one instance in which a couple of young pigs were named, at their birth, Abelard and Eloisa.

And the higher they lived, like owld crows, in the air,
The more *I* was wanted to lug them up there.

But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say,
And mine has *both* handles put on the wrong way.
For, pondherin', one morn, on a drame I 'd just had
Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullinafad,
Och, there came o'er my sinses so plasin' a flutther,
That I spilt an owld Countess right clane in the gutther,
Muff, feathers and all!—the descint was most awful,
And,—what was still worse, faith,—I knew 't was unlawful:
For, though, with mere *women*, no very great evil,
T' upset an owld Countess in Bath is the divil!
So, liftin' the chair, with herself safe upon it
(For nothin' about her was *kilt*, but her bonnet),
Without even mentionin' "By your lave, ma'am,"
I tuk to my heels and—here, Judy, I am!

What 's the name of this town I can't say very well,
But your heart sure will jump when you hear what befell
Your own beautiful Larry, the very first day,
(And a Sunday it was, shinin' out mighty gay)
When his brogues to this city of luck found their way.
Bein' hungry, Gold help me, and happenin' to stop,
Just to dine on the shmell of a pasthry-cook's shop,
I saw, in the window, a large printed paper,
And read there a name, och! that made my heart caper,—
Though printed it was in some quare A B C,
That might bother a schoolmaster, let alone *me*.
By gor, you'd have laugh'd, Judy, could you've but listen'd,
As, doubtin', I cried, "why it is!—no, it is *n't*:"
But it *was*, after all—for, by spellin' quite slow,
First I made out "Rev. Mortimer"—then a great "O";
And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin' my skull again,
Out it came, nate as imported, "O'Mulligan!"

Up I jump'd, like a sky-lark, my jew'l, at that name,—
Div'l a doubt on my mind, but it *must* be the same.
"Masther Murthagh himself," says I, "all the world over!
My own fosther-brother—by jinks, I'm in clover.
Though *there*, in the play-bill, he figures so grand,
One wet-nurse it was brought us *both* up by hand,
And he 'll not let me shtarve in the inemy's land!"

Well, to make a long hishtory short, niver doubt
But I managed, in no time, to find the lad out;
And the joy of the meetin' bethuxt him and me,—
Such a pair of owld cumrogues—was charmin' to see.
Nor is Murthagh less plased with the evint than *I* am,
As he just then was wanting a vally-de-sham,
And, for *dressin'* a gintleman, one way or t' other,
Your nate Irish lad is beyant every other.

But now, Judy, comes the quare part of the case;
 And, in throth, it 's the only draw-back on my place.
 'T was Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you know,
 With an awkward mishfortune some short time ago;
 That 's to say, he turn'd Protestant,—*why*, I can't larn,
 But, of coorse, he knew best, an' it's not *my* consarn.
 All I know is, we both were good Cath'lics, at nurse,
 And myself am so still,—nayther betther nor worse.
 Well, our bargain was all right and tight in a jiffey,
 And lads more contint never yet left the Liffey,
 When Murthagh,—or Morthimer, as he's *now* chrishen'd,
 His *name* being convarted, at laist, if *he* is n't,—
 Lookin' sly at me (faith, 't was divartin' to see),
 "Of coorse, you 're a Protestant, Larry," says he:—
 Upon which, says myself, wid a wink just as shly,
 "Is 't a Protestant?—oh yes, *I am*, Sir," says I:—
 And there the chat ended, and div'l a more word
 Controversial between us has since then occur'd.

What Murthagh could mane, and, in throth, Judy dear,
 What *I myself* meant, does n't seem mighty clear;
 But the thruth is, though still for the Owld Light a stickler,
 I was just then too shtarved to be over partic'lar:
 And, God knows, between us, a comic'ler pair
 Of twin Protestants could n't be seen *any* where.

Next Tuesday (as towld in the play-bills I mintion'd,
 Address'd "to the loyal and godly-intintion'd,")
 His Rivirence, my master, comes forward to preach,—
 Myself does n't know whether sarmon or speech,
 But it 's all one to him, he 's a dead hand at each;
 Like us, Paddys, in gin'ral, whose skill in orations
 Quite bothers the blarney of all other nations.
 But, whisht!—there 's his Rivirence, shoutin' out "Larry,"
 And sorra a word more will this shmall paper carry;
 So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a letther,
 Which, faix, I 'd have made a much bigger and betther,
 But div'l a one Post-office hole in this town
 Fit to swallow a dacent-sized billy-dux down.
 So, good luck to the childer!—tell Molly, I love her;
 Kiss Oonagh's sweet mouth, and kiss Katty all over,—
 Not forgettin' the mark of the red-currant whiskey
 She got at the fair when yourself was so frisky.
 The heav'ns be your bed!—I will write when I can again;
 Yours to the world's end,

LARRY O'BRANIGAN.

LETTER VI.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MRS. ELIZABETH ——. A view of the

How I grieve you're not with us!—pray, come, if you can,
 Ere we're robb'd of this dear oratorical man,
 Who combines in himself all the multiple glory
 Of Orangeman, Saint, *quondam* Papist, and Tory;—
 (Choice mixture! like that from which, duly confounded,
 The best sort of *brass* was, in old times, compounded)—
 The sly and the saintly, the worldly and godly,
 All fused down in brogue so deliciously oddly!
 In short, he's a *dear*,—and *such* audiences draws,
 Such loud peals of laughter and shouts of applause,
 As *can't* but do good to the Protestant cause.
 Poor dear Irish Church!—he to-day sketch'd a view
 Of her hist'ry and prospects, to *me* at least new,
 And which (if it *takes* as it ought) must arouse
 The whole Christian world her just rights to espouse.
 As to *reasoning*,—you know, dear, that's now of no use,
 People still will their *facts* and dry *figures* produce,
 As if saving the souls of a Protestant flock were
 A thing to be managed “according to Cocker!”
 In vain do we say (when rude radicals hector
 At paying some thousands a-year to a Rector,
 In places where Protestants *never yet were*),
 “Who knows but young Protestants *may* be born there?
 And, granting such accident, think, what a shame,
 If they did n't find Rector and Clerk when they came!
 It is clear that, without such a staff on full pay,
 These little Church embryos *must* go astray;
 And, while fools are computing what Parsons would cost,
 Precious souls are meanwhile to the Establishment lost!”
 In vain do we put the case sensibly thus;
 They'll still with their figures and facts make a fuss,
 And ask “if, while all, choosing each his own road,
 Journey on, as we can, tow'rds the Heav'nly Abode,
 It is right that *seven* eighths of the trav'lers should pay
 For *one* eighth that goes quite a different way?”—
 Just as if, foolish people, this was n't, in reality,
 A proof of the Church's extreme liberality,
 That, though hating Pop'ry, in *other* respects,
 She to Catholic *money* in no way objects;
 And so lib'ral her very best Saints, in this sense,
 That they ev'n go to heav'n at the Cath'lic's expense.
 But, though clear to *our* minds all these arguments be,
 People cannot or *will* not their cogency see;
 And, I grieve to confess, did the poor Irish Church
 Stand on reasoning alone, she 'd be left in the lurch.
 It was therefore, dear Lizzy, with joy most sincere,

That I heard this nice Rev'rend O' *something* we've here
Produce, from the depths of his knowledge and reading,
A view of that marvellous Church, far exceeding,
In novelty, force, and profoundness of thought,
All that Irving himself, in his glory, e'er taught.

Looking through the whole history, present and past,
Of the Irish Law Church, from the first to the last;
Considering how strange its original birth,—
Such a thing having *never* before been on earth,—
How opposed to the instinct, the law, and the force
Of nature and reason has been its whole course;
Through centuries encount'ring repugnance, resistance,
Scorn, hate, execration,—yet still in existence!
Considering all this, the conclusion he draws
Is, that Nature exempts this one Church from her laws,—
That Reason, dumb-founder'd, gives up the dispute,
And before the portentous anom'y stands mute;—
That, in short, 't is a Miracle!—and, *once* begun,
And transmitted through ages, from father to son,
For the honour of miracles, *ought to go on*.

Never yet was conclusion so cogent and sound,
Or so fitted the Church's weak foes to confound.
For, observe, the more low all her merits they place,
The more strong they make out the miraculous case,
And the more all good Christians must deem it profane
To disturb such a prodigy's marvellous reign.
As for scriptural proofs, he quite placed beyond doubt
That the whole in the Apocalypse may be found out,
As clear and well-proved, he would venture to swear,
As anything else has been *ever* found there :
While the mode in which, bless the dear fellow, he deals
With that whole lot of vials and trumpets and seals,
And the ease with which vial on vial he strings,
Shows him quite a *first-rate* at all these sorts of things.

So much for theology :—as for the affairs
Of this temporal world—the light drawing-room cares
And gay toils of the toilet, which, God knows, I seek,
From no love of such things, but in humbleness meek,
And to be, as the Apostle was, “ weak with the weak, ”—
Thou wilt find quite enough (till I'm somewhat less busy)
In the extracts inclosed, my dear news-loving Lizzy.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Thursday.

Last night, having nought more holy to do,
Wrote a letter to dear Sir Andrew Agnew,

About the "Do-nothing-on-Sunday-Club,"
Which we wish by some shorter name to dub :
As the use of more vowels and consonants
Than a Christian, on Sunday, *really* wants,
Is a grievance that ought to be done away,
And the Alphabet left to rest that day.

Sunday.

Sir Andrew's answer!—but shocking to say,
Being frank'd unthinkingly yesterday,
To the horror of Agnews yet unborn,
It arrived on this blessed Sunday morn!!—
How shocking!—the postman's self cried "shame on't,"
Seeing the immaculate Andrew's name on't!!
What will the Club do?—meet, no doubt.
'Tis a matter that touches the Class Devout,
And the friends of the Sabbath *must* speak out.

Tuesday.

Saw to-day, at the raffle,—and saw it with pain,—
That those stylish Fitzwigrams begin to dress plain.
Even gay little Sophy smart trimmings renounces,—
She, who long has stood by me through all sorts of flounces,
And show'd, by upholding the toilet's sweet rites,
That we, girls, may be Christians, without being frights.
This, I own, much alarms me; for though one's religious,
And strict and—all that, there's no need to be hideous;
And why a nice bonnet should stand in the way
Of one's going to heav'n, 't is n't easy to say.
Then, there's Gimp, the poor thing,—if her custom we drop,
Pray, what's to become of her soul and her shop?
If by saints like ourselves no more orders are given,
She'll lose all the interest she now takes in heaven;
And this nice little "fire-brand, pluck'd from the burning,"
May fall in again at the very next turning.

Wednesday.

Mem.—To write to the India-Mission Society;
And send 20*l.*—heavy tax upon piety!
Of all Indian lux'ries we now-a-days boast,
Making "Company's Christians" ¹ perhaps cost the most.
And the worst of it is, that these converts full grown,
Having lived in *our* faith mostly die in their *own*, ²
Praying hard, at the last, to some god who, they say,
When incarnate on earth, used to steal curds and whey. ³
Think, how horrid, my dear!—so that all's thrown away;

¹ The title given by the natives to such of their countrymen as become converts.

² Of such relapses we find innumerable instances in the accounts of the Missionaries.

³ The god Krishna, one of the incarnations of the god Vishnu. 'One day (says the Bhagavata) Krishna's play-fellows complained to Tasuda that he had pilfered and ate their curds.'

And (what is still worse) for the rum and the rice
 They've consumed, while believers, we saints pay the price.
 Still 't is cheering to find that we *do* save a few,—
 The Report gives six Christians for Cunnangcadoo;
 Doorkohtchum reckons seven, and four Trevandrum,
 While but one and a half's left at Cooropadum.
 In this last-mention'd place 't is the barbers enslave 'em,
 For, once they turn Christians, dear, nobody 'll shave 'em.¹

To atone for this rather small Heathen amount,
 Some Papists, turn'd Christians,² are tack'd to the account.
 And though, to catch Papists, one need n't go so far,
 Such fish are worth hooking, wherever they are;
 And just *now*, when so great of such converts the lack is,
 One Papist well caught is worth millions of Blackies.

Friday.

Last night had a dream so odd and funny
 I cannot resist recording it here.—
 Methought that the Genius of Matrimony
 Before me stood, with a joyous leer,
 Leading a husband in each hand
 And both for *me*, which look'd rather queer;—
 One I could perfectly understand,
 But why there were *two* was n't quite so clear.
 'T was meant, however, I soon could see,
 To afford me a *choice*,—a most excellent plan;
 And—who should this brace of candidates be,
 But Messrs. O'Mulligan and Magan :—
 A thing, I suppose, unheard of till then,
 To dream, at once, of *two* Irishmen !—
 That handsome Magan, too, with wings on his shoulders,
 (For all this pass'd in the realms of the Blest)
 And quite a creature to dazzle beholders;
 While even O'Mulligan, feather'd and drest
 As an elderly cherub, was looking his best.
 Ah Liz, you, who know me, scarce can doubt
 As to *which* of the two I singled out.
 But,—awful to tell,—when, all in dread
 Of losing so bright a vision's charms,
 I grasp'd at Magan, his image fled,
 Like a mist, away, and I found but the head
 Of O'Mulligan, wings and all, in my arms!

¹ "Roteen wants shaving; but the barber here will not do it. He is run away lest he should be compelled. He says he will not shave Yesoo Kreest's people."—*Bapt. Mission. Society*, Vol. ii. p. 493.

² In the Reports of the Missionaries, the Roman Catholics are almost always classed along with the Heathen. "I have extended my labours (says James Venning, in a Report for 1831), to the Heathen, Mahomedans and Roman Catholics." "The Heathen and Roman Catholics in this neighbourhood (says another missionary for the year 1832), are not indifferent, but withstand, rather than yield to the force of truth."

The Angel had flown to some nest divine,
And the elderly Cherub alone was mine!

Heigho!—it is certain that foolish Magan
Either can't or *won't* see that he *might* be the man;
And, perhaps, dear,—who knows?—if nought better befall—
But—O'Mulligan *may* be the man, after all.

N. B.

Next week mean to have my first scriptural rout,
For the special discussion of matters devout;—
Like those *soirées*, at Pow'rscourt, ¹ so justly renown'd
For the zeal with which doctrine and negus went round;—
Those theology-routs which the pious Lord R-d-n,
That pink of Christianity, first set the mode in;
Where, blessed down-pouring! ² from tea until nine,
The subjects lay all in the Prophecy line;—
Then, supper—and then, if for topics hard driven,
From thence until bed-time to Satan was given;
While R-d-n, deep read in each topic and tome,
On all subjects (especially the last) was *at home*.

LETTER VII.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY —.

IRREGULAR ODE.

BRING me the slumbering souls of flowers,
While yet, beneath some northern sky,
Ungilt by beams, ungemm'd by showers,
They wait the breath of summer hours,

¹ An account of these Powerscourt Conversazioni (under the direct presidency of Lord Roden), as well as a list of the subjects discussed at the different meetings, may be found in the Christian Herald for the month of December, 1852. The following is a specimen of the nature of the questions submitted to the company:—*Monday Evening, Six o'Clock, September 24, 1852.*—"An examination into the quotations given in the New Testament from the Old, with their connexion and explanation, viz: etc. etc."—*Wednesday.*—"Should we expect a personal Antichrist? and to whom will he be revealed?" etc. etc.—*Friday.*—"What light does Scripture throw on present events, and their moral character? *What is next to be looked for or expected?*" etc.

The rapid progress made at these tea-parties in settling points of Scripture, may be judged from a paragraph in the account given of one of their evenings, by the Christian Herald:—

"On Daniel a good deal of light was thrown, and there was some, I think not so much, perhaps, upon the Revelations, though particular parts of it were discussed with considerable accession of knowledge. There was some very interesting inquiry as to the quotation of the Old Testament in the New; particularly on the point, whether there was any 'accommodation,' or whether they were quoted according to the mind of the Spirit in the Old; this gave occasion to some very interesting development of Scripture. The progress of the Antichristian powers was very fully discussed."

² "About eight o'clock the Lord began to pour down his spirit copiously upon us—for they had all by this time assembled in my room for the purpose of prayer. This down-pouring continued till about ten o'clock."—Letter from Mary Campbell to the Rev. John Campbell, of Row (dated Fernicary, April 4, 1850), giving an account of her "miraculous cure."

To wake to light each diamond eye,
And let loose every florid sigh!

Bring me the first-born ocean waves,
From out those deep primeval caves,
Where from the dawn of Time they've lain,—
THE EMBRYOS OF A FUTURE MAIN!—
Untaught as yet, young things, to speak
The language of their PARENT SEA,
(Polyphlysbaean¹ named, in Greek)
Though soon, too soon, in bay and creek,
Round startled isle and wondering peak,
They'll thunder loud and long as HE!

Bring me, from Hecla's iced abode,
Young fires——

I had got, dear, thus far in my ODE,
Intending to fill the whole page to the bottom,
But, having invoked such a lot of fine things,
Flowers, billows and thunderbolts, rainbows and wings;
Didn't know *what* to do with 'em, when I had got 'em.
The truth is, my thoughts are too full, at this minute,
Of past MSS. any new ones to try.
This very night's coach brings my destiny in it,—
Decides the great question, to live or to die!
And, whether I'm henceforth immortal or no,
All depends on the answers of Simkins and Co.!

You'll think, love, I rave, so't is best to let out
The whole secret, at once—I have publish'd a Book!!!
Yes, an actual Book:—if the marvel you doubt,
You have only in last Monday's Courier to look,
And you'll find “This day published by Simkins and Co.
A Romaunt, in twelve Cantos, entitled ‘Woe, Woe!’
By Miss Fanny F——, known more commonly so .”
This I put that my friends may n't be left in the dark,
But may guess at my *writing* by knowing my *mark*.
How I managed, at last, this great deed to achieve,
Is itself a “Romaunt” which you'd scarce, dear, believe;
Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl,
Looking out for the Magnet,² explain it, dear girl.
Suffice it to say, that one half the expense
Of this leasehold of fame for long centuries hence,—
(Though “God knows,” as aunt says, my humble ambition
Aspires not beyond a small Second Edition,)—
One half the whole cost of the paper and printing,
I've managed, this last year, to scrape up, by stinting

¹ If you guess what this word means, 'tis more than I can:—

² I but give 't, as I got it from Mr. Magan.

³ A day coach of that name.

My own little wants in gloves, ribbons, and shoes,
Thus defrauding the toilet to fit out the Muse!

And who, my dear Kitty, would not do the same?
What's *eau de Cologne* to the sweet breath of fame?
Yards of ribbon soon end,—but the measures of rhyme,
Dipp'd in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through all time.
Gloves languish and fade away, pair after pair,
While couplets shine out, but the brighter for wear,
And the dancing-shoe's gloss in an evening is gone,
While light-footed lyrics through ages trip on.

The remaining expense, trouble, risk,—and alas!
My poor copyright too—into other hands pass;
And my friend, the Head Dev'l of the "County Gazette,"
(The only Mæcenas I've ever had yet),
He who set up in type my first juvenile lays,
Is now set up by them for the rest of his days;
And while Gods (as my "Heathen Mythology" says)
Live on nought but ambrosia, *his* lot how much sweeter
To live, lucky dev'l, on a young lady's metre!
As for *puffing*,—that first of all lit'rary boons,
And essential alike both to bards and balloons;
As, unless well supplied with inflation, 't is found
Neither bards nor balloons budge an inch from the ground;—
In *this* respect, nought could more prosp'rous befall;
As my friend (for no less this kind imp can I call)
Knows the whole world of critics, dear,—*hypers* and all.
I suspect, indeed, he himself dabbles in rhyme,
Which, for imps diabolic, is not the first time;
As I've heard uncle Bob say, 't was known among Gnostics,
That the Dev'l on Two Sticks was a dev'l at Acrostics.

But hark! there 's the Magnet just dash'd in from Town—
How my heart, Kitty, beats! I shall surely drop down.
That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Athenæum,
All full of my book—I shall sink when I see 'em.
And then, the great point—whether Simkins and Co.
Are actually pleased with their bargain or no!

Five o'clock.

All 's delightful—such praises!—I really fear
That this poor little head will turn giddy, my dear.
I've but time now to send you two exquisite scraps,—
All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday, perhaps.

FROM THE "MORNING POST."

'T is known that a certain distinguish'd physician
Prescribes, for *dyspepsia*, a course of light reading;
And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first, fresh edition
(Ere critics have injured their powers of nutrition),

Are, he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of feeding.
 Satires irritate—love-songs are found calorific,
 But smooth female sonnets he deems a specific,
 And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific.
 Among works of this kind, the most pleasing we know,
 Is a volume just publish'd by Simkins and Co.,
 Where all such ingredients,—the flowery, the sweet,
 And the gently narcotic,—are mix'd *per* receipt,
 With a hand so judicious, we 've no hesitation
 To say that—'bove all, for the young generation,—
 'T is an elegant, soothing, and safe preparation.

Nota bene—For readers, whose object 's to sleep,
 And who read, in their night-caps, the publishers keep
 Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap.

ANECDOTE—FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL."

T'other night, at the Countess of ***'s rout,
 An amusing event was much whisper'd about.
 It was said that Lord ——, at the Council, that day,
 Had, more than once, jump'd from his seat, like a rocket,
 And flown to a corner, where, heedless, they say,
 How the country's resources were squander'd away,
 He kept reading some papers he 'd brought in his pocket.
 Some thought them dispatches from Spain, or the Turk,
 Others swore they brought word we had lost the Mauritius;
 But it turn'd out 't was only Miss Fudge's new work,
 Which his Lordship devour'd with such zeal expeditious.—
 Messrs. Simkins and Co. to avoid all delay
 Having sent it in sheets, that his Lordship might say,
 He had distanced the whole reading world by a day!

LETTER VIII.

FROM BOB FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN.

Tuesday Evening.

I MUCH regret, dear Reverend Sir,
 I could not come to *** to meet you;
 But this curst gout won't let me stir,—
 Ev'n now I but by proxy greet you;
 As this vile scrawl, whate'er its sense is,
 Owes all to an amanuensis.
 Most other scourges of disease
 Reduce men to *extremities*,—
 But gout won't leave one even *these*.
 From all my sister writes, I see
 That you and I will quite agree.
 I 'm a plain man, who speak the truth,

And trust you 'll think me not uncivil,
When I declare that, from my youth,
I 've wish'd your country at the devil :
Nor can I doubt, indeed, from all

I 've heard of your high patriot fame,—
From every word your lips let fall,—

That you most truly wish the same.
It plagues one's life out—thirty years
Have I had dinning in my ears,

“Ireland wants this, and that, and t' other,”
And, to this hour, one nothing hears
But the same vile eternal bother.

While of those countless things she wanted,
Thank God, but little has been granted,
And ev'n that little, if we 're men
And Britons, we 'll have back again!

I really think that Catholic question
Was what brought on my indigestion;
And still each year, as Popery's curse
Has gather'd round us, I 've got worse;
Till ev'n my pint of Port a-day
Can't keep the Pope and bile away.
And whereas, till the Catholic bill,
I never wanted draught or pill,
The settling of that cursed question
Has quite unsettled my digestion.

Look what has happen'd since—the Elect
Of all the bores of every sect,
The chosen triers of men's patience,
From all the Three Denominations,
Pour'd in upon us,—even Quakers,
Turn'd into speechers and law-makers,
Who 'll move no question, stiff-rump'd elves,
Till first the Spirit moves themselves;
And whose shrill Yeas and Nays, in chorus,
Conquering our Ays and Nos sonorous,
Will soon to death's own slumber snore us.

Then, too, those Jews!—I really sicken
To think of such abomination;
Fellows, who won't eat ham with chicken,
To legislate for this great nation!—

Depend upon 't, when once they 've sway,
With rich old Goldsmid at the head o' them,
The Excise laws will be done away,
And *Circumcise* ones pass'd instead o' them!

In short, dear Sir, look where one will,
Things all go on so devilish ill,
That, 'pon my soul, I rather fear

Our reverend Rector may be right,
 Who tells me the Millennium's near;
 Nay, swears he knows the very year,
 And regulates his leases by 't;—
 Meaning their terms should end, no doubt,
 Before the world's own lease is out.
 He thinks, too, that the whole thing's ended
 So much more soon than was intended,
 Purely to scourge those men of sin
 Who brought the accurst Reform Bill in.

However, let's not yet despair;
 Though Toryism's eclipsed, at present,
 And,—like myself, in this old chair,—
 Sits in a state by no means pleasant;
 Feet crippled,—hands, in luckless hour,
 Disabled of their grasping power;
 And all that rampant glee, which revell'd
 In this world's sweets, be-dull'd, bedevil'd,—
 Yet, though condemn'd to frisk no more,
 And both in Chair of Penance set,
 There's something tells me, all's not o'er
 With Toryism or Bobby yet;
 That though, between us, I allow
 We've not a leg to stand on now;
 Though curst Reform and *colchicum*
 Have made us both look deuced glum,
 Yet still, in spite of Grote and Gout,
 Again we'll shine triumphant out!

Yes—back again shall come, egad,
 Our turn for sport, my reverend lad.
 And then, O'Mulligan,—oh then,—
 When mounted on our nags again,
 You, on your high-flown Rosinante,
 Bedizen'd out, like Show-Gallante,—
 Glitter great from substance scanty;—
 While I, Bob Fudge, Esquire, shall ride
 Your faithful Sancho, by your side,
 Then,—talk of tilts and tournaments!
 Dam' me, we'll——

* * * * *
 'Squire Fudge's clerk presents
 To Reverend Sir his compliments;
 Is grieved to say an accident

† This appears to have been the opinion also of an eloquent writer in the Morning Watch.
 “One great object of Christ's second Advent, as the Man and as the King of the Jews, is to
 punish the Kings who do not acknowledge that their authority is derived from him, and
 who submit to receive it from that many-headed monster, the mob.—No 40, p. 573.

Has just occur'd which will prevent
 The Squire,—though now a little better,—
 From finishing this present letter.
 Just when he 'd got to "Dam' me, we'll —"
 His Honour, full of martial zeal,
 Grasp'd at his crutch, but not being able
 To keep his balance or his hold,
 Tumbled, both self and crutch, and roll'd
 Like ball and bat, beneath the table.

All 's safe,—the table, chair, and crutch ;—
 Nothing, thank God, is broken much,
 But the Squire's head, which, in the fall,
 Got bump'd considerably—that's all
 At this no great alarm we feel,
 As the Squire's head can bear a deal.

Wednesday Morning.

Squire much the same—head rather light,—
 Raved about "Barbers' Wigs" all night.
 Our house-keeper, old Mrs. Griggs,
 Suspects that he meant "Barbarous Whigs."

LETTER IX.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN TO HIS WIFE JUDY.

As it was but last week that I sint you a letther,
 You 'll wondher, dear Judy, what this is about ;
 And, throth, it 's a letther myself would like bettther,
 Could I manage to lave the contints of it out ;
 For sure, if it makes even *me* onaisy,
 Who takes things quiet, 't will drhive *you* crazy.
 Oh Judy, that riverind Murthagh, bad scran to him !
 That ev'r I should come to 've been sarvant-man to him,
 Or so far demane the O'Branigan blood,
 And my Aunts, the Diluvians (whom not ev'n the Flood
 Was able to wash away clane from the earth¹)
 As to sarve one whose name, of mere yestherday's birth,
 Can no more to a great O, *before* it, purtend,
 Than mine can to wear a great Q at its *end*.

But that 's now all over—last night I gev warnin',
 And, masth'r as he is, will discharge him this mornin'.
 The thief of the world !—but it 's no use balraggin ;²

¹ "I am of your Patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your antediluvian families,—fellows that the Flood could not wash away."—*Congreve, Love for Love.*

² To *balrag* is to abuse. Mr. Lover makes it *ballyrag*, and he is high authority : but if I

All I know is, I 'd fifty times rather be dragin'
 Ould ladies up hill to the ind of my days,
 Than with Murthagh to rowl in a chaise at my aise,
 And be forced to discind thro' the same dirty ways.
 Arrah, sure, if I 'd heerd where he last show'd his phyzz,
 I 'd have known what a quare sort of monsther he is;
 For, by gor, 't was at Exether Change, sure enough,
 That himself and his other wild Irish show'd off;
 And it 's pity, so 't is, that they had n't got no man
 Who knew the wild crathurs to act as their showman,—
 Sayin' "Ladies and Gintlemen, plaze to take notice,
 How shlim and how shleek this black animal's coat is;
 All by raison, we 're towld, that the nathur o' th' baste
 Is to change its coat *once* in its life-time, *at laste*;
 And such objiks, in *our* counthry, not bein' common ones,
 Are *bought up*, as this was, by way of Fine Nomenons.
 In regard of its *name*,—why, in throth, I 'm consarn'd
 To differ on this point so much with the larn'd,
 Who call it a '*Morthimer*,' wheras the craythur
 Is plainly a '*Murthagh*,' by name and by nathur."
 This is how I 'd have towld them the rights of it all.
 Had I been their showman at Exether Hall,—
 Not forgettin' that other great wondher of Airin,
 (Of th' owld bitter breed which they call Prosbetairin,)
 The famed Daddy C—ke—who, by gor, I 'd have shown' em
 As proof how such bastes may be tamed, when you 've thrown' em
 A good frindly sop of the rale *Raigin Donem*.¹

But, throth, I 've no laisure just now, Judy dear,
 For any thing, barrin' our own doings here,
 And the cursin' and dammin' and thund'rin', lick mad,
 We Papists, God help us, from Murthagh have had.
 He says we 're all murtherers—div'l a bit less,—
 And that even our priests, when we go to confess,
 Give us lessons in murth'rin', and wish us success!

When ax'd how he dared, by tongue or by pen,
 To belie, in this way, seven millions of men,
 Faith, he said, 't was all towld him by Docthor Den!²
 "And who the div'l 's *he*?" was the question that flew
 From Chrishtian to Chrishtian—but not a sowl knew.
 While on went Murthagh, in iligant style,
 Blasphaming us Cath'lics all the while,
 As a pack of desaivers, parjurers, villians,
 All the whole kit of the aforesaid millions,³—

remember rightly, Curran, in his national stories, used to employ the word as above.—
 See Lover's most amusing and genuinely Irish work, the "Legends and Stories of Ireland."

¹ Larry evidently means the *Regium Donum*;—a sum contributed by the government annually to the support of the Presbyterian churches in Ireland.

² Correctly, Dens,—Larry not being very particular in his nomenclature.

³ "The deeds of darkness which are reduced to horrid practice over the drunken de-

Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest,
And the innocent craythur that 's at your breast,
All rogues together, in word and deed,
Owld Den our insthructor and Sin our creed!

When ax'd for his proofs again and again,
Div'l an answer he 'd give but Docthor Den.
Could n't he call into coort some *livin'* men?
"No, thank you"—he 'd stick to Docthor Den,—
An ould gintleman dead a century or two,
Who all about *us*, live Cath'lics, knew;
And of coorse was more handy, to call in a hurry,
Than Docthor Mac Hale or Docthor Murray!

But, throth, it 's no case to be jokin' upon,
Though myself, from bad habits, is *makin'* it one.
And yourself, had you witness'd his grand clymacthrics,
Which actially threw one owld maid in hysterics,
Or, och! had you heerd such a purty remark as his,
That Papists are only "*Humanity's carcasses,*
Ris'n"—but, by dad, I 'm afeard I can't give it ye,—
"*Ris'n from the sepulchre of—inactivity;*
And, like owld corpses, dug up from antikity,
Wandrin' about in all sorts of inikity!!"
Even you, Judy, true as you are to the Owld Light,
Would have laugh'd, out and out, at this iligant flight,
Of that figure of speech called the Blatherumskite.
As for me, though a funny thought now and then came to me,
Rage got the betther at last,—and small blame to me!
So, slapping my thigh, "by the Powers of Delf,"
Says I boldly, "I 'll make an oration myself."
And with that up I jumps,—but, my darlint, the minit
I cock'd up my head, div'l a sinse remain'd in it.
Though, *saited*, I could have got beautiful on,
When I tuk to my legs, faith, the gab was all gone:—
Which was odd for us, Pats, who, whate'er we 've a hand in,
At laste in our *legs* show good sthrong undherstandin'.

Howsumdever, detarmin'd the chaps should parsaive
What I thought of their doin's, before I tuk lave,
"In regard of all that," says I—there I stopp'd short—
Sorra a word more would come, though I shtruggled hard for't.

bauch of the midnight assassin, are debated, in principle, in the sober morning religious conferences of the priests."—*Speech of the Rev. Mr. M'Ghee.* "The character of the Irish people *generally* is, that they are given to lying and to acts of theft."—*Speech of the Rev. Robert Daly.*

"But she (Popery) is no longer *the tenant of the sepulchre of inactivity*. She has come from the burial-place, walking forth a monster, as if the spirit of evil had corrupted *the carcass of her departed humanity*; noxious and noisome, an object of abhorrence and dismay to all who are not *leagued with her in iniquity*."—Report of the Rev. Gentleman's Speech, June 20th, in the Record Newspaper.

We may well ask, after reading this and other such Reverend ravings,

"Quis dubitat quin omne sit hoc rationis egestas?"

So, shnapping my fingers at what 's call'd the Chair,
 And the owld Lord (or Lady, I b'lieve) that sat there,—
 "In regard of all that," says I bowldly again,—
 "To owld Nick I pitch Mortimer—and Docthor Den;—"
 Upon which the whole company cried out, "Amen;—"
 And myself was in hopes 't was to what I had said,
 But, by gor, no such thing,—they were not so well bred;
 For, 't was all to a pray'r Murthagh just had read out,
 By way of fit finish to job so devout;
 That is,—*afther* well damning one half the community,
 To pray God to keep all in pace an' in unity!

This is all I can shtuff in this letther, though plinty
 Of news, faith, I 've got to fill more—if 't was twinty.
 But I 'll add, on the *outside*, a line, should I need it,
 (Writin' "Private" upon it, that no one may read it,)
 To tell you how *Mortimer* (as the Saints chrishten him)
 Bears the big shame of his sarvant's dismisshin' him.

(*Private outside.*)

Just come from his Riv'rence—the job is all done—
 By the powers, I 've discharged him as sure as a gun!
 And now, Judy dear, what on earth I 'm to do
 With myself and my appetite,—both good as new,—
 Without ev'n a single traneeen in my pocket,
 Let alone a good dacent pound-starlin', to stock it—
 Is a mysht'ry I lave to the One that 's above,
 Who takes care of us, dissolute sowls, when hard dhrove!

LETTER X.

FROM THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN TO THE REV. ———.

THESE few brief lines, my reverend friend,
 By a safe private hand I send,
 (Fearing lest some low Catholic wag,
 Should pry into the Letter-bag,)
 To tell you, far as pen can dare,
 How we, poor errant martyrs, fare;—
 Martyrs, not quite to fire and rack,
 As Saints were, some few ages back,
 But,—scarce less trying, in its way,—
 To laughter, whereso'er we stray;
 To jokes, which Providence mysterious
 Permits on men and things so serious,
 Lowering the Church still more each minute,
 And—injuring our preferment in it.
 Just think, how wearing out, my friend,

To have, where'er our footsteps bend,
 Small jokes, like squibs, around us whizzing ;
 And bear the eternal torturing play
 Of that great engine of our day,
 Unknown to the Inquisition,—quizzing !

Your men of thumb-screws and of racks
 Aimed at the *body* their attacks ;
 But modern torturers, more refined,
 Work *their* machinery on the *mind*.
 Had St. Sebastian had the luck

With me to be a godly rover,
 Instead of arrows, he 'd be stuck

With stings of ridicule all over ;
 And poor St. Lawrence, who was kill'd
 By being on a gridir'n grill'd,
 Had he but shared *my* errant lot,
 Instead of grill on gridir'n hot,
 A *moral* roasting would have got.

Nor should I, trying as all this is,
 Much heed the suffering or the shame,—
 As, like an actor, *used* to hisses,

I long have known no other fame,
 But that (as I may own to *you*,
 Though to the *world* it would not do,)
 No hope appears of fortune's beams
 Shining on *any* of my schemes ;
 No chance of something more *per ann.*
 As supplement to K—llym—n ;
 No prospect that, by fierce abuse
 Of Ireland, I shall e'er induce
 The rulers of this thinking nation
 To rid us of Emancipation ;
 To forge anew the sever'd chain,
 And bring back Penal Laws again.

Ah happy time ! when wolves and priests
 Alike were hunted, as wild beasts ;
 And five pounds was the price, *per* head,
 For bagging *either*, live or dead ; ¹—
 Though oft, we're told, *one* outlaw'd brother
 Saved cost, by eating up *the other*.

Wise state of things ! when sons were bribed
 With their sires' wealth ; and *one* profest
 Conformist, of a race proscribed,
 Had power to beggar all the rest ! ²

¹ "Among other amiable enactments against the Catholics at this period (1649), the price of five pounds was set on the head of a Romish priest,—being exactly the same sum offered by the same legislators for the head of a wolf."—*Memoirs of Captain Rock*, book i. chap. 10.

² "By the laws now in force in this kingdom, a son, however undutiful and profligate,

Then, then, indeed, good converts brought
 A price that set all shame at nought,
 Nay, made it glory to be bought.
 Ah, how unlike the paltry pay
 We fetch in this degenerate day!
 A poor small rectory all our lot,—
 If zealous, laugh'd at, and, if not,
 Scored off as "paid for," and forgot!

Yes, all's now o'er—I see too plain
 Those good times ne'er can come again.
 Our very progress here betrays
 That we are fall'n on thankless days.
 So dull are thought our "yarns" devout,
 Not Kenyon's self can sit them out;
 Nor ev'n that Saint, Lord Mandeville,
 Gulp down such endless length of pill.
 So that, at last,—so dire our pinch,
 When thus all decent chairmen flinch,—
 We're forced to take to Mr. F—nch!
 Then, too, they tell us, with what zeal
 All England throbs to our appeal:
 But, why (if the interest so intense is)
 Why do n't they pay the room's expenses?
 When Kenyon begg'd, in our behalf,
 He raised—not money, but a laugh!

'T is true, they flock to us, as a show,—
 As men dug up (dead long ago),
 A sort of strolling Corpse and Co.
 (Like those old carcasses that lately
 I set upon their legs so stately)

shall not merely, by the merit of conforming to the established religion, deprive the Roman Catholic father of the free and full possession of his estate, the power to mortgage, etc. etc., but shall himself have full liberty immediately to mortgage, or otherwise alienate, the reversion of that estate from his family for ever."—*Address presented by the Catholics in 1775.*

* Lord Kenyon—"A previous engagement renders it necessary for me to depart at four o'clock;—that hour has now arrived, and I must leave. I would therefore suggest to the meeting that my noble friend Lord Mandeville do take the chair." The motion that Lord Mandeville should take the chair was agreed to; but it appeared that the noble Viscount had left the platform a short time before. Lord Kenyon then said, "I am informed that my friend Lord Mandeville has left the platform; I will therefore move that Mr. Finch do take the chair."—*Report of the Proceedings, June 20th, in the Record Newspaper.*

* Several touching appeals have been made to the public on this point, and Lord Kenyon, at the close of the second day's proceedings, said, "I hope the meeting will permit me to remind them, that very considerable expense has been incurred by the deputation and the committee. There will be a collection made at the door, in order to defray those expenses, and I trust that those who are able will contribute liberally." From the following complaint, however, in the Record (July 9th), it appears that the noble Lord's appeal was unavailing: "We have to remark that the contributions at the doors at the last meeting at Exeter Hall by no means defrayed the expenses, which are somewhat heavy (40*l.* is charged for the room alone), and we may be excused for requesting our readers to exercise a little more liberality at the approaching meeting on Saturday."

All Doctor Dens' contemporaries,
 And quoting still his dead vagaries,
 'Mong living thinking men, who stare
 To see such resurrections there,
 And hear a dead dull Doctor's thought
 As witness of live feelings brought!

While ev'n the Church, in whose defence

We've drawn the oratoric blade,
 Dreads the uplifted eloquence,

And shudders at such perilous aid,—

"Foes I can brave," she shrinking cries,

"But save me from my dear Allies."

Finding thus all those schemes and hopes

I built upon my flowers and tropes

All scatter'd, one by one, away,

As flashy and unsound as they,

The question comes—what 's to be done?*

And there 's but one course left me,—one.

Heroes, when tired of war's alarms,

Seek sweet repose in Beauty's arms;

The weary Day-God's last retreat is

The breast of silv'ry-footed Thetis;

And mine, as mighty Love's my judge,

Shall be the arms of rich Miss Fudge!

Start not, my friend,—the tender scheme,

Wild and romantic though it seem,

Beyond a parson's fondest dream,

Yet shines, too, with those golden dyes,

So pleasing to a parson's eyes,—

That only *gilding* which the Muse

Cannot around *her* sons diffuse;—

Which, whencesoever flows its bliss,

From wealthy Miss or benefice,

To Mortimer indiff'rent is,

So he can only make it *his*.

There is but one slight damp I see

Upon this scheme's felicity,

And that is, the fair heroine's claim

That I shall take *her* family name.

To this (though it may look henpeck'd)

I can't quite decently object,

Having myself long chosen to shine

Conspicuous in the *alias* line;

So that henceforth, by wife's decree,

* In the first edition of his Dictionary, Doctor Johnson very significantly exemplified the meaning of the word "*alias*" by the instance of Mallet, the poet, who had exchanged for this more refined name his original Scotch patronymic, Malloch. "What *other* proofs he gave (says Johnson) of disrespect to his native country, I know not; but it was remarked of him that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend." — *Life of Mallet*.

(For Biddy from this point won't budge)
 Your old friend's new address must be
 The *Rev. Mortimer O'Fudge*,—
 The "O" being kept, that all may see
 We 're *both* of ancient family.

Such, friend, nor need the fact amaze you,
 My public life's calm Euthanasia.
 Thus bid I long farewell to all
 The freaks of Exeter's old Hall,—
 Freaks, in grimace, its apes exceeding,
 And rivalling its bears in breeding.
 Farewell, the platform fill'd with preachers,—
 The pray'r given out, as grace, ' by speakers,
 Ere they cut up their fellow-creatures.
 Farewell to dead old Dens's volumes,
 And, scarce less dead, old Standard's columns :—
 From each and all I now retire,—
 My task, henceforth, as spouse and sire,
 To bring up little filial Fudges,
 To be M. P. 's, and Peers, and Judges,—
 Parsons I 'd add, too, if, alas !
 There yet were hope the Church could pass
 The gulf now oped for her's and her,
 Or long survive what *Exeter*,—
 Both Hall and Bishop, of that name,—
 Have done to sink her reverend name.

Adieu, dear friend,—you 'll oft hear *from* me,
 Now I 'm no more a travelling drudge;
 Meanwhile I sign (that you may judge
 How well the surname will become me)

Yours truly,

MORTIMER O'FUDGE.

LETTER XI.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD —.

—, *Ireland*.

DEAR Dick—just arrived at my own humble *gîte*,
 I inclose you, post-haste, the account, all complete,
 Just arrived, *per* express, of our late noble feat.

"I think I am acting in unison with the feelings of a Meeting assembled for this solemn object, when I call on the Rev. Doctor Holloway to open it by prayer."—
Speech of Lord Kenyon.

[Extract from the "County Gazette."]

"THIS place is getting gay and full again.

* * * * *

Last week was married, 'in the Lord,'
The Reverend Mortimer O'Mulligan,
Preacher, in *Irish*, of the Word
(He, who the Lord's force lately led on,
Exeter Hall his *Armagh-geddon*),
To Miss B. Fudge, of Pisgah Place,
One of the chos'n, as 'heir of grace,'
And likewise heiress of Phil. Fudge,
Esquire, defunct, of Orange Lodge."

"Same evening, Miss F. Fudge, 't is hinted,—
Niece of the above (whose 'Sylvan Lyre,'
In our Gazette, last week, we printed),
Eloped with Pat. Magan, Esquire.
The fugitives were track'd, some time,
After they 'd left the Aunt's abode,
By scraps of paper, scrawl'd with rhyme,
Found strew'd along the Western road;
Some of them *ci-devant* curl-papers,
Others half burnt in lighting tapers.
This clue, however, to their flight,
After some miles was seen no more;
And from inquiries made last night,
We find they 've reach'd the Irish shore."

Every word of it true, Dick,—the escape from Aunt's thrall,—
Western road,—lyric fragments,—curl-papers and all.
My sole stipulation, ere link'd at the shrine
(As some balance between Fanny's *numbers* and mine),
Was that, when we were *one*, she must give up the *Nine*,
Nay, devote to the Gods her whole stock of MS.,
With a vow never more against prose to transgress.
This she did, like a heroine;—smack went to bits
The whole produce sublime of her dear little wits,—
Sonnets, elegies, epigrams, odes, canzonets,—
Some twisted up neatly, to form *allumettes*,
Some turn'd into *papillotes*, worthy to rise
And enwreath Berenice's bright locks in the skies!
While the rest, honest Larry (who 's now in *my* pay)
Begg'd, as "lover of *po'thry*," to read on the way.

Having thus of life's *poetry* dared to dispose,
How we now, Dick, shall manage to get through its *prose*,
With such slender materials for *style*, Heaven knows!

* The rectory which the Rev. gentleman holds is situated in the county of *Armagh*!—a most remarkable coincidence,—and well worthy of the attention of certain expounders of the Apocalypse.

But—I 'm call'd off abruptly—*another* Express!
What the deuce can it mean?—I 'm alarm'd, I confess.

P.S.

Hurra, Dick, hurra, Dick, ten thousand hurras!
I 'm a happy rich dog to the end of my days.
There,—read the good news,—and while glad, for *my* sake,
That Wealth should thus follow in Love's shining wake,
Admire also the *moral*, that he, the sly elf,
Who has fudged all the world, should be now fudged *himself*!

EXTRACT FROM LETTER INCLOSED.

“With pain the mournful news I write,
Miss Fudge's uncle died last night;
And much to mine and friends' surprise
By will doth all his wealth devise,—
Lands, dwellings,—rectories likewise,—
To his 'beloved grand-niece,' Miss Fanny,
Leaving Miss Fudge herself, who many
Long years hath waited,—not a penny!
Have notified the same to latter,
And wait instructions in the matter.
For self and partners, etc., etc.”

TRIFLES, REPRINTED.

[The Author avails himself of the opportunity which this publication affords, to form a collection of all such trifles as he has, from time to time, published, since the appearance of his last miscellaneous volume,—entitled, “Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, etc.” In that volume, and in the following pages, are to be found, with but very few exceptions, all the delinquencies, in this way, for which his pen is answerable.)

SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF TITHE.

“The parting genius is with sighing sent.”—*Milton*.

It is o’er, it is o’er, my reign is o’er;
I hear a Voice, from shore to shore,
From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,
And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,
“Great Tithe,—and Small,—are dead and gone!”

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,
Ye Tenths of all conceivable things
Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,
Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream,
After the feast of fruit abhorr’d,—
First indigestion on record!—
Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,
Ye pigs which, though ye be Catholics,
Or of Calvin’s most select depraved,
In the Church must have your bacon saved;—
Ye fields, where Labour counts his sheaves,
And, whatsoever *himself* believes,
Must bow to the Establish’d *Church* belief,
That the tenth is always a *Protestant* sheaf;—
Ye calves, of which the man of Heaven
Takes *Irish* tithe, one calf in seven;²

¹ A reverend prebendary of Hereford, in an Essay on the Revenues of the Church of England, has assigned the origin of Tithes to “some unrecorded revelation made to Adam.”

² “The tenth calf is due to the parson of common right; and if there are seven, he shall have one.”—*Rees’s Cyclopædia*, Art. “*Tithes*.”

Ye tenths of rape, hemp, barley, flax,
 Eggs, ' timber, milk, fish, and bees' wax;
 All things, in short, since earth's creation,
 Doom'd, by the Church's dispensation,
 To suffer eternal decimation,—
 Leaving the whole *lay*-world, since then,
 Reduced to nine parts out of ten;
 Or,—as we calculate thefts and arsons,—
 Just *ten per cent.* the worse for Parsons!

Alas, and is all this wise device
 For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice?—
 The whole put down, in the simplest way,
 By the souls resolving *not* to pay!
 And even the Papists, thankless race,
 Who have had so much the easiest case,—
 To *pay* for our sermons doom'd, 't is true,
 But not condemn'd to *hear them*, too—
 (Our holy business being, 't is known,
 With the ears of their barley, not their own).
 Even *they* object to let us pillage,
 By right divine, their tenth of tillage,
 And, horror of horrors, even decline
 To find us in sacramental wine!²

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er,
 Ah, never shall rosy Rector more,
 Like the shepherds of Israel, idly eat,
 And make of his flock "a prey and meat."³
 No more shall be his the pastoral sport
 Of suing his flock in the Bishop's Court,
 Through various steps, Citation, Libel,—
Scriptures all, but *not* the Bible;
 Working the law's whole apparatus,
 To get at a few pre-doom'd potatoes,
 And summoning all the powers of wig,
 To settle the fraction of a pig!—
 Till, parson and all committed deep
 In the case of "Shepherds *versus* Sheep,"
 The Law usurps the Gospel's place,
 And, on Sundays, meeting face to face,
 While Plaintiff fills the preacher's station,
 Defendants form the congregation.

¹ Chaucer's Plowman complains of the parish rectors, that

"For the tithing of a duck,
 Or an apple, or an aye (egg),
 They make him swear upon a boke;
 Thus they foulen Christ's say."

² Among the specimens laid before Parliament of the sort of Church-rates levied upon Catholics in Ireland, was a charge of two pipes of port for sacramental wine.

³ Ezekiel, xxxiv. 8.—"Neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more; for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them."—V. 10.

So lives he, Mammon's priest, not Heaven's,
 For *tenths* thus all at *sixes* and *sevens*,
 Seeking what parsons love no less
 Than tragic poets—a good *distress*.
 Instead of studying St. Augustin,
 Gregory Nyss., or old St. Justin,
 (Books fit only to hoard dust in,)
 His reverence stints his evening readings
 To learn'd Reports of Tithe Proceedings,
 Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,
 Which forms his only *ancient* study;—
 Port so old, you 'd swear its tartar
 Was of the age of Justin Martyr,
 And, had the Saint sipp'd such, no doubt
 His martyrdom would have been—to gout.

Is all then lost?—alas, too true,—
 Ye Tenth's beloved, adieu, adieu!
 My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er,—
 Like old Thumb's ghost, "I can no more."

THE EUTHANASIA OF VAN.

"We are told that the bigots are growing old and fast wearing out. If it be so, why not let us die in peace?"

Lord Bexley's Letter to the Freeholders of Ken

STOP, Intellect, in mercy stop,
 Ye curst improvements, cease;
 And let poor Nick V—ns—tt—t drop
 Into his grave in peace.

Hide, Knowledge, hide thy rising sun;
 Young Freedom, veil thy head;
 Let nothing good be thought or done,
 Till Nick V—ns—tt—t 's dead!

Take pity on a dotard's fears,
 Who much doth light detest;
 And let his last few drivelling years
 Be dark as were the rest.

You, too, ye fleeting one-pound notes,
 Speed not so fast away—
 Ye rags, on which old Nicky gloats,
 A few months longer stay.¹

¹ *Perituræ parcere chartæ.*

Together soon, or much I err,
 You *both* from life may go,—
 The notes unto the scavenger,
 And Nick—to Nick below.

Ye Liberals, whate'er your plan,
 Be all reforms suspended;
 In compliment to dear old Van,
 Let nothing bad be mended.

Ye Papists, whom oppression wrings,
 Your cry politely cease,
 And fret your hearts to fiddle-strings
 That Van may die in peace.

So shall he win a fame sublime
 By few old rag-men gain'd;
 Since all shall own, in Nicky's time,
 Nor sense, nor justice reign'd.

So shall his name through ages pass,
 And dolts ungotten yet,
 Date from "the days of Nicholas,"
 With fond and sad regret;—

And sighing say, "Alas, had he
 Been spared from Pluto's bowers,
 The blessed reign of Bigotry
 And Rags might still be ours!"

TO THE REVEREND ———,

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN REQUISITIONISTS OF NOTTINGHAM.

WHAT, *you*, too, my ***** in hashes so knowing,
 Of sauces and soups Aristarchus profest!
 Are *you*, too, my savoury Brunswicker, going
 To make an old fool of yourself with the rest?

Far better to stick to your kitchen receipts;
 And if *something* to tease you must have, for variety,
 Go study how Ude, in his "Cookery," treats
 Live eels, when he wants them for polish'd society.

Just snuggling them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,
 He leaves them to wriggle and writhe on the coals,
 In a manner that H—r—r himself would admire,
 And wish, 'stead of *eels*, they were Catholic souls.

¹ The only way, Monsieur Ude assures us, to get rid of the oil so objectionable in this fish.

Ude tells us, the fish little suffering feels ;
 While Papists, of late, have more sensitive grown ;
 So, take my advice, try your hand at live eels,
 And, for *once*, let the other poor devils alone.

I have ev'n a still better receipt for your cook,—
 How to make a goose die of confirm'd *hepatitis* ;¹
 And, if you 'll, for once, *fellow-feelings* o'erlook,
 A well-tortured goose a most capital sight is.

First, catch him, alive,—make a good steady fire,—
 Set your victim before it, both legs being tied
 (As,—if left to himself,—he *might* wish to retire),
 And place a large bowl of rich cream by his side.

There roasting by inches, dry, fever'd, and faint,
 Having drunk all the cream, you so civilly laid, off,
 He dies of as charming a liver complaint
 As ever sleek parson could wish a pie made of.

Besides, only think, my dear one of Sixteen,
 What an emblem this bird, for the epicure's use meant,
 Presents of the mode in which Ireland has been
 Made a tid-bit for yours and your brethren's amusement :

Tied down to the stake, while her limbs, as they quiver,
 A slow fire of tyranny wastes by degrees :
 No wonder disease should have swell'd up her liver,
 No wonder you, gourmands, should love her disease.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

ACCORDING to some learn'd opinions,
 The Irish once were Carthaginians ;
 But, trusting to more late descriptions,
 I'd rather say they were Egyptians.
 My reason's this :—the Priests of Isis,
 When forth they march'd in long array,
 Employ'd, 'mong other grave devices,
 A Sacred Ass to lead the way ;²
 And still the antiquarian traces
 'Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan,
 For still, in all religious cases,
 They put Lord R—d—n in the van.

¹ A liver complaint. The process by which the livers of geese are enlarged for the famous *Pâtés de foies d'oie*.

² To this practice the ancient adage alludes, "*Asinus portans mysteria*."

A CURIOUS FACT.

THE present Lord K—ny—n (the Peer who writes letters,
 For which the waste-paper folks much are his debtors)
 Hath one little oddity, well worth reciting,
 Which puzzleth observers, even more than his writing.
 Whenever Lord K—ny—n doth chance to behold
 A cold Apple-pie—mind, the pie *must* be cold—
 His Lordship looks solemn (few people know why),
 And he makes a low bow to the said apple-pie.
 This idolatrous act, in so “vital” a Peer,
 Is, by most serious Protestants, thought rather queer,—
 Pie-worship, they hold, coming under the head
 (*Vide Chrustum, chap. iv.*) of the Worship of Bread.
 Some think ’t is a tribute, as author, he owes
 For the service that pie-crust hath done to his prose;—
 The only good things in his pages, they swear,
 Being those that the pastry-cook sometimes puts there.
 Others say, ’t is an homage, through pie-crust convey’d,
 To our Glorious Deliverer’s much-honour’d shade;
 As that Protestant Hero (or Saint, if you please)
 Was as fond of cold pie as he was of green peas,¹
 And ’t is solely in loyal remembrance of that,
 My Lord K—ny—n to apple-pie takes off his hat.
 While others account for this kind salutation
 By what Tony Lumpkin calls “concatenation”—
 A certain good-will that, from sympathy’s ties,
 ’Twixt old *Apple*-women and *Orange*-men lies.
 But ’t is needless to add, these are all vague surmises,
 For thus, we’re assured, the whole matter arises :
 Lord K—ny—n’s respected old father (like many
 Respected old fathers) was fond of a penny;
 And loved so to save,² that—there’s not the least question—
 His death was brought on by a bad indigestion,
 From cold apple-pie-crust his Lordship *would* stuff in,
 At breakfast, to save the expense of hot muffin.
 Hence it is, and hence only, that cold apple-pies
 Are beheld by his Heir with such reverent eyes—
 Just as honest King Stephen his beaver might doff
 To the fishes that carried his kind uncle off,—
 And while *filial* piety urges so many on,
 ’T is pure *apple*-pie-ety moves my Lord K—ny—n.

¹ See the anecdote, which the Duchess of Marlborough relates in her Memoirs, of this polite hero appropriating to himself one day, at dinner, a whole dish of green peas,—the first of the season,—while the poor Princess Anne, who was then in a longing condition, sat by, vainly enreating with her eyes for a share.

² The same prudent propensity characterizes his descendant, who (as is well known) would not even go to the expense of a diphthong on his father’s monument, but had the inscription spelled, economically, thus : —“*Mors janua vita.*”

NEW-FASHIONED ECHOES.

SIR,

Most of your readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the anecdote told of a certain not over-wise judge, who, when in the act of delivering a charge in some country court-house, was interrupted by the braying of an ass at the door. "What noise is that?" asked the angry judge. "Only an extraordinary *echo* there is in court, my Lord," answered one of the counsel.

As there are a number of such "extraordinary echoes" abroad just now, you will not, perhaps, be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to receive the following few lines suggested by them.

Yours, etc.

S.

Huc coeamus, ¹ ait; nullique libentius unquam
Responsura sono, Coeamus, retulit echo.—*Ovid.*

There are echoes, we know, of all sorts,
From the echo, that "dies in the dale,"
To the "airy-tongued babbler," that sports
Up the tide of the torrent her "tale."

There are echoes that bore us, like Blues,
With the latest smart *mot* they have heard;
There are echoes, extremely like shrews,
Letting—nobody have the last word.

In the bogs of old Paddy-land, too,
Certain "talented" echoes ² there dwell,
Who, on being ask'd "How do you do?"
Politely reply, "Pretty well."

But why should I talk any more
Of such old-fashion'd echoes as these,
When Britain has new ones in store,
That transcend them by many degrees?

For, of all repercussions of sound,
Concerning which bards make a pother,
There's none like that happy rebound
When one blockhead echoes another;—

When K—ny—n commences the bray,
And the Borough-Duke follows his track,
While loudly from Dublin's sweet bay,
R—thd—ne brays, with interest, back?

¹ "Let us form Clubs."

² Commonly called "Paddy Blake's Echoes."

And while, of *most* echoes the sound
 On our ear by reflection doth fall,
 These Brunswickers pass the bray round,
 Without any reflection at all.

Oh Scott, were I gifted like you,
 Who can name all the echoes there are
 From Benvoirlich to bold Ben-venue,
 From Benledi to wild Uamvar;

I might track, through each hard Irish name,
 The rebounds of this asinine strain,
 Till from Neddy to Neddy, it came
 To the *chief* Neddy K—ny—n, again;

Might tell how it roar'd in R—thd—ne,
 How from D—ws—n it died off genteelly,—
 How hollow it rung from the crown
 Of the fat-pated Marquis of E—y;

How, on hearing my Lord of G——e,
 Thistle-eaters, the stoutest, gave way,
 Outdone, in their own special line,
 By the forty-ass power of his bray!

But, no,—for so humble a bard
 'T is a subject too trying to touch on;
 Such noblemen's names are too hard,
 And their noddles too soft to dwell much on.

Oh Echo, sweet nymph of the hill,
 Of the dell, and the deep sounding shelves;
 If, in spite of Narcissus, you still
 Take to fools who are charm'd with themselves,

Who knows but, some morning retiring
 To walk by the Trent's wooded side,
 You may meet with N—wc—stle, admiring
 His own lengthen'd ears in the tide!

Or on into Cambria straying,
 Find K—ny—n, that double-tongued elf,
 In his love of *ass*-cendency, braying
 A Brunswick duet with himself!

INCANTATION.

FROM THE NEW TRAGEDY OF "THE BRUNSWICKERS."

SCENE.—*Penenden Plain. In the middle, a caldron boiling. Thunder.*
 —*Enter the Brunswickers.*

1st. *Bruns.*—Thrice hath scribbling K—ny—n scrawl'd,

2d. *Bruns.*—Once hath fool N—wc—stle bawl'd,

3d. *Bruns.*—B—xl—y snores :—'t is time, 't is time,

1st. *Bruns.*—Round about the caldron go;

In the pois'nous nonsense throw.

Bigot spite, that long hath grown

Like a toad within a stone,

Sweltering in the heart of S—tt,

Boil we in the Brunswick pot.

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,

Eld—n, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.

2d. *Bruns.*—Slaver from N—wc—stle's quill

In the noisome mess distil,

Brimming high our Brunswick broth

Both with venom and with froth.

Mix the brains (though apt to hash ill,

Being scant) of Lord M—ntc—shel,

With that malty stuff which C—s

Drivels as no other man does.

Catch (*i. e.* if catch you can)

One idea, spick and span,

From my Lord of S—y.

One idea though it be

Smaller than the "happy flea,"

Which his sire, in sonnet terse,

Wedded to immortal verse.¹

Though to rob the son is sin,

Put his *one* idea in;

And, to keep it company,

Let that conjuror W—nch—ls—a

Drop but *half* another there,

If he hath so much to spare.

Dreams of murders and of arsons,

Hatch'd in heads of Irish parsons,

Bring from every hole and corner,

Where ferocious priests, like H—n—r,

Purely for religious good,

Cry aloud for Papists' blood,—

Blood for W—lls, and such old women,

At their ease to wade and swim in.

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,

B—xl—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.

3d. *Bruns.*—Now the charm begin to brew;

Sisters, sisters, add thereto

¹ Alluding to a well-known lyric composition of the late Marquis, which, with a slight alteration, might be addressed either to a flea or a fly. For instance :—

" Oh, happy, happy, happy fly,
If I were you, or you were I. "

Or,

Oh, happy, happy, happy flea,
If I were you, or you were me;
But since, alas! that cannot be,
I must remain Lord S—y.

Scraps of L—thbr—dge's old speeches,
 Mix'd with leather from his breeches.
 Rinsings of old B—xl—y's brains,
 Thicken'd (if you 'll take the pains)
 With that pulp which rags create,
 In their middle, *nympha* state,
 Ere, like insects frail and sunny,
 Forth they wing abroad as money.
 There—the Hell-broth we've enchanted—
 Now but *one* thing more is wanted.
 Squeeze o'er all that Orange juice,
 — — — keeps cork'd for use,
 Which, to work the better spell, is
 Colour'd deep with blood of ———,
 Blood of powers far more various
 Ev'n than that of Januarius,
 Since so great a charm hangs o'er it
 England's parsons bow before it!

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
 B—xl—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.

2d. Bruns.—Cool it now with ———'s blood,
 So the charm is firm and good. [Exeunt.]

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POLITICIAN.

“WHENE’ER you ’re in doubt, said a Sage I once knew,
 ’Twixt two lines of conduct *which* course to pursue,
 Ask a woman’s advice, and, whate’er she advise,
 Do the very reverse, and you ’re sure to be wise.

Of the same use as guides are the Brunswicker throng;
 In their thoughts, words, and deeds, so instinctively wrong,
 That, whatever they counsel, act, talk, or indite,
 Take the opposite course, and you ’re sure to be right.
 So golden this rule, that, had nature denied you
 The use of that finger-post, Reason, to guide you,—
 Were you even more dollish than any given man is,
 More soft than N—wc—stle—more twaddling than Van is,
 I’d stake my repute, on the following conditions,
 To make you the soundest of sound politicians.

Place yourself near the skirts of some high-flying Tory,—
 Some Brunswicker parson, of port-drinking glory,—
 Watch well how he dines, during any great Question,—
 What makes him feed gaily, what spoils his digestion,—
 And always feel sure that *his* joy o’er a stew
 Portends a clear case of dyspepsia to *you*.
 Read him backwards, like Hebrew—whatever he wishes,
 Or praises, note down as absurd or pernicious,

Like the folks of a weather-house, shifting about,
 When he's *out* be an *In*,—when he's *in*, be an *Out*.
 Keep him always reversed in your thoughts, night and day,
 Like an Irish barometer turn'd the wrong way :—
 If he's *up*, you may swear that foul weather is nigh;
 If he's *down*, you may look for a bit of blue sky.
 Never mind what debaters or journalists say,
 Only ask what *he* thinks, and then think t'other way.

Does he hate the Small-note Bill? then firmly rely
 The Small-note Bill's a blessing, though *you* don't know why.
 Is Brougham his aversion? then Harry's your man.
 Does he quake at O'Connell? take doubly to Dan.
 Is he all for the Turks? then at once take the whole
 Russian Empire (Czar, Cossacks, and all) to your soul.
 In short, whatsoever he talks, thinks, or is,
 Be your thoughts, words, and essence the contrast of his.
 Nay, as Siamese ladies—at least, the polite ones—
 All paint their teeth black, 'cause the devil has white ones—
 If ev'n, by the chances of time or of tide,
 Your Tory, for once, should have sense on his side,
 Even *then* stand aloof,—for, be sure that Old Nick,
 When a Tory talks sensibly, means you some trick.

Such my recipe is,—and, in one single verse,
 I shall now, in conclusion, its substance rehearse.
 Be all that a Brunswicker is not, nor *could* be,
 And then—you'll be all that an honest man should be.

EPISTLE OF CONDOLENCE,

FROM A SLAVE-LORD TO A COTTON-LORD.

ALAS! my dear friend, what a state of affairs!
 How unjustly we both are despoil'd of our rights!
 Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave to my heirs,
 Nor must *you* any more work to death little whites.

Both forced to submit to that general controller
 Of King, Lords, and cotton-mills—Public Opinion,
 No more shall *you* beat with a big billy-roller,
 Nor *I* with the cart-whip assert my dominion.

Whereas, were we suffer'd to do as we please
 With our Blacks and our Whites, as of yore we were let,
 We might range them alternate, like harpsichord keys,
 And between us thump out a good piebald duet.

But this fun is all over;—farewell to the zest
 Which Slavery now lends to each tea-cup we sip;
 Which makes still the cruellest coffee the best,
 And that sugar the sweetest which smacks of the whip.

Farewell, too, the Factory's white picaninnies,—
 Small living machines, which, if flogg'd to their tasks,
 Mix so well with their namesakes, the "Billies" and "Jennies,"
 That *which* have got souls in 'em nobody asks;—

Little Maids of the Mill, who, themselves but ill-fed,
 Are obliged, 'mong their other benevolent cares,
 To "keep feeding the scribblers,"¹—and better, 't is said,
 Than old Blackwood or Fraser have ever fed theirs.

All this is now o'er, and so dismal *my* loss is,
 So hard 't is to part from the smack of the thong,
 That I mean (from pure love for the old whipping process)
 To take to whipt syllabub all my life long.

THE GHOST OF MILTIADES.²

Ah quoties dubius *Scriptis* exarsit amator!—OVID.

THE Ghost of Miltiades came at night,
 And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,
 And he said, in a voice that thrill'd the frame,
 "If ever the sound of Marathon's name
 Hath fired thy blood or flush'd thy brow,
 Lover of Liberty, rouse thee now!"

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed—
 Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,
 And he found the Scrip of Greece so high,
 That it fired his blood, it flush'd his eye,
 And oh, 't was a sight for the Ghost to see,
 For never was Greek more Greek than he!
 And still as the premium higher went,
 His ecstasy rose—so much *per cent*.
 (As we see in a glass, that tells the weather,
 The heat and the *silver* rise together),
 And Liberty sang from the patriot's lip,
 While a voice from his pocket whisper'd "Scrip!"
 The Ghost of Miltiades came again;—
 He smiled, as the pale moon smiles through rain,
 For his soul was glad at that patriot strain;
 (And poor, dear ghost—how little he knew
 The jobs and the tricks of the Philhellene crew!)
 "Blessings, and thanks!" was all he said;
 Then, melting away, like a night-dream, fled!

¹ One of the operations in cotton-mills usually performed by children.

² These verses, which appeared at a much earlier period than any of the others in this volume, were (for a reason which now no longer exists) omitted in the former collection, entitled, "Cash, Corn, and Catholics."

The Benthamite hears—amazed that ghosts
 Could be such fools—and away he posts,
 A patriot still? Ah no, ah no—
 Goddess of Freedom, thy Scrip is low,
 And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,
 Thou triest their passion when under *par*.
 The Benthamite's ardor fast decays,
 By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,
 And wishes the d—l had Crescent and Cross,
 Ere *he* had been forced to sell at a loss.
 They quote him the Stock of various nations,
 But, spite of his classic associations,
 Lord, how he loathes the Greek *quotations*!
 “Who ’ll buy my Scrip? Who ’ll buy my Scrip?”
 Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,
 As he runs to tell how hard his lot is
 To Messrs. Orlando and Luriottis,
 And says, “Oh Greece, for Liberty's sake,
 Do buy my Scrip, and I vow to break
 Those dark unholy *bonds* of thine—
 If you ’ll only consent to buy up *mine*!”
 The Ghost of Miltiades came once more;—
 His brow, like the night, was lowering o'er,
 And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,
 “Of Liberty's foes the worst are they,
 Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
 And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine!”
 Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his flight,
 Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,
 Which sent him, whimpering, off to Jerry—
 And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry!

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE—REVOLUTION IN THE DICTIONARY—ONE GALT AT THE HEAD OF IT.

God preserve us!—there's nothing now safe from assault;—
 Thrones toppling around, churches brought to the hammer;
 And accounts have just reach'd us that one Mr. Galt
 Has declared open war against English and Grammar!

He had long been suspected of some such design,
 And, the better his wicked intentions t' arrive at,
 Had lately 'mong C—lb——n's troops of *the line*
 (The penny-a-line men), enlisted as private.

There school'd, with a rabble of words at command,
 Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance,
 He at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,
 And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.

Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford ;
 In the mean time the danger most imminent grows,
 He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,
 And who he 'll next murder the Lord only knows.

Wednesday Evening.

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene;
 Though the rebel, 't is stated, to aid his defection,
 Has seized a great Powder—no, Puff Magazine,
 And the explosions are dreadful in every direction.

What his meaning exactly is nobody knows,
 As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)
 Of lyrical “ ichor,”¹ “ gelatinous” prose,²
 And a mixture call'd amber immortalization.³

Now, he raves of a bard he once happen'd to meet,
 Seated high “ among rattlings,” and churning a sonnet;⁴
 Now, talks of a mystery, wrapped in a sheet,
 With a halo (by way of a night-cap) upon it!⁵

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines;
 Something bad they must mean, tho' we can't make it out;
 For, whate'er may be guess'd of Galt's secret designs,
 That they're all *Anti-English* no Christian can doubt.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED AT A LATE MEETING OF REVERENDS AND RIGHT REVERENDS.

RESOLVED,— to stick to every particle
 Of every Creed and every Article,
 Reforming nought, or great or little,
 We 'll stanchly stand by “ every tittle,”⁶
 And scorn the swallow of that soul
 Which cannot boldly bolt the whole.

Resolved, that, though St. Athanasius
 In damning souls is rather spacious,—
 Though wide and far his curses fall,
 Our Church “ hath stomach for them all;”
 And those who 're not content with such,
 May e'en be d—d ten times as much.

¹ “That dark diseased ichor which coloured his effusions.”—*Galt's Life of Byron.*

² “That gelatinous character of their effusions.”—*Id.*

³ “The poetical embalmment, or rather amber immortalization.”—*Id.*

⁴ “Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, churning an inarticulate melody.”—*Id.*

⁵ “He was a mystery in a winding-sheet, crowned with a halo.”—*Id.*

⁶ One of the questions propounded to the Puritans in 1573 was—“Whether the Book of Service was good and godly, every tittle grounded on the Holy Scripture?” On which an honest Dissenter remarks—“Surely they had a wonderful opinion of their Service Book that there was not a *tittle* amiss in it.”

Resolved,—such liberal souls are we,—
 Though hating Nonconformity,
 We yet believe the cash no worse is
 That comes from Nonconformist purses.
 Indifferent *whence* the money reaches
 The pockets of our reverend breeches,
 To us the Jumper's jingling penny
 Chinks with a tone as sweet as any;
 And ev'n our old friends Yea and Nay
 May through the nose for ever pray,
 If *also* through the nose they 'll pay.

Resolved, that Hooper, ¹ Latimer, ²
 And Cranmer, ³ all extremely err,
 In taking such a low-bred view
 Of what Lords Spiritual ought to do :—
 All owing to the fact, poor men,
 That Mother Church was modest then,
 Nor knew what golden eggs her goose,
 The Public, would in time produce.
 One Pisgah peep at modern Durham
 To far more lordly thoughts would stir 'em.

Resolved, that when we, Spiritual Lords,
 Whose income just enough affords
 To keep our Spiritual Lordships cozy,
 Are told, by Antiquarians prosy,
 How ancient Bishops cut up theirs,
 Giving the poor the largest shares,—
 Our answer is, in one short word,
 We think it pious, but absurd.
 Those good men made the world their debtor,
 But we, the Church reform'd, know better;
 And, taking all that all can pay,
 Balance the account the other way.

Resolved, our thanks profoundly due are
 To last month's Quarterly Reviewer,
 Who proves (by arguments so clear,
 One sees how much he holds *per year*)
 That England's Church, though out of date,
 Must still be left to lie in state,
 As dead, as rotten, and as grand as
 The mummy of King Osymandyas,

¹ "They," the Bishops, "know that the primitive Church had no such Bishops. If the fourth part of the bishopric remained unto the Bishop, it were sufficient."—*On the Commandments*, p. 72.

² "Since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth, there is no work done, the people starve."—*Lat. Serm.*

³ "Of whom have come all these glorious titles, styles, and pomps into the Church. But I would that I, and all my brethren, the Bishops, would leave all our styles, and write the styles of our offices," etc.—*Life of Cranmer, by Strype, appendix.*

All pickled snug;—the brains drawn out —
 Fine costly cerements swathed about,—
 And “Touch me not,” those words terrific,
 Scrawl’d o’er her in good hieroglyphic.

SIR ANDREW’S DREAM.

“Nec tu sperne piis venientia somnia portis :
 Cum pia venerunt somnia, pondus habent.”

Propert., Lib. 4, Eleg. 7.

As snug, on a Sunday eve, of late,
 In his easy chair Sir Andrew sate,
 Being much too pious, as every one knows,
 To do aught, of a Sunday eve, but doze,
 He dreamt a dream, dear holy man,
 And I’ll tell you his dream as well as I can.
 He found himself, to his great amaze,
 In Charles the First’s high Tory days,
 And just at the time that gravest of courts
 Had publish’d its Book of Sunday Sports.²—
Sunday Sports! what a thing for the ear
 Of our Andrew, even in sleep, to hear!—
 It chanced to be, too, a Sabbath day,
 When the people from church were coming away;
 And Andrew with horror heard this song,
 As the smiling sinners flock’d along:—
 “Long life to the Bishops, hurra! hurra!
 For a week of work and a Sunday of play
 Make the poor man’s life run merry away.”
 “The Bishops!” quoth Andrew, “Popish, I guess,”
 And he grinn’d with conscious holiness.
 But the song went on, and, to brim the cup
 Of poor Andy’s anguish, the fiddles struck up!
 “Come, take out the lasses—let’s have a dance—
 For the Bishops allow us to skip our fill,
 Well knowing that no one’s the more in advance
 On the road to heaven, for standing still.
 Oh, it never was meant that grim grimaces
 Should sour the cream of a creed of love;
 Or that fellows with long disastrous faces

¹ Part of the process of embalmment.

² *The Book of Sports*, drawn up by Bishop Moreton, was first put forth in the reign of James I., 1618, and afterwards republished, at the advice of Laud, by Charles I., 1633, with an injunction that it should be “made public by order from the Bishops.” We find it therein declared, that “for his good people’s recreation, His Majesty’s pleasure was, that after the end of divine service they should not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreations, such as dancing, either of men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreations, nor having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, or Morris-dances, or setting up of May-poles, or other sports therewith used,” etc.

Alone should sit among cherubs above.

Then hurra for the Bishops, etc.

“For Sunday fun we never can fail,
When the church herself each sport points out;—
There’s May-games, archery, Whitsun-ale,
And a May-pole high to dance about.
Or, if chance we be for a pole hard driven,
Some lone lank saint, of aspect fell,
With his pockets on earth, and his nose in heaven,
Will do for a May-pole just as well.
Then hurra for the Bishops, hurra! hurra!
A week of work and a Sabbath of play
Make the poor man’s life run merry away.”

To Andy, who does n’t much deal in history,
This Sunday scene was a downright mystery;
And God knows where might have ended the joke,
But, in trying to stop the fiddles, he woke.
And the odd thing is (as the rumour goes)
That since that dream,—which, one would suppose,
Should have made his godly stomach rise,
Even more than ever, ’gainst Sunday pies,—
He has view’d things quite with different eyes;
Is beginning to take, on matters divine,
Like Charles and his Bishops, the *sporting* line,—
Is all for Christians jigging in pairs,
As an interlude ’twixt Sunday prayers;—
Nay, talks of getting Archbishop H—l—y
To bring in a Bill, enacting duly,
That all good Protestants, from this date,
May, freely and lawfully, recreate,
Of a Sunday eve, their spirits moody,
With Jack in the Straw, or Punch and Judy.

LOVE SONG.

TO MISS ——. .

Air.—“Come, live with me and be my love.”

COME wed with me, and we will write,
My Blue of Blues, from morn till night.
Chased from our classic souls shall be
All thoughts of vulgar progeny;
And thou shalt walk through smiling rows
Of chubby duodecimos,
While I, to match thy products nearly,
Shall lie-in of a quarto yearly.
’T is true, ev’n books entail some trouble;
But *live* productions give one double.
Correcting children is *such* bother,—

While printers' dev'ls correct the other.
 Just think, my own Malthusian dear,
 How much more decent 't is to hear
 From male or female,—as it may be,—
 “How is your book?” than “How 's your baby?”
 And, whereas physic and wet nurses
 Do much exhaust paternal purses,
 Our books, if rickety, may go
 And be well dry-nursed in *the Row*;
 And, when God wills to take them hence,
 Are buried at *the Row's* expense.

Besides, (as 't is well proved by thee,
 In thy own Works, vol. 93),
 The march, just now, of population
 So much outstrips all moderation,
 That ev'n prolific herring-shoals
 Keep pace not with our erring souls.
 Oh far more proper and well-bred
 To stick to writing books instead;
 And show the world how two Blue lovers
 Can coalesce, like two book-covers,
 (Sheep-skin, or calf, or such wise leather)
 Letter'd at back, and stitch'd together,
 Fondly as first the binder fix'd 'em,
 With nought but—literature betwixt 'em.

SUNDAY ETHICS.

A SCOTCH ODE.

PUIR, profligate Londoners, having heard tell
 That the De'il 's got amang ye, and fearing 't is true,
 We ha' sent ye a mon wha 's a match for his spell,
 A chiel o' our ain, that the De'il himsel
 Will be glad to keep clear of, one Andrew Agnew.

So, at least, ye may reckon, for ane day entire
 In ilka long week ye'll be tranquil eneugh,
 As Auld Nick, do him justice, abhors a Scotch squire,
 An' would sooner gae roast by his ain kitchen fire
 Than pass a hale Sunday wi' Andrew Agnew.

For bless the gude mon, gin he had his ain way,
 He 'd na let a cat, on the Sabbath say “mew;”
 Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie maun play,
 An' Phœbus himsel could na travel that day,
 As he 'd find a new Joshua in Andie Agnew.

* See “Ella of Garveloch.”—Garveloch being a place where there was a large herring-fishery, but where, as we are told by the author, “the people increased much faster than the produce.”

Only hear, in your Senate, how awfu' he cries,
 "Wae, wae to a' sinners who boil an' who stew!
 Wae, wae to a' eaters o' Sabbath-baked pies,
 For as surely again shall the crust thereof rise
 In judgment against ye," saith Andrew Agnew!

Ye may think, from a' this, that our Andie 's the lad
 To ca' o'er the coals your nobeelity, too;
 That their drives, o' a Sunday, wi' flunkies, ' a' clad
 Like shawmen, behind 'em, would mak the mon mad,—
 But he 's nae sic a noodle, our Andie Agnew.

If Lairds an' fine Ladies, on Sunday, think right
 To gang to the deevil,—as maist o' em do,—
 To stop them our Andie would think na polite;
 And 't is odds (if the chiel could get ony thing by 't)
 But he 'd follow 'em, booing, ' would Andrew Agnew.

AWFUL EVENT.

YES, W—nch—ls— (I tremble while I pen it),
 W—nch—ls—a's Earl hath cut the British Senate,—
 Hath said to England's Peers, in accent gruff,
 "That for ye all," [snapping his fingers,] and exit, in a huff!

Disastrous news!—like that, of old, which spread
 From shore to shore, "our mighty Pan is dead,"
 O'er the cross benches (cross from *being* crost)
 Sounds the loud wail, "Our W—nch—ls—a is lost!"

Which of ye, Lords, that heard him, can forget
 The deep impression of that awful threat,
 "I quit your house!!"—'midst all that histories tell,
 I know but *one* event that 's parallel:—

It chanced at Drury Lane, one Easter night,
 When the gay Gods, too blest to be polite,
 Gods at their ease, like those of learn'd Lucretius,
 Laugh'd, whistled, groan'd, uproariously facetious,—
 A well-dress'd member of the middle gallery,
 Whose "ears polite" disdain'd such low canaillerie,
 Rose in his place—so grand, you 'd almost swear
 Lord W—nch—ls—a himself stood towering there,—
 And, like that Lord of dignity and nous,
 Said, "Silence, fellows, or I'll leave the house!!"

How brook'd the Gods this speech? Ah, well-a-day,
 That speech so fine should be so thrown away!

¹ Servants in livery.

² For the "gude effects and uteelity of booing," see the *Man of the World*.

In vain did this mid-gallery grandee
 Assert his own two-shilling dignity,—
 In vain he menaced to withdraw the ray
 Of his own full price countenance away,—
 Fun against Dignity is fearful odds,
 And as the Lords laugh *now*, so giggled *then* the Gods!

THE NUMBERING OF THE CLERGY.

PARODY ON SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS'S FAMOUS ODE,

"Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses."

"We want more Churches and more Clergymen."

Bishop of London's late Charge.

"Rectorum numerum, terris pereuntibus, augent."

Claudian. in Eutrop.

COME, give us more Livings and Rectors,
 For, richer no realm ever gave;
 But why, ye unchristian objectors,
 Do ye ask us how many we crave?¹

Oh, there can't be too many rich Livings
 For souls of the Pluralist kind,
 Who, despising old Cocker's misgivings,
 To numbers can ne'er be confined.²

Count the cormorants hovering about,³
 At the time their fish season sets in,
 When these models of keen diners-out
 Are preparing their beaks to begin.

Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,
 Flock round when the harvest 's in play,
 And, not minding the farmer's distresses,
 Like devils in grain peck away.

Go, number the locusts in heaven,⁴
 On their way to some titheable shore;

¹ Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter sure never girl gave;
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have?

² For whilst I love thee above measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confined.

³ Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flowers that enamel its fields,
 Count the flocks, etc.

⁴ Go number the stars in the heaven,
 Count how many sands on the shore;
 When so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be craving for more.

And when so many Parsons you've given,
We still shall be craving for more.

Then, unless ye the Church would submerge, ye
Must leave us in peace to augment;
For the wretch who could number the Clergy,
With few will be ever content.¹

A SAD CASE.

"If it be the undergraduate season at which this *rabies religiosa* is to be so fearful, what security has Mr. Goulburn against it at this moment, when his son is actually exposed to the full venom of an association with Dissenters?"—*The Times*, March 25.

How sad a case!—just think of it—
If G—lb—n junior should be bit
By some insane Dissenter, roaming
Through Granta's halls, at large and foaming,
And with that aspect, *ultra* crabbed,
Which marks Dissenters when they're rabid!
God only knows what mischiefs might
Result from this one single bite,
Or how the venom, once suck'd in,
Might spread and rage through kith and kin.
Mad folks, of all denominations,
First turn upon their own relations:
So that *one* G—lb—n, fairly bit,
Might end in maddening the whole kit,
Till, ah, ye gods, we'd have to rue
Our G—lb—n senior bitten too;
The Hychurchphobia in those veins,
Where Tory blood now redly reigns;
And that dear man, who now perceives
Salvation only in lawn sleeves,
Might, tainted by such coarse infection,
Run mad in the opposite direction,
And think, poor man, 't is only given
To linsey-woolsey to reach Heaven!

Just fancy what a shock 't would be
Our G—lb—n in his fits to see,
Tearing into a thousand particles
His once-loved Nine and Thirty Articles;
(Those Articles his friend, the Duke,²
For Gospel, t' other night, mistook;)
Cursing cathedrals, deans, and singers,—
Wishing the ropes might hang the ringers,—

¹ But the wretch who can number his kisses,
With few will be ever content.

² The Duke of Wellington, who styled them "the Articles of Christianity."

Pelting the church with blasphemies,
 Even worse than Parson B—v—r—l—y's;—
 And ripe for severing Church and State,
 Like any creedless reprobate,
 Or like that class of Methodists
 Prince Waterloo styles "Atheists!"

But 't is too much,—the Muse turns pale,
 And o'er the picture drops a veil,
 Praying, God save the G—lb—rns all
 From mad Dissenters, great and small!

A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN.

—risum teneatis, amici.

"THE longer one lives, the more one learns,"
 Said I, as off to sleep I went,
 Bemused with thinking of Tithe concerns,
 And reading a book, by the Bishop of FERNs,¹
 On the Irish Church Establishment.
 But, lo, in sleep not long I lay,
 When Fancy her usual tricks began,
 And I found myself bewitch'd away
 To a goodly city in Hindostan,—
 A city, where he, who dares to dine
 On aught but rice, is deem'd a sinner;
 Where sheep and kine are held divine,
 And, accordingly—never drest for dinner.

"But how is this?" I wondering cried,—
 As I walk'd that city, fair and wide,
 And saw, in every marble street,
 A row of beautiful butcher's shops,—
 "What means, for men who do n't eat meat,
 This grand display of loins and chops?"
 In vain I ask'd—'t was plain to see
 That nobody dared to answer me.

So, on, from street to street I strode;
 And you can't conceive how vastly odd
 The butchers look'd,—a roseate crew,
 Inshrined in stalls, with nought to do;
 While some on a bench, half dozing, sat,
 And the Sacred Cows were not more fat.

Still posed to think what all this scene
 Of sinecure trade was *meant* to mean,

¹ An indefatigable scribbler of Anti-Catholic pamphlets.

“ And, pray,” ask’d I—“ By whom is paid
The expense of this strange masquerade?”—

“ The expense!—oh, that ’s of course defray’d
(Said one of these well-fed Hecatombers)
By yonder rascally rice-consumers.”

“ What! they, who never must eat——”
“ No matter—

(And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew fatter)
The rogues may munch their *Paddy* crop,
But the rogues must still support our shop.

And, depend upon it, the way to treat
Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,
Is to burden all that won’t eat meat,

With a costly MEAT ESTABLISHMENT.”
On hearing these words so gravely said,

With a volley of laughter loud I shook;
And my slumber fled, and my dream was sped,
And I found I was lying snug in bed,

With my nose in the Bishop of FERNS’S book.

PROPOSALS FOR A GYNOCOCRACY,

ADDRESSED TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING.

———“ Quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla
Delegit, pacisque bonas bellicue ministras.”—*Virgil.*

As Whig Reform has had its range,
And none of us are yet content,
Suppose, my friends, by way of change,

We try a *Female parliament*;
And since, of late, with *he* M. P. ’s
We ’ve fared so badly, take to she’s,—
Petticoat patriots, flounced John Russells,
Burdetts in *blonde*, and Broughams in *bustles*.

The plan is startling, I confess,

But ’t is but an affair of dress;

Nor see I much there is to choose

’Twixt Ladies (so they ’re thorough-bred ones)

In ribands of all sorts of hues,

Or Lords in only blue or red ones.

At least, the fiddlers will be winners,

Whatever other trade advances;

As then, instead of Cabinet dinners,

We ’ll have, at Almack’s, Cabinet dances;

Nor let this world’s important questions

Depend on Ministers’ digestions.

If Ude's receipts have done things ill,
 To Weippert's band they may go better;
 There 's Lady **, in one quadrille,
 Would settle Europe, if you 'd let her :
 And who the deuce or asks or cares,
 When Whigs or Tories have undone 'em,
 Whether they've *danced* through State affairs,
 Or simply, dully, *dined* upon 'em?

Hurra then for the Petticoats!
 To them we pledge our free-born votes,
 We'll have all *she*, and only *she*,—
 Pert blues shall act as "best debaters,"
 Old dowagers our Bishops be,
 And termagants our Agitators.

If Vestris, to oblige the nation,
 Her own Olympus will abandon,
 And help to prop the Administration,
 It *can't* have better legs to stand on.
 The famed Macaulay (Miss) shall show,
 Each evening, forth in learn'd oration;
 Shall move (midst general cries of "Oh!")
 For full returns of population :
 And, finally, to crown the whole,
 The Princess Olive, Royal soul,
 Shall from her bower in Banco Regis,
 Descend, to bless her faithful lieges,
 And, mid our Unions' loyal chorus,
 Reign jollily for ever o'er us.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ***.

SIR,

Having heard some rumours respecting the strange and awful visitation under which Lord H—nl—y has for some time past been suffering, in consequence of his declared hostility to "anthems, solos, duets, etc.," I took the liberty of making inquiries at his Lordship's house this morning, and lose no time in transmitting to you such particulars as I could collect. It is said that the screams of his Lordship, under the operation of this nightly concert (which is, no doubt, some trick of the Radicals), may be heard all over the neighbourhood. The female who personates St. Cecilia is supposed to be the same that, last year, appeared in the character of Isis, at the Rotunda. How the cherubs are managed, I have not yet ascertained.

Yours, etc.,

P. P.

LORD H—NL—Y AND ST. CECILIA.

———in Metii descendat Jūdicis aures.—*Horat.*

As snug in his bed Lord H—nl—y lay,
Revolving much his own renown,
And hoping to add thereto a ray,
By putting duets and anthems down,

Sudden a strain of choral sounds
Mellifluous o'er his senses stole;
Whereat the Reformer mutter'd, "Zounds!"
For he loathed sweet music with all his soul.

Then, starting up, he saw a sight
That well might shock so learn'd a snorer,—
Saint Cecilia, robed in light,
With a portable organ slung before her.

And round were cherubs, on rainbow wings,
Who, his Lordship fear'd, might tire of flitting,
So begg'd they'd sit,—but ah! poor things,
They had, none of them, got the means of sitting.

"Having heard," said the Saint, "you're fond of hymns,
And indeed, that musical snore betray'd you,
Myself, and my choir of Cherubims,
Are come, for a while, to serenade you."

In vain did the horrified H—nl—y say
"‘T was all a mistake"—"she was misdirected;"
And point to a concert, over the way,
Where fiddlers and angels were expected.

In vain—the Saint could see in his looks
(She civilly said) much tuneful lore;
So, at once, all open'd their music-books,
And herself and her Cherubs set off at score.

All night duets, terzets, quartets,
Nay, long quintets most dire to hear,
Ay, and old motets and canzonets,
And glees, in sets, kept boring his ear.

He tried to sleep,—but it would n't do;
So loud they squall'd, he *must* attend to 'em;
Though Cherubs' songs, to his cost he knew,
Were like themselves, and had no end to 'em.

1 "Asseyez-vous, mes enfans."—"Il n'y a pas de quoi, mon Seigneur."

Oh judgment dire on judges bold,
 Who meddle with music's sacred strains !
 Judge Midas tried the same of old,
 And was punish'd, like H—nl—y, for his pains.

But worse on the modern judge, alas !
 Is the sentence launch'd from Apollo's throne ;
 For Midas was given the ears of an ass,
 While H—nl—y is doom'd to keep his own !

THE DANCE OF BISHOPS; OR, THE EPISCOPAL QUADRILLE.

A DREAM.

" Solemn dances were, on great festivals and celebrations, admitted among the primitive Christians, in which even the Bishops and dignified Clergy were performers. Scaliger says, that the first Bishops were called *Præsules* ¹ for no other reason than that they led off these dances."—*Cyclopædia*, Art. *Dances*.

I 'VE had such a dream,—a frightful dream,—
 Though funny, mayhap, to wags 't will seem,
 By all who regard the Church, like us,
 'T will be thought exceedingly ominous !

As reading in bed I lay last night,
 Which (being insured) is my delight,—
 I happen'd to doze off just as I got to
 The singular fact which forms my motto.
 Only think, thought I, as I dozed away,
 Of a party of churchmen dancing the hay !
 Clerks, curates, and rectors, capering all,
 With a neat-legg'd Bishop to open the ball !
 Scarce had my eye-lids time to close,
 When the scene I had fancied before me rose,—
 An Episcopal Hop, on a scale so grand
 As my dazzled eye-lids could hardly stand.
 For Britain and Erin clubb'd their Sees
 To make it a Dance of Dignities,
 And I saw,—oh brightest of Church events !
 A quadrille of the two Establishments,
 Bishop to Bishop *vis-à-vis*,
 Footing away prodigiously !

There was Bristol capering up to Derry,
 And Cork with London making merry ;
 While huge Llandaff, with a See, so so,
 Was to dear old Dublin pointing his toe.
 There was Chester, hatch'd by woman's smile,
 Performing a *chaîne des dames* in style ;
 While he who, whene'er the Lords' House dozes,

¹ Literally, First Dancers.

Can waken them up by citing Moses,¹
 The portly Tuam was all in a hurry
 To set, *en avant*, to Canterbury.
 Meantime, while pamphlets stuff'd his pockets,
 (All out of date, like spent sky-rockets)
 Our Exeter stood forth to caper
 As high on the floor as he doth on paper,—
 Much like a dapper Dancing Dervise,
 Who pirouettes his whole church-service,—
 Performing, 'midst those reverend souls,
 Such *entrechats*, such *cabrioles*,
 Such *ballonnés*,² such—rigmaroles,
 Now high, now low, now this, now that,
 That none could guess what the devil he'd be at;
 Though, watching his various steps, some thought
 That a step in the Church was all he sought.
 But alas, alas! while thus so gay,
 These reverend dancers frisk'd away,
 Nor Paul himself (not the Saint, but he
 Of the Opera-house) could brisker be,
 There gather'd a gloom around their glee,—
 A shadow, which came and went so fast,
 That ere you could say "'t is there," 't was past,
 And, lo, when the scene again was clear'd,
 Ten of the dancers had disappear'd,
 Ten able-bodied quadrillers swept
 From the hallow'd floor where late they stept;
 While twelve was all that footed it still,
 On the Irish side of that grand Quadrille!

Nor this the worst:—still danced they on,
 But the pomp was sadden'd, the smile was gone,
 And again, from time to time, the same
 Ill-omen'd darkness round them came,—
 While still, as the light broke out anew,
 Their ranks look'd less by a dozen or two;
 Till ah! at last there were only found
 Just Bishops enough for a four-hands-round;
 And when I awoke, impatient getting,
 I left the last holy pair *poussetting*!

Nota bene.—As ladies in years, it seems,
 Have the happiest knack at solving dreams,
 I shall leave to my ancient feminine friends
 Of the *Standard* to say what *this* portends.

¹ "And what does Moses say?"—One of the ejaculations with which this eminent prelate enlivened his famous speech on the Catholic question.

² A description of the method of executing this step may be useful to future performers in the same line:—"Ce pas est composé de deux mouvemens différens, savoir, *plier*, et sauter sur *un pied*, et se rejeter sur *l'autre*." — *Dictionnaire de Danse*, Art. *Contre-temps*.

DICK * * * *

A CHARACTER.

OF various scraps and fragments built,
 Borrow'd alike from fools and wits,
 Dick's mind was like a patch-work quilt,
 Made up of new, old, motley bits,—
 Where, if the Co. call'd in their shares,
 If petticoats their quota got,
 And gowns were all refunded theirs,
 The quilt would look but shy, God wot.

And thus he still, new plagiaries seeking,
 Reversed ventriloquism's trick,
 For, 'stead of Dick through others speaking,
 'T was others we heard speak through Dick.
 A Tory now, all bounds exceeding,
 Now best of Whigs, now worst of rats;
 One day, with Malthus, foe to breeding,
 The next, with Sadler, all for brats.

Poor Dick!—and how else could it be?
 With notions all at random caught,
 A sort of mental fricassee,
 Made up of legs and wings of thought,—
 The leavings of the last Debate, or
 A dinner, yesterday, of wits,
 Where Dick sate by and, like a waiter,
 Had the scraps for perquisites.

A CORRECTED REPORT OF SOME LATE SPEECHES.

“ Then I heard one saint speaking, and another saint said unto that saint.”

St. S—ncl—r rose and declared in sooth,
 That he would n't give sixpence to Maynooth.
 He had hated priests the whole of his life,
 For a priest was a man who had no wife,
 And, having no wife, the Church was his mother,
 The Church was his father, sister, and brother.

“ He objected to the maintenance and education of a clergy bound by the particular vows of celibacy, which, as it were, gave them the church as their only family, making it fill the places of father and mother and brother.”—Debate on the Grant to Maynooth College, *The Times*, April 19.

This being the case, he was sorry to say,
 That a gulf 'twixt Papist and Protestant lay,¹
 So deep and wide, scarce possible was it
 To say even "how d' ye do?" across it:
 And though your Liberals, nimble as fleas,
 Could clear such gulfs with perfect ease,
 'T was a jump that nothing on earth could make
 Your proper, heavy-built Christian take.
 No, no,—if a Dance of Sects *must* be,
 He would set to the Baptist willingly,²
 At the Independent deign to smirk,
 And rigadon with old Mother Kirk;
 Nay ev'n, for once, if needs must be,
 He would take hands round with all the three;
 But, as to a jig with Popery, no,—
 To the Harlot ne'er would he point his toe.

St. M—nd—v—le was the next that rose,—
 That Saint who round, as a pedlar, goes,
 With his pack of piety and prose,
 Heavy and hot enough, God knows,—
 And he said that Papists were much inclined
 To extirpate all of Protestant kind,
 Which he could n't, in truth, so much condemn,
 Having rather a wish to extirpate them;
 That is,—to guard against mistake,—
 To extirpate them for their doctrine's sake;
 A distinction Churchmen always make,—
 Inasmuch that, when they 've prime control,
 Though sometimes roasting heretics whole,
 They but cook the body for sake of the soul.

Next jump'd St. J—hnst—n jollily forth,
 The spiritual Dogberry of the North,³
 A right "wise fellow and, what 's more,
 An officer,"⁴ like his type of yore;
 And he ask'd, if we grant such toleration,
 Pray, what 's the use of our Reformation?⁵

What is the use of our Church and State?
 Our Bishops, Articles, Tithe, and Rate?

¹ "It had always appeared to him that *between the Catholic and Protestant a great gulf* intervened, which rendered it impossible, etc."

² "The Baptist might acceptably extend the offices of religion to the Presbyterian and the Independent, or the member of the Church of England to any of the other three; but the Catholic." etc.

³ "Could he then, holding as he did a spiritual office in the Church of Scotland (cries of hear, and laughter) with any consistency give his consent to a grant of money?" etc.

⁴ "I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer."—*Much Ado about Nothing*.

⁵ "What, he asked, was the use of the Reformation? What was the use of the Articles of the Church of England, or of the Church of Scotland?" etc.

And, still as he yell'd out "what 's the use?"
 Old Echoes, from their cells recluse
 Where they 'd for centuries slept, broke loose,
 Yelling responsive, "*What 's the use?*"

THE BRUNSWICK CLUB.

A letter having been addressed to a very distinguished personage, requesting him to become the Patron of this Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

Brimstone-hall, September 1, 1828.

Private.—Lord Belzebub presents
 To the Brunswick Club his compliments,
 And much regrets to say that he
 Cannot, at present, their Patron be.
 In stating this, Lord Belzebub
 Assures, on his honour, the Brunswick Club,
 That 't is n't from any lukewarm lack
 Of zeal, or fire, he thus holds back—
 As ev'n Lord Coal ' himself is not
 For the Orange party more red-hot:
 But the truth is, till their Club affords
 A somewhat decenter shew of Lords,
 And on its list of members gets
 A few less rubbishy Baronets,
 Lord Belzebub must beg to be
 Excused from keeping such company.
 Who the devil, he humbly begs to know,
 Are Lord Glandine, and Lord Dunlo?
 Or who, with a grain of sense, would go
 To sit and be bored by Lord M—yo?
 What living creature—*except his nurse*—
 For Lord M—ntc—sh—I cares a curse,
 Or thinks 't would matter if Lord M—sk—rry
 Were t' other side of the Stygian ferry?
 Breathes there a man in Dublin town,
 Who 'd give but half of half-a-crown
 To save from drowning my Lord R—thd—ne,
 Or who would n't also gladly hustle in
 Lords R—d—n, B—nd—n, C—le, and J—o—c—l—n?
 In short, though, from his tenderest years,
 Accustom'd to all sorts of Peers,
 Lord Belzebub much questions whether
 He ever yet saw, mix'd together,
 As 't were in one capacious tub,
 Such a mess of noble silly-bub
 As the twenty Peers of the Brunswick Club.

Usually written "Cole."

It being impossible that Lord B.
 Could stoop to such society,
 Thinking, he owns (though no great prig),
 For one in his station 't were *infra dig*.
 He begs to propose, in the interim,
 Till they find some prop'rer Peers for him,
 His Highness of C——d, as *Sub*,
 To take his place at the Brunswick Club—
 Begging, meanwhile, himself to dub
 Their obedient servant, BELZEBUB.

It luckily happens, the R—y—I Duke
 Resembles so much in air and look
 The head of the Belzebub family,
 That few can any difference see;
 Which makes him, of course, the better suit
 To serve as Lord B. 's substitute.

ADVERTISEMENT.*

MISSING or lost, last Sunday night,
 A Waterloo coin, whereon was traced
 The inscription, " Courage! " in letters bright,
 Though a little by rust of years defaced.

The metal thereof is rough and hard,
 And—'t is thought of late—mix'd up with brass ;
 But it bears the stamp of Fame's award,
 And through all Posterity's hands will pass.

How it was lost, God only knows,
 But certain *City* thieves, they say,
 Broke in on the owner's evening doze,
 And filched this " gift of gods " away!

One ne'er could, of course, the Cits suspect,
 If we had n't, that evening, chanced to see,
 At the robb'd man's door, a *Mare* elect,
 With an ass, to keep her company.

Whosoever of this lost treasure knows,
 Is begg'd to state all facts about it,
 As the owner can't well face his foes,
 Nor, indeed, just now, his friends,—without it.

* Written at that memorable crisis when a distinguished Duke, then Prime Minister, acting under the inspirations of Sir C. H—n—r and other City worthies, advised his Majesty to give up his announced intention of dining with the Lord Mayor.

And if Sir Clod will bring it back,
 Like a trusty Baronet, wise and able,
 He shall have a ride on the whitest hack
 That is left in old King George's stable.

THE MAD TORY AND THE COMET.

FOUNDED ON A LATE DISTRESSING INCIDENT.

"Mutantem regna cometem."—*Lucan.* *

"THOUGH all the pet mischiefs we count upon, fail,
 Though Cholera, hurricanes, Wellington leave us,
 We've still in reserve, mighty Comet, thy tail;—
 Last hope of the Tories, wilt thou too deceive us?"

"No—'t is coming, 't is coming, the avenger is nigh;
 Heed, heed not, ye placemen, how Herapath flatters;
 One whisk from that tail, as it passes us by,
 Will settle, at once, all political matters;—"

"The East-India Question! the Bank, the Five Powers,
 (Now turn'd into two) with their rigmarole protocols;—
 Ha! ha! ye gods, how this new friend of ours
 Will knock, right and left, all diplomacy's what d' ye calls!"

"Yes, rather than Whigs at our downfall should mock,
 Meet planets and suns in one general hustle!
 While, happy in vengeance, we welcome the shock
 That shall jerk from their places, Grey, Althorp, and Russell."

Thus spoke a mad Lord, as, with telescope raised,
 His wild Tory eye on the heavens he set;
 And though nothing destructive appear'd as he gazed,
 Much hoped that there *would*, before Parliament met.

And still, as odd shapes seem'd to flit through his glass,
 "Ha! there it is now," the poor maniac cries;
 While his fancy with forms but too monstrous, alas,
 From his own Tory zodiac, peoples the skies:—

"Now I spy a big body, good heavens, how big!
 Whether Bucky or Taurus, I cannot well say;
 And, yonder, there's Eld—n's old Chancery-wig,
 In its dusty aphelion fast fading away."

* Eclipses and comets have been always looked to as great changers of administrations.
 Thus Milton, speaking of the former:—

*"With fear of change
 Perplexing monarchs."*

And in Statius we find,

"Mutant quæ sceptrâ cometæ."

"I see,' mong those fatuous meteors behind,
L—nd—nd—ry, *in vacuo*, flaring about;—
While that dim double star, of the nebulous kind,
Is the Gemini, R—den and L—rt—n, no doubt.

"Ah, El—b'r—h ! 'faith, I first thought 't was the Comet;
So like that in Milton, it made me quite pale :
The head with the same ' horrid hair ' coming from it
And plenty of vapour, but—where is the tail?"

Just then, up aloft jump'd the gazer, elated—
For, lo, his bright glass a phenomenon show'd,
Which he took to be C—b—d, *upwards* translated,
Instead of his natural course, t' other road !

But too awful that sight for a spirit so shaken,—
Down dropp'd the poor Tory in fits and grimaces,
Then off to the Bedlam in Charles-street was taken,
And is now one of Halford's most favourite cases.

FROM THE HON— — HENRY— — TO LADY EMMA— —²

Paris, March 30.

You bid me explain, my dear angry Ma'amselle,
How I came thus to bolt without saying farewell ;
And the truth is,—as truth you *will* have, my sweet railer,—
There are two worthy persons I always feel loth
To take leave of at starting,—my mistress and tailor,—
As somehow one always has *scenes* with them both ;
The Snip in ill-humour, the Syren in tears,
She calling on Heaven, and he on the attorney,—
Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns and his dears,
A young gentleman risks being stopp'd in his journey.

But to come to the point,—though you think, I dare say,
That 't is debt or the Cholera drives me away,
'Pon honour you 're wrong;—such a mere bagatelle
As a pestilence nobody, now-a-days, fears ;
And the fact is, my love, I 'm thus bolting, pell-mell,
To get out of the way of these horrid new Peers ;
This deluge of coronets, frightful to think of,
Which England is now, for her sins, on the brink of ;
This coinage of *nobles*,—coin'd, all of them, badly,
And sure to bring Counts to a *discount* most sadly.

Only think, to have Lords overrunning the nation,
As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inundation ;

¹ " And from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war."

² Written at the time of the last great creation of Peers.

No shelter from Barons, from Earls no protection,
 And tadpole young Lords, too, in every direction,—
 Things created in haste, just to make a Court list of,
 Two legs and a coronet all they consist of!
 The prospect's quite frightful, and what Sir George R—e
 (My particular friend) says is perfectly true,
 That, so dire the alternative, nobody knows,
 'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence, what he's to do;
 And Sir George even doubts, —could he choose his disorder,—
 'Twixt coffin and coronet, *which* he would order.

This being the case, why, I thought, my dear Emma,
 'Twere best to fight shy of so cursed a dilemma;
 And though I confess myself somewhat a villain,
 To 've left *idol mio* without an *addio*,
 Console your sweet heart, and, a week hence, from Milan
 I'll send you—some news of Bellini's last trio.

N. B.—Have just pack'd up my travelling set-out,
 Things a tourist in Italy *can't* go without—
 Viz., a pair *gants gras*, from old Houbigant's shop,
 Good for hands that the air of Mont Cenis may chap.
 Small presents for ladies,—and nothing so wheedles
 The creatures abroad as your golden-eyed needles.
 A neat pocket Horace, by which folks are cozen'd
 To think one knows Latin, when—one, perhaps, does n't;
 With some little book about heathen mythology,
 Just large enough to refresh one's theology;
 Nothing on earth being half such a bore as
 Not knowing the difference 'twixt Virgins and Floras.
 Once more, love, farewell, best regards to the girls,
 And mind you beware of damp feet and new Earls.

HENRY.

"COLLEGE.—We announced, in our last, that Lefroy and Shaw were returned. They were chaired yesterday; the Students of the College determined, it would seem, to imitate the mob in all things, harnessing themselves to the car, and the Masters of Arts bearing Orange flags and bludgeons before, beside, and behind the car."

Dublin Evening Post, Dec. 20.

Ay, yoke ye to the bigot's car,
 Ye chosen of Alma Mater's scions;—
 Fleet chargers drew the God of War,
 Great Cybele was drawn by lions,
 And Sylvan Pan, as Poets dream,
 Drove four young panthers in his team.

Thus, classical L—fr—y, for once, is,
 Thus, studious of a like turn-out,
 He harnesses young sucking dunces,
 To draw him, as their chief, about,
 And let the world a picture see
 Of Dulness yoked to Bigotry;

Showing us how young College hacks,
Can pace with bigots at their backs,
As though the cubs were *born* to draw
Such luggage as L—fr—y and Sh—w.

Oh shade of Goldsmith, shade of Swift,
Bright spirits whom, in days of yore,
This Queen of Dulness sent adrift,
As aliens to her foggy shore ;¹—
Shade of our glorious Grattan, too,
Whose very name her shame recalls ;
Whose effigy her bigot crew
Reversed upon their monkish walls,²—
Bear witness (lest the world should doubt)
To your mute Mother's dull renown,
Once famous but for Wit turn'd out,
And Eloquence turn'd *upside down* ;
But now ordain'd new wreaths to win,
Beyond all fame of former days,
By breaking thus young donkeys in
To draw M. P.'s, amid the brays
Alike of donkeys and M. A.'s—
Defying Oxford to surpass 'em
In this new "Gradus ad Parnassum."

TRANSLATION FROM THE GULL LANGUAGE.

BY DR. BOWRING.

Scripta manet.

'T WAS graved on the Stone of Destiny,³
In letters four, and letters three ;
And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go by
But those awful letters scared his eye ;
For he knew a Prophet Voice had said,
As long as those words by man were read,
The ancient race of the Gulls should ne'er
One hour of peace or plenty share.
But years on years successive flew,
And the letters still more legible grew.—
At top, a T, an H, an E,
And underneath, D. E. B. T.

¹ See the lives of these two poets for the circumstances under which they left Dublin College.

² In the year 1799, the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, thought proper as a mode of expressing their disapprobation of Mr. Grattan's public conduct, to order his portrait, in the Great Hall of the University to be turned upside down, and in this position it remained for some time.

³ Liafail, or the Stone of Destiny,—for which see Westminster Abbey.

Some thought them Hebrew,—such as Jews,
 Who deal more in Scrip than Scripture, use;
 While some surmised 't was an ancient way
 Of keeping accounts (well known in the day
 Of the famed Didlerius Jeremias,
 Who had thereto a wonderful bias),
 And proved, in books most learnedly boring,
 'T was call'd the Pontick way of scoring.

Howe'er this be, there never were yet
 Seven letters of the alphabet,
 That, 'twixt them, form'd so grim a spell,
 Or scared a Land of Gulls so well
 As did this awful riddle-me-ree
 Of T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

* * * * *

Hark!—it is struggling Freedom's cry;
 "Help, help, ye nations, or I die;
 'T is Freedom's fight, and, on the field
 Where I expire *your* doom is seal'd."
 The Gull-King hears the awakening call,
 He hath summon'd his Peers and Patriots all,
 And he asks, "Ye noble Gulls, shall we
 Stand basely by at the fall of the Free,
 Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow?"
 And they answer, with voice of thunder, "No."

Out fly their flashing swords in the air!—
 But,—why do they rest suspended there?
 What sudden blight, what baleful charm,
 Hath chill'd each eye, and check'd each arm?
 Alas, some withering hand hath thrown
 The veil from off that fatal stone;
 And pointing now, with sapless finger,
 Showeth where dark those letters linger,
 Letters four, and letters three,
 T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

At sight thereof, each lifted brand
 Powerless falls from every hand;
 In vain the Patriot knits his brow,—
 Even talk, his staple, fails him now.
 In vain the King like a hero treads,
 His Lords of the Treasury shake their heads;
 And to all his talk of "brave and free,"
 No answer getteth His Majesty
 But "T. H. E. D. E. B. T."

In short the whole Gull nation feels
 They 're fairly spell-bound neck and heels;

And so, in face of the laughing world,
Must e'en sit down, with banners furl'd,
Adjourning all their dreams sublime
Of glory and war to—some other time.

NOTIONS ON REFORM.

BY A MODERN REFORMER.

OF all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass
By this comet-like Bill, with its long tail of speeches,
The saddest and worst is the schism which, alas!
It has caused between W—th—r—l's waistcoat and breeches.

Some symptoms of this Anti-Union propensity
Had oft broken out in that quarter before ;
But the breach, since the Bill, has attain'd such immensity,
Daniel himself could have scarce wish'd it more.

Oh ! haste to repair it, ye friends of good order,
Ye Atw—ds and W—nns, ere the moment is past :
Who can doubt that we tread upon Anarchy's border,
When the ties that should hold men are loosening so fast ?

Make W—th—r—l yield to "some sort of Reform,"
(As we all must, God help us ! with very wry faces) ;
And loud as he likes let him bluster and storm
About Corporate Rights, so he 'll only wear braces.

Or, if those he now sports have been long in possession,
And, like his own borough, are worse for the wear,
Advise him, at least, as a prudent concession
To intellect's progress, to buy a new pair.

Oh ! who that e'er saw him when vocal he stands,
With a look something midway 'twixt Filch's and Locket's,
While still, to inspire him, his deeply-thrust hands
Keep jingling the rhino in both breeches-pockets—

Who that ever has listen'd, through groan and through cough,
To the speeches inspired by this music of pence,—
But must grieve that there 's anything like *falling off*
In that great nether source of his wit and his sense ?

Who that knows how he look'd when, with grace debonair,
He began first to court—rather late in the season—
Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the chair
Of his old friend, the Nottingham Goddess of Reason :

¹ It will be recollected that the learned gentleman himself boasted, one night, in the House of Commons, of having sat in the very chair which this allegorical lady had occupied.

That Goddess, whose borough-like virtue attracted
 All mongers in *both* wares to proffer their love;
 Whose chair like the stool of the Pythoness acted,
 As W—th—r—l's rants, ever since, go to prove ;¹

Who, in short, would not grieve, if a man of his graces
 Should go on rejecting, unwarn'd by the past,
 The "moderate Reform" of a pair of new braces,
 Till, some day,—he all falls to pieces at last.

TORY PLEDGES.

I PLEDGE myself, through thick and thin,
 To labour still, with zeal devout,
 To get the Outs, poor devils, in,
 And turn the Ins, the wretches, out.

I pledge myself, though much bereft
 Of ways and means of ruling ill,
 To make the most of what are left,
 And stick to all that 's rotten still.

Though gone the days of place and pelf,
 And drones no more take all the honey,
 I pledge myself to cram myself
 With all I can of public money.

To quarter on that social purse
 My nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers,
 Nor, so *we* prosper, care a curse
 How much 't is at the expense of others.

I pledge myself, whenever Right
 And Might on any point divide,
 Not to ask which is black or white,
 But take, at once, the strongest side.

For instance, in all Tithe discussions,
 I'm for the Reverend encroachers :—
 I loathe the Poles, applaud the Russians,—
 Am for the Squires, *against* the Poachers.

Betwixt the Corn-Lords and the Poor
 I've not the slightest hesitation,—
 The People *must* be starved, t' insure
 The land its due remuneration.

¹ Lucan's description of the effects of the tripod on the appearance and voice of the sitter, shows that the symptoms are at least very similar:

Spumea tunc primum rabies vesana per ora
 Effluit——
 tunc mœstus vastis ululatus in antris.

I pledge myself to be no more
 With Ireland's wrongs bepros'd or shamm'd.—
 I vote her grievances a bore,
 So she may suffer and be d—d.

Or if she kick, let it console us,
 We still have plenty of red coats,
 To cram the Church, that general bolus,
 Down any given amount of throats.

I dearly love the Frankfort Diet,—
 Think newspapers the worst of crimes;
 And would, to give some chance of quiet,
 Hang all the writers of The Times;

Break all their correspondents' bones,
 All authors of "Reply," Rejoinder,"
 From the Anti-Tory, Colonel J—es,
 To the Anti-Suttee, Mr. P—ynd—r.

Such are the Pledges I propose;
 And though I can't now offer gold,
 There's many a way of buying those
 Who've but the taste for being sold.

So here's, with three times three hurrahs,
 A toast, of which you'll not complain,—
 "Long life to jobbing; may the days
 Of speculation shine again!"

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

FIRST VISIT.

As St. Jerome, who died some ages ago,
 Was sitting, one day, in the shades below,
 "I've heard much of English bishops," quoth he,
 "And shall take a trip up to earth, to see
 How far they agree, in their lives and ways,
 With our good old bishops of ancient days."

He had learn'd—but learn'd without misgivings—
 Their love for good living, and eke good livings;
 Not knowing (as ne'er having taken degrees)
 That good living means claret and fricassees,
 While its plural means simply—pluralities.
 "From all I hear," said the innocent man,
 "They are quite on the good old primitive plan.
 For wealth and pomp they little can care,
 As they all say 'no' to the Episcopal chair;
 And their vestal virtue it well denotes

That they all, good men, wear petticoats."¹
 Thus saying, post-haste to earth he hurries,
 And knocks at the Archbishop of Canterbury's.
 The door was oped by a lackey in lace,
 Saying, "What's your business with his Grace?"²
 "His Grace!" quoth Jerome—for posed was he,
 Not knowing what sort this Grace could be;
 Whether Grace *preventing*, Grace *particular*,
 Grace of that breed called *Quinquarticular*—
 In short, he rummaged his holy mind,
 The exact description of Grace to find,
 Which thus could represented be
 By a footman in full livery!
 At last, out loud in a laugh he broke
 (For dearly the good saint loved his joke,)³
 And said—surveying, as sly he spoke,
 The costly palace from roof to base—
 "Well, it isn't, at least, a *saving* Grace!"

"Umph!" said the lackey, a man of few words,
 "The Archbishop is gone to the House of Lords."
 "To the House of the Lord, you mean, my son,
 For, in *my* time, at least, there was but one;
 Unless such many-fold priests as these
 Seek, ev'n in their LORD, pluralities!"³
 "No time for gab," quoth the man in lace:
 Then, slamming the door in St. Jerome's face,
 With a curse to the single knockers all,
 Went to finish his port in the servants' hall,
 And propose a toast (humanely meant
 To include even Curates in its extent)
 "To all as *serves* the Establishment."

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

SECOND VISIT.

"This much I dare say, that, since *lording* and loitering hath come up, preaching hath come down, contrary to the Apostles' times. For they preached and *lorded* not: and now they *lord* and preach not. . . . Ever since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth; there is no work done, the people starve."—*Latimer, Sermon of the Plough.*

"Once more," said Jerome, "I'll run up and see
 How the Church goes on,"—and off set he.
 Just then the packet-boat, which trades
 Betwixt our planet and the Shades,

¹ So called from the proceedings of the Synod of Dori.

² Witness his well-known pun on the name of his adversary, Vigilantius, whom he calls facetiously Dormitantius.

³ The suspicion attached to some of the early Fathers of being Arians in their doctrine would appear to derive some confirmation from this passage.

Had arrived below, with a freight so queer,
 "My eyes!" said Jerome, "what have we here?"—
 For he saw, when nearer he explored,
 They 'd a cargo of Bishops' wigs aboard.
 "They are ghosts of wigs," said Charon, "all,
 Once worn by nobs Episcopal.
 For folks on earth, when they 've got a store
 Of things like these they want no more,
 Oft send them down, as gifts, you know,
 To a certain Gentleman here below."

"A sign of the times, I plainly see,"
 Said the Saint to himself as, pondering, he
 Sail'd off in the death-boat gallantly.

Arrived on earth, quoth he, "No more
 I 'll affect a body, as before;
 For I think I 'd best, in the company
 Of Spiritual Lords, a spirit be,
 And glide, unseen, from See to See."

But oh! to tell what scenes he saw,—
 It was more than Rabelais' pen could draw.
 For instance, he found Ex—t—r,
 Soul, body, inkstand, all in a stir.—
 For love of God? for sake of King?
 For good of people?—no such thing;
 But to get for himself, by some new trick,
 A shove to a better bishoprick.

He found that pious soul, Van M—ld—t,
 Much with his money-bags bewilder'd;
 Snubbing the Clerks of the Diocess,¹
 Because the rogues show'd restlessness
 At having too little cash to touch,
 While he so Christianly bears too much.
 He found Old Sarum's wits as gone
 As his own beloved text in John,—²
 Text he hath prosed so long upon,
 That 't is thought when ask'd, at the gate of heaven,
 His name, he'll answer "John v. 7."
 "But enough of Bishops I've had to-day,"
 Said the weary Saint,—"I must away.—
 Though I own I should like, before I go,
 To see for once (as I'm ask'd below
 If really such odd sights exist),
 A regular six-fold Pluralist."
 Just then he heard a general cry,
 "There's Doctor Hodgson galloping by!"

¹ See the Bishop's Letter to Clergy of his Diocese.

² John, v. 7. A text which, though long given up by all the rest of the orthodox world, is still pertinaciously adhered to by this Right Reverend scholar.

"Ay, that's the man," says the Saint, "to follow,"
 And off he sets, with a loud view-hollo,
 At Hodgson's heels, to catch, if he can,
 A glimpse of this singular plural man.
 But,—talk of Sir Boyle Roche's bird !
 To compare him with Hodgson is absurd.
 "Which way, Sir, pray is the Doctor gone?"—
 "He is now at his living at Hillingdon."
 "No no,—you're out, by many a mile,
 He's away at his Deanery, in Carlisle."—
 "Pardon me, Sir; but I understand
 He's gone to his living in Cumberland."—
 "God bless me, no,—he can't be there;
 You must try St. George's, Hanover square."
 Thus all in vain the Saint inquired,
 From living to living, mock'd and tired;—
 'T was Hodgson here, 't was Hodgson there,
 'T was Hodgson nowhere, everywhere;
 Till, fairly beat, the Saint gave o'er,
 And flitted away to the Stygian shore,
 To astonish the natives under ground
 With the comical things he on earth had found.

THE CONSULTATION.

"When they *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful.—" *The Critic*.

Scene discovers Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory in consultation. Patient on the floor between them.

Dr. Whig.—This wild Irish patient *does* pester me so,
 That what to do with him, I'm curst if I know.
 I've *promised* him anodynes——

Dr. Tory. Anodynes!—Stuff.
 Tie him down—gag him well—he'll be tranquil enough.
 That's *my* mode of practice.

Dr. Whig. True, quite in *your* line,
 But unluckily not much, till lately, in *mine*.
 'T is so painful——

Dr. Tory.—Pooh, nonsense—ask Ude how he feels,
 When, for Epicure feasts, he prepares his live eels,
 By flinging them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,
 And letting them wriggle on there till they tire.
 He, too, says "'t is painful"—"quite makes his heart bleed"—
 But "your eels are a vile oleaginous breed."—
 He would fain use them gently, but Cookery says "No,"

It was a saying of the well-known Sir Boyle, that, "a man could not be in two places at once, unless he was a bird."

And—in short—eels were *born* to be treated just so.¹
 'T is the same with these Irish,—who 're odder fish still,—
 Your tender Whig heart shrinks from using them ill ;
 I, myself, in my youth, ere I came to get wise,
 Used, at some operations, to blush to the eyes ;—
 But, in fact, my dear brother,—if I may make bold
 To style you, as Peachum did Lockett, of old,—
 We, Doctors, *must* act with the firmness of Ude,
 And, indifferent, like him,—so the fish is *but* stew'd,—
 Must torture live Pats for the general good.

(*Here patient groans and kicks a little.*)

Dr. Whig.—But what, if one's patient's so devilish perverse,
 That he *won't* be thus tortured ?

Dr. Tory. Coerce, Sir, coerce.
 You're a juvenile performer, but once you begin,
 You can't think how fast you may train your hand in :
 And (*smiling*) who knows but old Tory may take to the shelf,
 With the comfort that, while he retires on his pelf,
 He's succeeded by one just as—bad as himself ?

Dr. Whig (*looking flattered*).—Why, to tell you the truth,
 I've a small matter here,
 Which you help'd me to make for my patient last year,—
 (*Goes to a cupboard and brings out a strait-
 waistcoat and gag.*)

And such rest I've enjoy'd from his raving, since then,
 That I've made up my mind he shall wear it again.

Dr. Tory (*embracing him*).—Oh, charming!—My dear
 Doctor Whig, you're a treasure,
 Next to torturing, *myself*, to help *you* is a pleasure.

(*Assisting Dr. Whig.*)

Give me leave—I've some practice in these mad machines ;
 There—tighter—the gag in the mouth, by all means.
 Delightful!—all's snug—not a squeak need you fear,—
 You may now put your anodynes off till next year.

[*Scene closes.*]

TO THE REV. CH—RL—S OV—RT—N,

CURATE OF ROMALDKIRK.

(*See Edinburgh Review, N. 117.*)

SWEET singer of Romaldkirk, thou who art reckon'd,
 By critics Episcopal, David the Second,²

¹ This eminent artist, in the second edition of the work wherein he propounds this mode of purifying his eels, professes himself much concerned at the charge of inhumanity brought against his practice, but still begs leave respectfully to repeat that it is the only proper mode of preparing eels for the table.

² "Your Lordship," says Mr. Ov—rt—n, in the Dedication of his Poem to the Bishop of Chester, "has kindly expressed your persuasion that my "Muse will always be a Muse of sacred song, and that it will be tuned as David's was."

If thus, as a Curate, so lofty your flight,
 Only think, in a Rectory, how you *would* write!
 Once fairly inspired by the "Tithe-crown'd Apollo,"
 (Who beats, I confess it, our *lay* Phœbus hollow,
 Having gotten, besides the old *Nine's* inspiration,
 The *Tenth* of all eatable things in creation),
 There's nothing, in fact, that a poet like you,
 So be-nined and be-tenth'd, could n't easily do.

Round the lips of the sweet-tongued Athenian, ' they say,
 While yet but a babe in his cradle he lay,
 Wild honey-bees swarm'd, as a presage to tell
 Of the sweet-flowing words that thence afterwards fell.
 Just so round our Ov—rt—n's cradle, no doubt,
 Tenth ducklings and chicks were seen flitting about;
 Goose embryos, waiting their doom'd decimation,
 Came, shadowing forth his adult destination,
 And small sucking tithe-pigs, in musical droves,
 Announced the Church poet whom Chester approves.

Oh Horace, when thou, in thy vision of yore,
 Didst dream that a snowy-white plumage came o'er
 Thy etherealized limbs, stealing downily on,
 Till, by Fancy's strong spell, thou wert turn'd to a swan,²
 Little thought'st thou such fate could a poet befall,
 Without any effort of fancy, at all;
 Little thought'st thou the world would in Ov—rt—n find
 A bird, ready-made, somewhat different in kind,
 But as perfect as Michaelmas' self could produce,
 By gods yclept *anser*, by mortals a goose.

SCENE FROM A PLAY, ACTED AT OXFORD, CALLED "MATRICULATION."

[*Boy discovered at a table, with the Thirty-Nine Articles before him.—*
Enter the Rt. Rev. Doctor Ph—llp—ts.]

Doctor P.—There, my lad, lie the Articles—(*Boy begins to count them*) just thirty-nine—

No occasion to count—you've now only to sign.
 At Cambridge, where folks are less High-Church than we,
 The whole Nine-and-Thirty are lump'd into Three.
 Let's run o'er the items;—there's Justification,
 Predestination, and Supererogation,—
 Not forgetting Salvation and Creed Athanasian,
 Till we reach, at last, Queen Bess's Ratification.

¹ Sophocles.

² —album mutor in alitem

Supernè : nascunturque læves

Per digitos humerosque plumæ.

That 's sufficient—now, sign—having read quite enough,
You “believe in the full and true meaning thereof?”

(*Boy stares.*)

Oh, a mere form of words, to make things smooth and brief,—
A commodious and short make-believe of belief,
Which our Church has drawn up, in a form thus articular,
To keep out, in general, all who 're particular.
But what 's the boy doing? what! reading all through.
And my luncheon fast cooling!—this never will do.

Boy (poring over the Articles).—Here are points which—pray,
Doctor, what 's “Grace of Congruity?”

Doctor P. (sharply).—You 'll find out, young Sir, when you 've
more ingenuity.

At present, by signing, you pledge yourself merely,
Whate'er it may be, to believe it sincerely.

Both in *dining* and *signing* we take the same plan,—
First, to swallow all down, then digest—as we can.

Boy (still reading).—I 've to gulp, I see, St. Athanasius's
Creed,

Which, I 'm told, is a very tough morsel, indeed;
As he damns—

Doctor P. (aside).—Ay, and so would I, willingly, too,
All confounded particular young boobies, like you.
This comes of Reforming!—all 's o'er with our land,
When people won't stand what they can't *understand*;
Nor perceive that our ever-revered Thirty-Nine
Were made, not for men to *believe*, but to *sign*.

[*Exit Doctor P. in a passion.*]

LATE TITHE CASE.

“*Sic vos non vobis.*”

“THE Vicar of B—mh—m desires me to state that, in consequence of the passing of a recent Act of Parliament, he is compelled to adopt measures which may by some be considered harsh or precipitate; but, *in duty to what he owes to his successors*, he feels bound to preserve the rights of the vicarage.”—*Letter from Mr. S. Powell, August 6.*

No, *not*, for yourselves, ye reverend men,
Do you take one pig in every ten,
But for Holy Church's future heirs,
Who 've an abstract right to that pig, as theirs;—
The law supposing that such heirs male
Are already seized of the pig, in tail.
No, *not* for himself hath B—mh—m's priest
His “well-beloved” of their pennies fleeced:
But it is that, before his prescient eyes,
All future Vicars of B—mh—m rise,
With their embryo daughters, nephews, nieces,
And 't is for *them* the poor he fleeces.
He heareth their voices, ages hence,

Saying "Take the pig"—"oh take the pence ;"
 The cries of little Vicarial dears,
 The unborn B—mh—mites, reach his ears ;
 And, did he resist that soft appeal,
 He would *not* like a true-born Vicar feel.

Thou, too, L—ndy of L—ck—ngt—n !
 A Rector true, if e'er there was one,
 Who, for sake of the L—ndies of coming ages,
 Gripest the tenths of labourers' wages.[†]
 'T is true, in the pockets of *thy* small-clothes
 The claim'd "obvention"[‡] of four-pence goes ;
 But its abstract spirit, unconfined,
 Spreads to all future Rector-kind,
 Warning them all to their rights to wake,
 And rather to face the block, the stake,
 Than give up their darling right *to take*.

One grain of musk, it is said, perfumes
 (So subtle its spirit) a thousand rooms,
 And a single four-pence, pocketed well,
 Through a thousand rectors' lives will tell.
 Then still continue, ye reverend souls,
 And still, as your rich Pactolus rolls,
 Grasp every penny, on every side,
 From every wretch, to swell its tide :
 Remembering still what the Law lays down,
 In that pure poetic style of its own,
 "If the parson *in esse* submits to loss, he
 Inflicts the same on the parson *in posse*."

FOOLS' PARADISE.

DREAM THE FIRST.

I HAVE been, like Puck, I have been, in a trice,
 To a realm they call Fools' Paradise,
 Lying N. N. E. of the Land of Sense,
 And seldom bless'd with a glimmer thence.
 But they want it not in this happy place,
 Where a light of its own gilds every face ;
 Or, if some wear a shadowy brow,
 'T is the *wish* to look wise,—not knowing *how*.
 Self-glory glistens o'er all that 's there,
 The trees, the flowers have a jaunty air ;

[†] Fourteen agricultural labourers (one of whom received so little as six guineas for yearly wages, one eight, one nine, another ten guineas, and the best-paid of the whole not more than 18*l.* annually) were all, in the course of the autumn of 1832, served with demands of tithe at the rate of 4*d.* in the 1*l.* sterling, on behalf of the Rev. F. L—dy, Rector of—," etc. etc.—*The Times*, August 1833.

[‡] One of the various general terms under which oblations, tithes, etc., are comprised.

The well-bred wind in a whisper blows,
 The snow, if it snows, is *couleur de rose*,
 The falling founts in a titter fall,
 And the sun looks simpering down on all.

Oh, 't is n't in tongue or pen to trace
 The scenes I saw in that joyous place.
 There were Lords and Ladies sitting together,
 In converse sweet, "What charming weather!
 You'll all rejoice to hear, I'm sure,
 Lord Charles has got a good sinecure;
 And the Premier says, my youngest brother,
 (Him in the Guards) shall have another.
 Is n't this very, *very* gallant!—
 As for my poor old virgin aunt,
 Who has lost her all, poor thing, at whist,
 We must quarter *her* on the Pension List."
 Thus smoothly time in that Eden roll'd;
 It seem'd like an Age of *real* gold,
 Where all who liked might have a slice,
 So rich was that Fools' Paradise.

But the sport at which most time they spent,
 Was a puppets-how, called Parliament,
 Perform'd by wooden Ciceros,
 As large as life, who stood to prose,
 While, hid behind them, lords and squires,
 Who own'd the puppets, pull'd the wires;
 And thought it the very best device
 Of that most prosperous Paradise,
 To make the vulgar pay through the nose
 For them and their wooden Ciceros.

And many more such things I saw
 In this Eden of Church, and State, and Law;
 Nor e'er were known such pleasant folk
 As those who had the *best* of the joke.
 There were Irish Rectors, such as resort
 To Cheltenham yearly, to drink—port,
 And bumper, "Long may the Church endure,
 Where the cure of souls is a sinecure,
 And a score of Parsons to every soul
 Is a fair allowance on the whole."
 There were Heads of Colleges, lying about,
 From which the sense had all run out,
 Ev'n to the lowest classic lees,
 Till nothing was left but *quantities*;
 Which made them heads most fit to be
 Stuck up on a University,
 Which yearly hatches, in its schools,
 Such flights of young Elysian fools.

Thus all went on, so snug and nice,
 In this happiest possible Paradise;
 But it was but too plain to see, alas !
 That a downfall soon must come to pass.
 For grief is a lot the good and wise
 Don't quite so much monopolize,
 But that ("lapt in Elysium" as they are)
 Even blessed fools must have their share.
 And so it happen'd :—but what befell,
 In Dream the Second I mean to tell.

THE RECTOR AND HIS CURATE;

OR, ONE POUND TWO.

" I trust we shall part, as we met, in peace and charity. My last payment to you paid your salary up to the 1st of this month. Since that, I owe you for one month, which being a long month, of thirty-one days, amounts, as near as I can calculate, to six pounds eight shillings. My Steward returns you as a debtor to the amount of SEVEN POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS FOR CON-ACRE GROUND, which leaves some trifling balance in my favour."—*Letter of Dimissal from the Rev. Marcus Beresford to his Curate, the Rev. T. A. Lyons.*

THE account is balanced—the bill drawn out,—
 The debit and credit all right, no doubt—
 The Rector, rolling in wealth and state,
 Owes to his Curate six pounds eight ;
 The Curate, that least well-fed of men,
 Owes to his Rector seven pounds ten,
 Which maketh the balance clearly due
 From Curate to Rector, one pound two.

Ah balance, on earth unfair, uneven !
 But sure to be all set right in heaven,
 Where bills like these will be check'd, some day,
 And the balance settled the other way :
 Were Lyons the curate's hard-wrung sum
 Will back to his shade with interest come ;
 And Marcus, the rector, deep may rue
 This tot, in his favour, of one pound two.

PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.

ABOUT fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,
 That plan was commenced which the wise now applaud,
 Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,
 As good raw material for *settlers* abroad.

Some West-India island, whose name I forget,
 Was the region then chosen for this scheme so romantic,
 And such the success the first colony met,
 That a second, soon after, set sail o'er the Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long-look'd-for shore,
 Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might greet,
 And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,
 They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon again meet.

And, hark, from the shore, a glad welcome there came—
 “Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet boy?”
 While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name
 Thus hail'd by black devils, who caper'd for joy!

Can it possibly be?—half amazement—half doubt,
 Pat listens again—rubs his eyes and looks steady;
 Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,
 “Good Lord! only think,—black and curly already!”

Deceived by that well-mimick'd brogue in his ears,
 Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed figures,
 And thought, what a climate, in less than two years,
 To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers!

MORAL.

'T is thus,—but alas! by a marvel more true
 Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories,—
 Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,
 By a *lusus naturæ*, all turn into Tories.

And thus, when I hear them “strong measures” advise,
 Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get steady,
 I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,
 “Good Lord! only think,—black and curly already!”

COCKER, ON CHURCH REFORM.

FOUNDED UPON SOME LATE CALCULATIONS.

FINE figures of speech let your orators follow,
 Old Cocker has figures that beat them all hollow.
 Though famed for his rules Aristotle may be,
 In but *half* of this Sage any merit I see,
 For, as honest Joe Hume says, the “*tottle*”^{*} for me!
 As for instance,—while others discuss and debate,—
 It is thus about Bishops *I* ratiocinate:
 In England, where, spite of the infidel's laughter,
 'T is certain our souls are look'd *very* well after,
 Two Bishops can well (if judiciously sunder'd)
 Of parishes manage two thousand two hundred,—
 Said number of parishes, under said teachers,
 Containing three millions of Protestant creatures,—
 So that each of said Bishops full ably controls

* The *total*,—so pronounced by this industrious senator.

Just one million five hundred thousands of souls.
 And now comes old Cocker. In Ireland we 're told,
Half a million includes the whole Protestant fold;
 Therefore, if, for *three* millions of souls, 't is conceded
 Two proper-sized Bishops are all that is needed,
 'T is plain, for the Irish *half* million who want 'em,
 One *third* of one Bishop is just the right quantum.
 And thus, by old Cocker's sublime Rule of Three,
 The Irish Church question 's resolved to a T;
 Keeping always that excellent maxim in view,
 That, in saving men's souls, we must save money too.
 Nay, if,—as St. Roden complains is the case,—
 The half million of *soul* is decreasing apace,
 The demand, too, for *bishop* will also fall off,
 Till the *tithe* of one, taken in kind, be enough.
 But, as fractions imply that we 'd have to dissect,
 And to cutting up Bishops I strongly object,
 We 've a small fractious prelate whom well we could spare,
 Who has just the same decimal worth, to a hair;
 And, not to leave Ireland too much in the lurch,
 We 'll let her have Ex—t—r, *sole*,¹ as her Church.

LES HOMMES AUTOMATES.

"We are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk and speak, and perform most of the outward functions of animal life, but (being wound up once a-week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons."—*Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, chap. xii.

It being an object now to meet
 With Parsons that don't want to eat,
 Fit men to fill those Irish rectories
 Which soon will have but scant refectories,
 It has been suggested,—lest that Church
 Should all at once be left in the lurch,
 For want of reverend men endued
 With this gift of ne'er requiring food,—
 To try, by way of experiment, whether
 There could n't be made, of wood and leather,²
 (Howe'er the notion may sound chimerical,)
 Jointed figures, not *lay*, but clerical,³
 Which, wound up carefully once a-week,
 Might just like parsons look and speak,
 Nay even, if requisite, reason too
 As well as most Irish parsons do.

¹ Corporation sole.

² The materials of which those Nuremberg Savans, mentioned by Scriblerus, constructed their artificial man.

³ The wooden models used by painters are, it is well known, called "lay figures."

The experiment having succeeded quite,
 (Whereat those Lords must much delight,
 Who 've shown, by stopping the Church's food,
 They think 't is not for her spiritual good
 To be served by parsons of flesh and blood),
 The Patentees of this new invention
 Beg leave respectfully to mention,
 They now are enabled to produce
 A large supply, for present use,
 Of these reverend pieces of machinery,
 Ready for vicarage, rectory, deanery,
 Or any such-like post of skill
 That wood and leather are fit to fill.

N.B.—In places addicted to arson,
 We can't recommend a wooden parson :
 But, if the Church any such appoints,
 They 'd better, at least, have iron joints.
 In parts, not much by Protestants haunted,
 A figure to *look at* 's all that 's wanted—
 A block in black, to eat and sleep,
 Which (now that the eating 's o'er) comes cheap.

P.S.—Should the Lords, by way of a treat,
 Permit the clergy again to eat,
 The Church will, of course, no longer need
 Imitation-parsons that never feed,
 And these creatures of ours, broke up, will sell
 For secular purposes just as well—
 Our Beresfords, turn'd to bludgeons stout,
 May, 'stead of beating their own about,
 Be knocking the brains of Papists out ;
 While our smooth O'Sullivans, by all means,
 Should transmigrate into *turning*-machines.

HOW TO MAKE ONESELF A PEER,

ACCORDING TO THE NEWEST RECEIPT, AS DISCLOSED IN A LATE
 HERALDIC WORK.

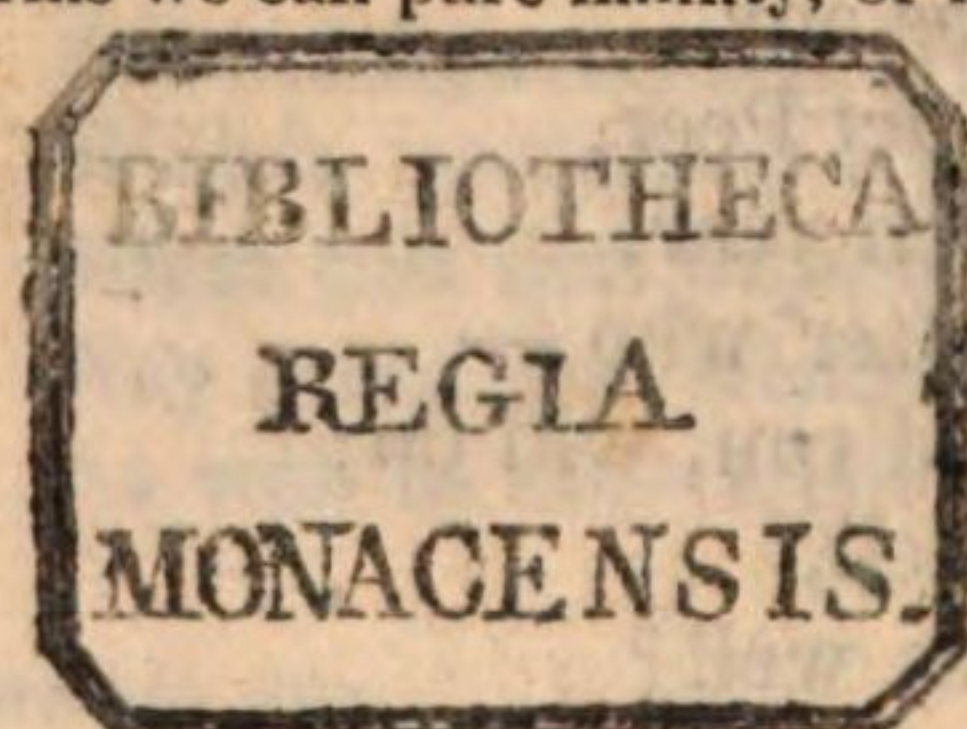
CHOOSE some title that 's dormant—the Peerage hath many—
 Lord Baron of Shamdos sounds nobly as any.
 Next, catch a dead cousin of said defunct Peer,
 And marry him, off hand, in some given year,
 To the daughter of somebody,—no matter who,—
 Fig, the grocer himself, if your 're hard run, will do ;—
 For, the Medici *pills* still in heraldry tell,
 And why shouldn't *lollypops* quarter as well ?
 Thus, having your couple,—and one a lord's cousin,—
 Young materials for peers may be had by the dozen ;
 And 't is hard if, inventing each small mother's-son of 'em,

You can't somehow manage to prove *yourself* one of 'em.
Should registers, deeds, and such matters refractory
Stand in the way of this lord-manufactory,
I've merely to hint, as a secret auricular,
One *grand* rule of enterprise,—*don't* be particular.
A man who once takes such a jump at nobility
Must *not* mince the matter, like folks of nihility,
But clear thick and thin with true lordly agility.

'T is true, to a would-be descendant from Kings,
Parish-registers sometimes are troublesome things;
As oft, when the vision is near brought about,
Some goblin, in shape of a grocer, grins out;
Or some barber, perhaps, with my Lord mingles bloods,
And one's patent of peerage is left in the suds.

But there *are* ways—when folks are resolved to be lords—
Of expurging ev'n troublesome parish records.
What think ye of scissors? depend on 't no heir
Of a Shamdos should go unsupplied with a pair,
As, whate'er *else* the learn'd in such lore may invent,
Your scissors does wonders in proving descent.
Yes, poets may sing of those terrible shears
With which Atropos snips off both bumpkins and peers,
But they're nought to that weapon which shines in the hands
Of some would-be-Patrician, when proudly he stands
O'er the careless churchwarden's baptismal array,
And sweeps at each cut generations away.—
By some babe of old times is his peerage resisted?
One snip,—and the urchin hath *never* existed!
Does some marriage, in days near the Flood, interfere
With his one sublime object of being a Peer?
Quick, the shears at once nullify bridegroom and bride,—
No such people have ever lived, married, or died!
Such the newest receipt for those high-minded elves,
Who've a fancy for making great lords of themselves.
Follow this, young aspirer, who pant'st for a peerage,
Take S—m for thy model and B—z for thy steerage,
Do all and much worse than old Nicholas Flam does,
And—*who* knows but you 'll be Lord Baron of Shamdos?

“ This we call pure nihility, or mere nothing.”—*Watts's Logic*.



THE END.

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John
Fennell
1810

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Moore, Thomas,

Select Poetical Works consisting of Lalla Rookh. - Irish Melodies. - The
Loves of the Angels. - The Fudges in England

Paris 1841

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